Collier's

DECEMBER 19, 1942 TEN CENTS

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VERNON GRANT

WHAT THE ARMY D

By Representative James W. W

EC. 19, 1942

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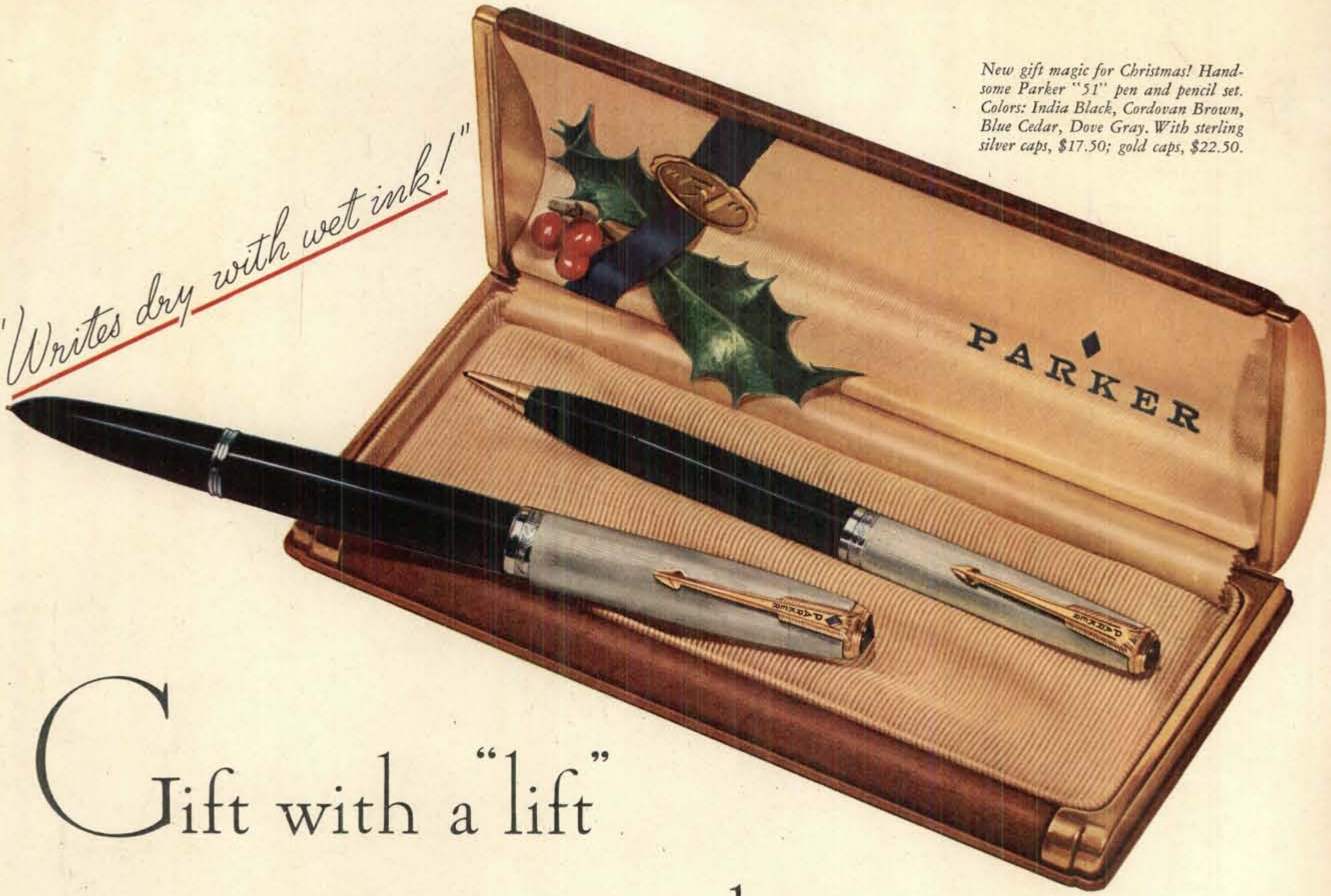
17 AP 43 60WKS

NEW—SENSATIONALLY DIFFERENT PEN AND PENCIL SET!


"Writes dry with wet ink!"
PARKER

New gift magic for Christmas! Handsome Parker "51" pen and pencil set. Colors: India Black, Cordovan Brown, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray. With sterling silver caps, $17.50; gold caps, $22.50.

Gift with a "lift" for fighting spirits!

For your favorite patriot—in khaki, blue, or business suit—here is the perfect remembrance! This is the first Christmas the Parker "51" pen and pencil set has been generally available.

Every glinting surface of the "51" pen is a caress to a man's pride. But more important, this pen promises a boost to America's fighting spirit. It brings such ease to writing that letters between home and the front are bound to multiply.

Touch that exclusive "torpedo point" to paper and it starts quick as a whippet. Satin couldn't be smoother. Your thoughts spark freely. "This Parker '51' is positively glib," you'll say.

A blotter? It's needless. For this pen alone uses magical new Parker "51" ink, which dries as you write! Yet the Parker "51" can be used with *any* ink, if you so desire—but you won't "so desire."

The new Parker "51" pencil matches the pen in beauty. It writes a firm, thin line. Leads are double length, half normal thickness.

Like the "51" pen, it reflects the same high skill and ingenuity with which Parker is today producing important war equipment.

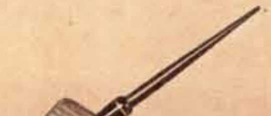
See the Parker "51" pen and pencil sets at your pen counter now. Prices: $17.50 and $22.50. "51" pens only: $12.50 and $15.00. Famous Parker Vacumatic pens as low as $8.75 and $5.00.

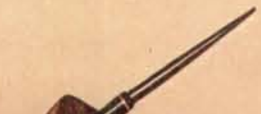
◆ *GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT! Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin*

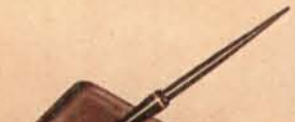
PARKER "51"

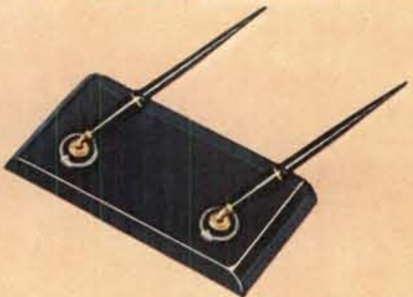
COPR. 1942 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

Parker complete desk sets are available for the price of the pens alone. Smooth-gliding Parker points always start in a split second . . . are protected against dryness by special construction.


KB—Vacumatic Desk Pen and base of select Pedrara onyx. Rounded edges. 3¼ x 3¾ in. Price: $8.75


IA—Parker "51" Desk Pen and brown onyx base. Rounded edges. Gold-plated ornament. 3¼ x 3¾ in. Price: $12.50


IY—Parker "51" Desk Pen and buckskin beige glass base. Cordovan brown plastic ornament. 3½ x 5¾ in. Price: $12.50


HHR—Two Parker "51" Pens and base of Blue Cedar glass. Rounded ends; black plastic ornaments. 5x10 in. Price: $25.00

When a COLD comes at you . . . 100 miles an hour!

–gargle LISTERINE *Quick!*

It May Spare You a Deep-seated Cold or a Nasty Sore Throat

Listerine Antiseptic immediately starts to kill the threatening germs which left the other fellow's nose and throat to set up housekeeping in yours.

The more of these germs Listerine Antiseptic destroys, the less chance there is of a "mass invasion" of the tissue, followed by the discomfort of a cold and sore throat.

In tests with Listerine Antiseptic, germs on mouth and throat surfaces were reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine gargle —up to 80% one hour after.

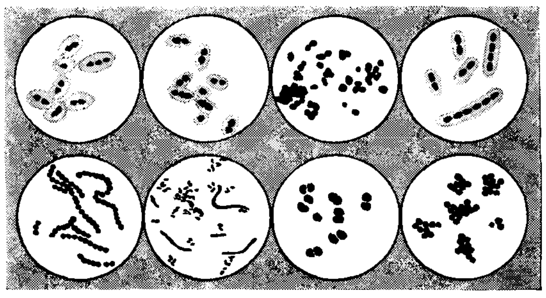
Fewer Colds, Tests Showed

We believe this explains Listerine's astonishing clinical test record in combatting colds. These tests, made over a period of 11 years, consistently showed:

Regular twice a day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than those who did not use it.

Don't you think, in view of these facts, that Listerine Antiseptic, used systematically, is a worthwhile precaution against colds as well as an emergency treatment when a cold is coming on?

If you've been in contact with those with colds—if you've been in a draft—if your feet have been wet and cold—and you feel under par with a cold coming on, never omit the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. Lambert Pharmacal Co.



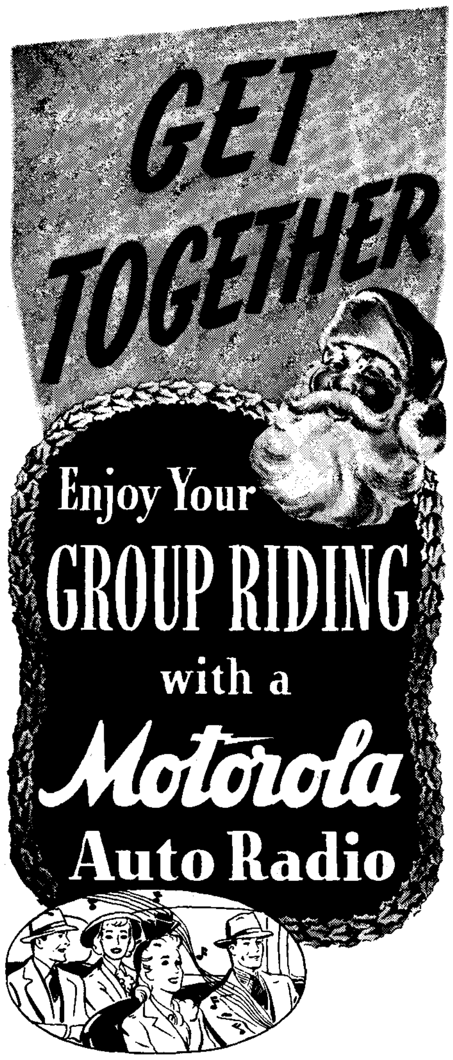
TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack **them** before they get the upper hand.

Note How Listerine Reduced Germs

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.



GIFTS will be chosen *this* year in terms of valuable service, and on that basis, a Motorola Radio for your Car climbs to the top of the list. Get together with your group riders! Ask them how they feel about improving those hours spent driving to and from work with important battlefront news and the fun and entertainment that helps you work better and faster. They'll say "Yes!" . . . Let's have a new Motorola installed now . . . today!

YOU CAN GET A MOTOROLA TO
FIT and MATCH
YOUR CAR, OLD OR NEW!

No matter what car you own, a nearby Motorola dealer can Custom-Fit your car . . . complete the installation in a few minutes. When his present stock of car radios is gone, there'll be no more for the duration . . . so don't delay

SEE A MOTOROLA DEALER
NOW—TODAY!

THE ARMY-NAVY "E"
Awarded for excellence in the production of Communication Equipment for America's Armed Forces.

Motorola Radio
AMERICA'S FINEST FOR CAR AND HOME
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO

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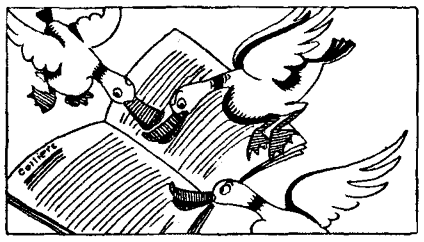
ANY WEEK

OF COURSE you all remember that Collier's for October 24th had a layout and information budget about ducks. Among the millions reading it was the Director of the Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior, Mr. Ira N. Gabrielson. The article said that this year's hunter might take a full daily bag limit of redheads, or ten ducks, as compared with three in 1941.



Mr. Gabrielson makes a correction—and he ought to know. He gets out the federal regulations and quotes therefrom as follows: "Ducks: Ten in the aggregate of all kinds including in such limit not more than one wood duck, or more than three singly or in the aggregate of redheads and buffleheads; and any person at any one time may possess not more than twenty ducks in the aggregate of all kinds but not more than one wood duck, or more than six of either or both of redheads or buffleheads."

ANYWAY, we could understand what the author of the article wrote. Or *maybe* we're a bufflehead. The government's ruling was written by a lawyer in duck or buffle talk. Lawyer talk invariably frustrates us and we're not the only one. We think that it was Major Fred Sullens of Jackson, Mississippi, who told us that Nim Clay had some trouble making head and tail of it. Mr. Clay, a colored man, was on trial for a remarkable complication of crimes and misdemeanors. He listened intently while his lawyer, a young man packed with solid ideals, made a masterful appeal for mercy. The lawyer laid Mr. Clay's crimes to race prejudice, said that the black boy's predicament was the white man's fault. "You educated, privileged white men are on trial, not Nim Clay. I, his lawyer, am on trial." And so on. When the counselor had finished and sat down beside his client, Mr. Clay leaned over and acidly inquired, "Suh, who done committed these here crimes—me or you?"

AND that editorial of ours, warning you to be very wary of the Dry tricks to revive prohibition and the mobsterism it bred, is still quite hot. We've just got a letter from the Reverend A. W. Sneesby of Amery, Wisconsin. "To argue," argues Mr. Sneesby, "that we had better not think of prohibition again because, last time, there followed it a period of crime and general lawlessness, is like saying that the boy of the house must never again be asked to split the kindling wood because the last time he did it, he cut off a toe." But that's just it. That kid's going to remember. He, the ax and that kindling wood are not going to get together *again voluntarily*, or his aim *will* be better.

ONLY us ancients will remember the passion for souvenirs which filled the hearts of the Yanks of the A.E.F. in 1917 and 1918. A number of letters from the heroes of that preliminary skirmish have reminded us of it. Apparently every one of the three or four million doughboys who got to France seemed to have promised some girl the Kaiser's earrings or something just as significant. A German prisoner was lucky to get off with his underwear, so intent were the lads in gathering things to remember him by. And a couple of the bigger-time collectors tried to collect Wilhelm Hohenzollern himself—and almost did. It was a very nice war, with plenty of pilfering to salt it. Then, as now, the populace were demanding to know "What are we fighting for?"

But the answers were always forthcoming and were quite easily understood by even the most limited intellects. We have a letter from one of our buddies in that valiant crusade, Sergeant Simoncini of Ligonier, Pennsylvania. The sergeant reminds us of the day when we heroes were addressed by a most important Army commander. Maybe it was General Hunter Liggett. We hope we're right. There were so many generals. Anyway, the general addressed us one day—a vast number of us. At the height of his speech he cried, "But we fighting men know what we're fighting for." And from what sounded to us to be thousands of hoarse voices, freighted of course with idealistic fervor, came the reply: "Sure. Souvenirs."

MOREOVER, we as a people are losing a lot of that cocksureness we used

(Continued on page 83)

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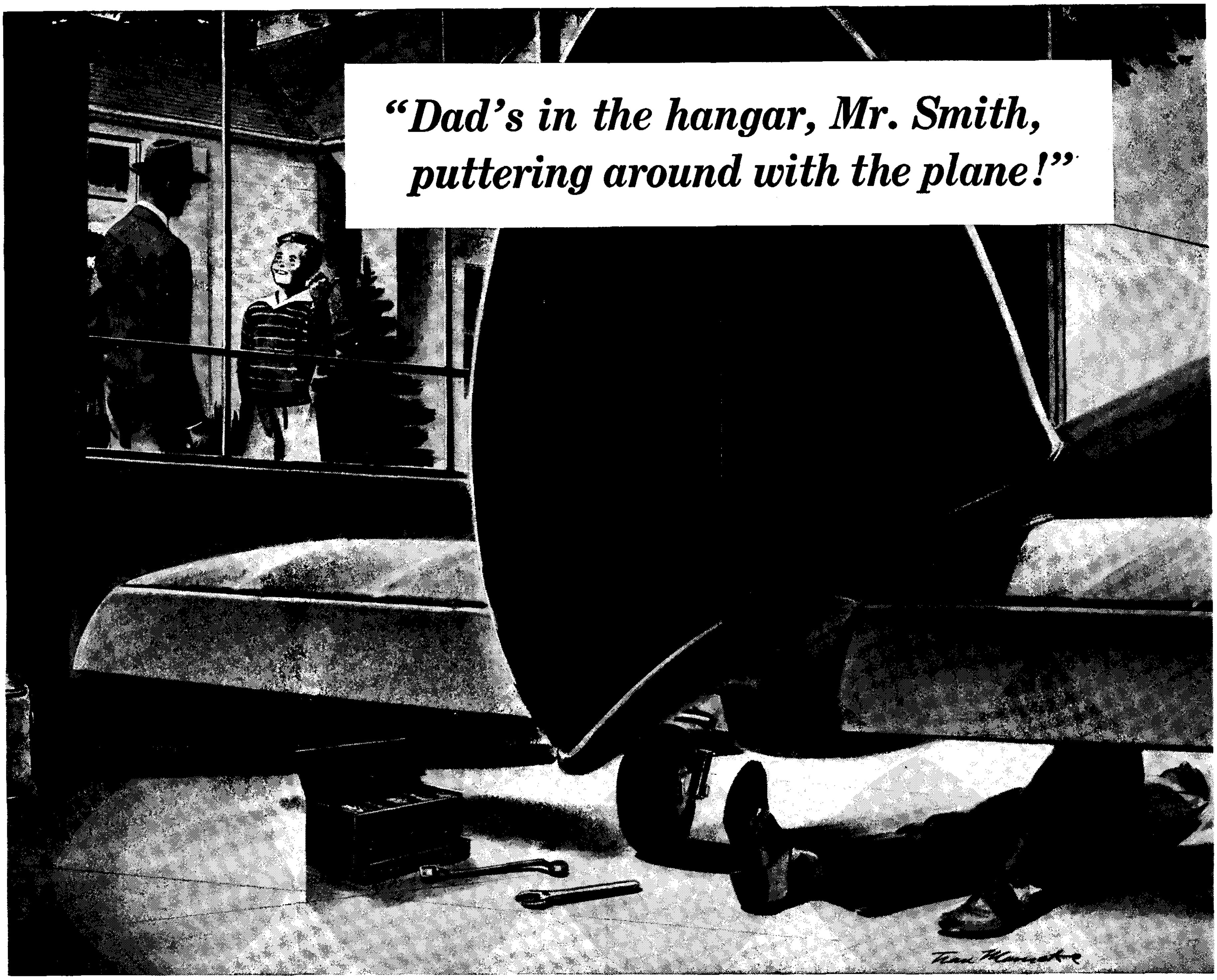
COVER VERNON GRA

"Dad's in the hangar, Mr. Smith, puttering around with the plane!"



AMERICANS love to putter with things mechanical. They do now. They will in the future.

It's this restless, inquisitive trait in our national character that has set the pace for the world of the present . . . that will build the new America.

And what an America it will be! More wonderful than anything you've even dreamed about. How do we know?

Because we can already see it on the horizon. We can see it in the skill and ingenuity of the men now working night and day in the arsenals of democracy. These are the hearts and hands that will shape it.

These men, who are now making the world's best combat and training planes, will be making family planes for you and me and the folks who live next door. These men, now building bombing planes that are the envy of a warring world, will be making luxury transports and super-cargo carriers of the air.

How far off is the birthday of this new America? Not very . . . because our hearths and furnaces and production lines are already forging Victory.

You'd feel as confident as we if you were in B. F. Goodrich plants now . . . if you had seen what our Aeronautical Division has developed in the short span of a single man's life. Giant tires that bring a Flying Fortress to rest as gently as a tiny sparrow. Brakes that halt a ship that flies faster than sound can travel. De-Icers that defy the elements.

Today, this B. F. Goodrich equipment goes to the air forces of the United Nations. It flies with planes that make history over Wake Island, Burma, Tokio, and the Sahara. But *tomorrow* it's going to help make a different kind of history. *It's going to help America create the new world!*

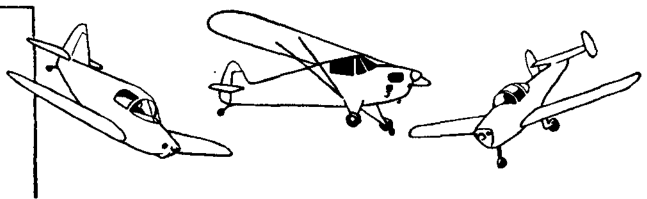
The B. F. Goodrich Company,
Aeronautical Division, Akron, O.

Skyway or Highway

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

HERE ARE SOME AMERICAN PLANES THAT ARE SUPPLIED WITH B. F. GOODRICH EQUIPMENT

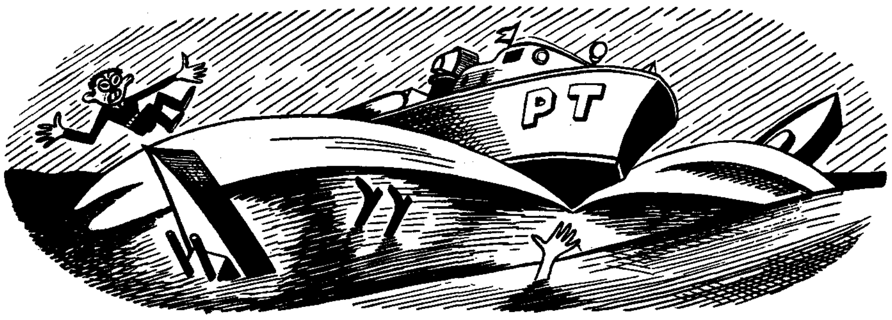


CULVER PIPER ERCOUPE

Why is an Arrow Shirt like...

a new girl?

Full of surprises—all delightful! Take Arrow Hitt ($2.25). Its handsome Arrow collar is *non-wilt*—always spruce... comfortable. Arrow Shirts are Sanforized for *permanent fit*. A new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit!



P-T boat?

Because it's *trim . . . sleek!* No waste material boards an Arrow Shirt—thanks to "Mitoga" figure-fit... curved to fit the body . . . sloping "natural" shoulders, tapered sleeves. Arrow Shirts have *whistle-clean* lines! See Dart ($2.50).

bulldog's grip?

The buttons have the same hang-on quality. (Missing buttons on Arrow Shirts are rare as black-haired Swedes.) Arrow buttons are *anchored* with patented Button Stay. (Bachelors and wives take note.) Try Arrow Dale ($2.75).

no other shirt?

Because they have the *one and only* Arrow collar! Tailored from pre-tested, long-wearing fabrics, Arrow White Shirts (like Trump, $2.25) are *always* right! Get Arrow White Shirts — they flatter you! *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Persons who collect autographs will sometimes knowingly purchase a forged copy of a famous signature merely for its "curiosity value." For example, the large number of autographs of George Washington, forged by one Robert Spring about eighty years ago, are still in circulation and sell for $5 apiece.

Art Goebel, American World War aviator, now owns two permits to fly over Tokyo. The first was given to him by the Nipponese government during a good-will flight to Japan in 1928 and the second was presented to him by the American government in the form of a diploma from the Midland Army Flying School in Midland, Texas, where he was graduated as a bombardier a few weeks ago.

In the first World War, Russian airmen often crippled an enemy plane by lowering a weighted cable into its propeller. Today the Soviet fliers frequently finish off a damaged German ship by coming up from behind and sawing off its tail with the blades of their propeller.

Reliable American observers in China have reported more than one thousand cases in which Japanese soldiers have attacked the Chinese with mustard and lewisite gas during the past five years. The heaviest assault was in the battle for Ichang in October, 1941, during which one third of the men in an entire Chinese division were gas casualties.

The Illinois state police now have America's first "crime bus," a combination of hospital, laboratory and fort on wheels for use at fires, riots, explosions and other disasters. Eleven feet high and thirty feet long, it contains beds, a chemical section, fingerprinting equipment, X-ray machine, pulmotor, oxygen tanks, asbestos suits, a speedboat and 1,200 other items. A turret on top has searchlights, cameras and machine guns.

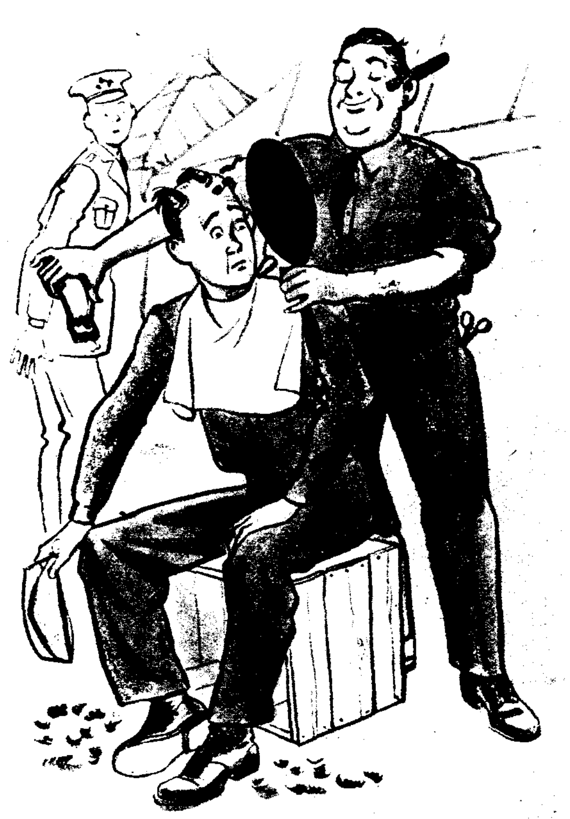
Although antiaircraft gunners earnestly attempt to shoot enemy planes out of the sky, the chief result of their fire is to keep such planes so high that they cannot drop bombs with any accuracy. For instance, during the great daylight raids over London, the antiaircraft gunners accounted for only five per cent of the German machines lost, the other ninety-five per cent having been shot down by British fighter planes.

Among the high incomes in the ranks of American labor today may be cited those of the drivers of wholesale milk trucks in Chicago. Some of these men are earning as much as $191 a week, which is equivalent to the salaries of such important men as Sumner Welles, Undersecretary of State.

After a woman has christened an American naval vessel, she becomes eligible for membership in the Society of Sponsors of the United States Navy, an organization established in 1898 "to promote interest in the development and support" of this branch of the service. She also receives a gift of jewelry, costing from $300 to $1,500, from the officials of the shipyard.

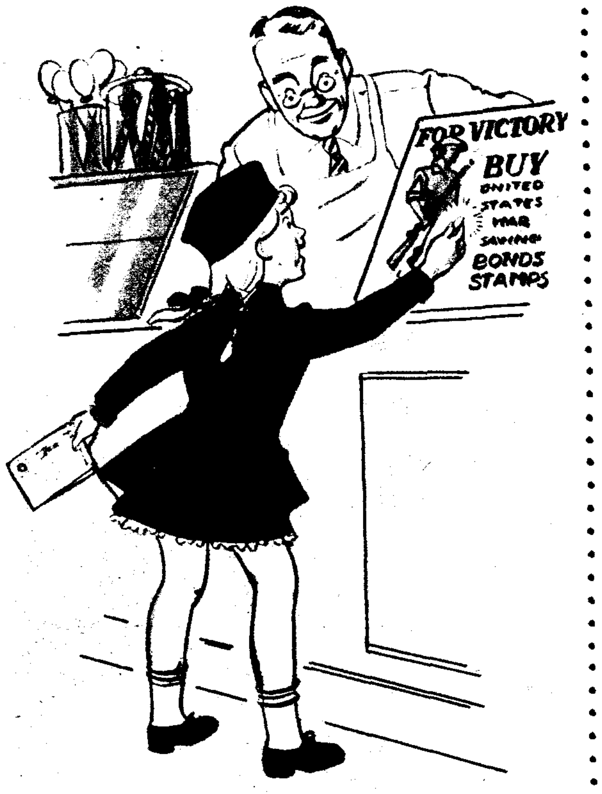
Because many chemicals are too rare to be listed in the catalogues of chemical supply houses and are often difficult to find in stock owing to the small demand, the National Registry of Rare Chemicals in Chicago has compiled a list of the quantities available today in America of about three thousand of these substances. The total amount of some of them is exceedingly small, such as that of cozymase, which is only one tenth of one gram.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



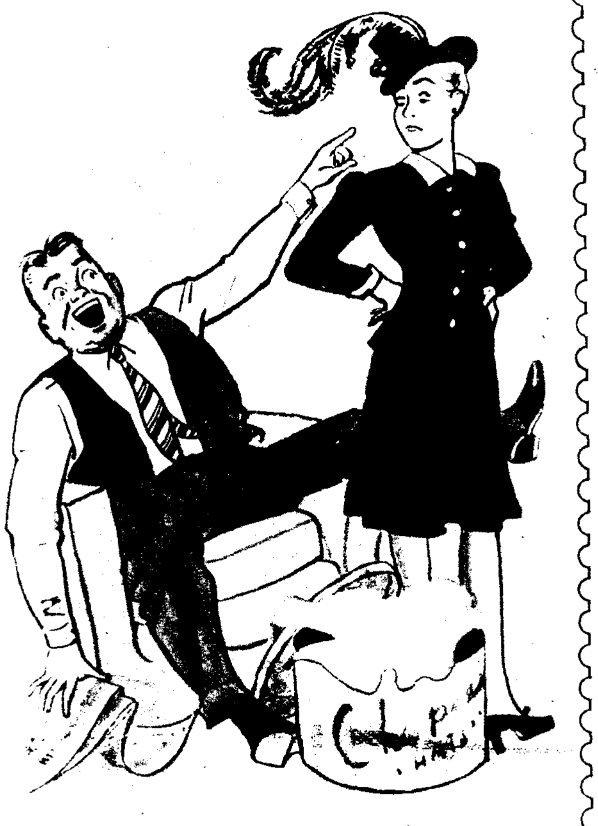
Fraser

means "hair-dresser"


FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

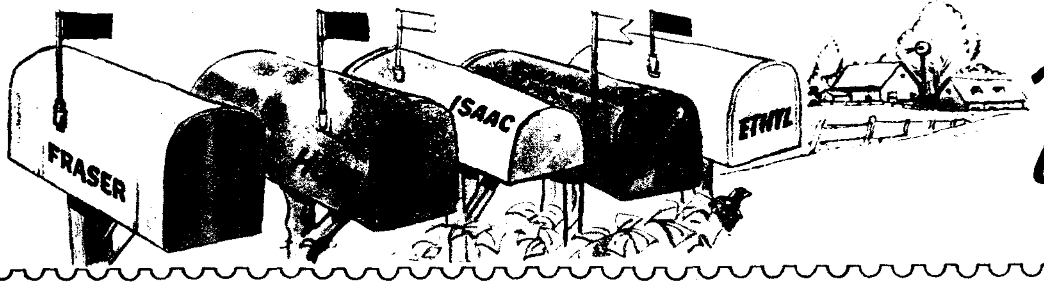
Hope

means "trust in the future"

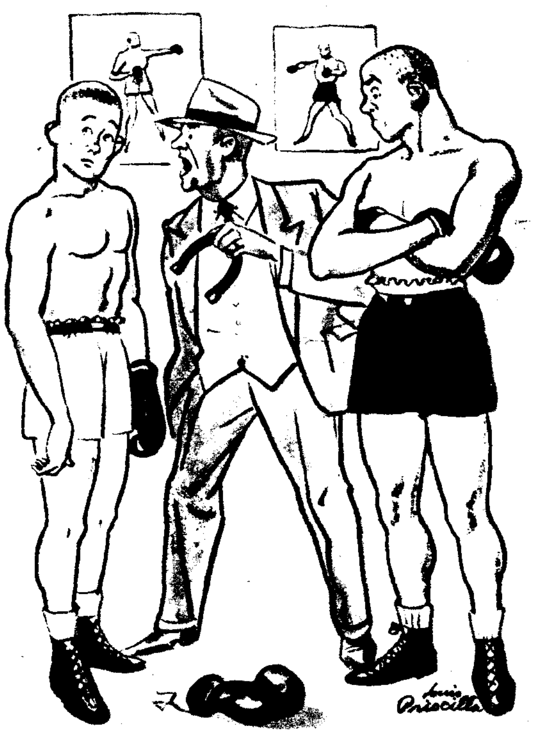


Isaac

means "laughter"

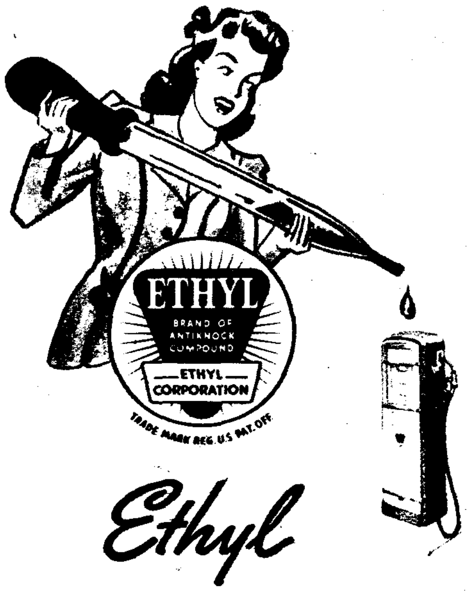

FRASER
ISAAC
ETHYL

What's in a name?



Cadwallader

means "battle arranger"


ETHYL
BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Ethyl

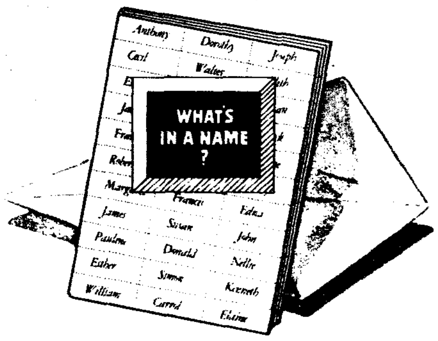
is a trade mark name

It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."

WHAT DOES YOUR NAME MEAN?

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free—no obligation—just mail coupon.


WHAT'S IN A NAME ?
Anthony
Dorothy
Joseph
Carl
Walter
Francis
Edna
James
Susan
John
Pauline
Donald
Nellie
Esther
Simon
Kenneth
William
Carroll
Elaine

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF NAMES

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Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"

Name____________________ (PLEASE PRINT)

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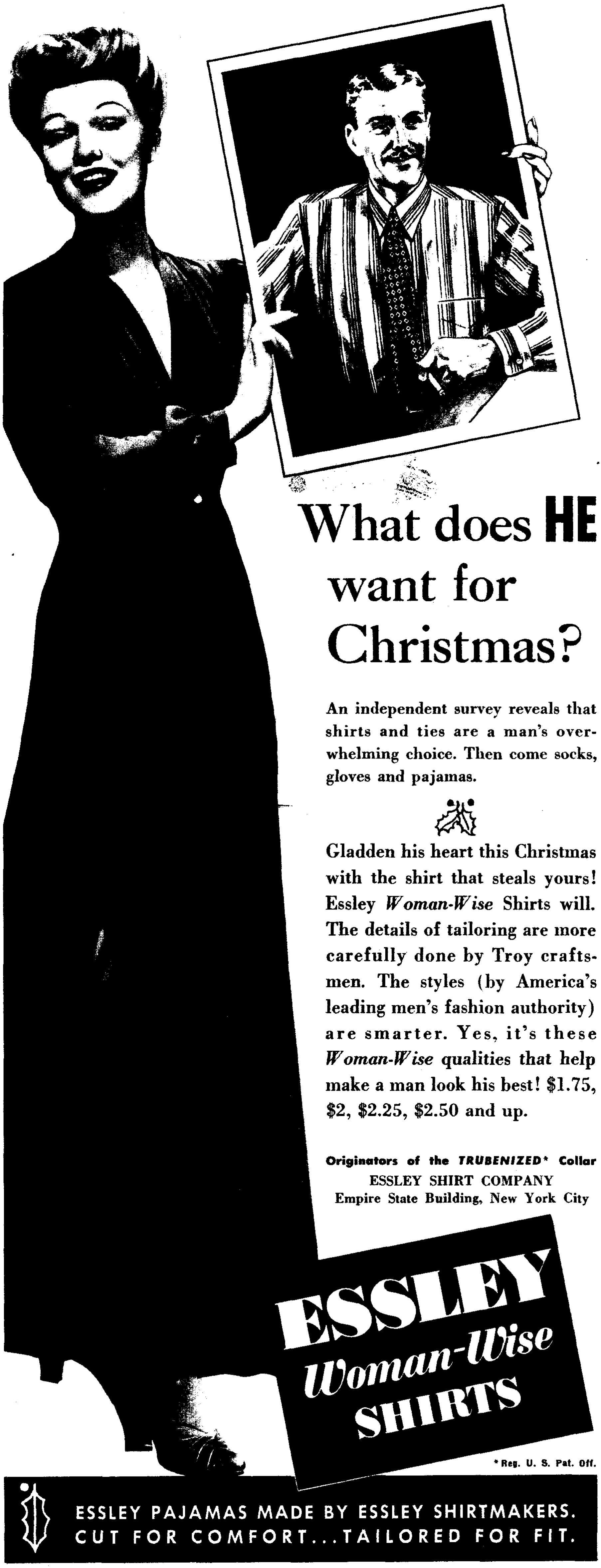


What does HE want for Christmas?

An independent survey reveals that shirts and ties are a man's overwhelming choice. Then come socks, gloves and pajamas.

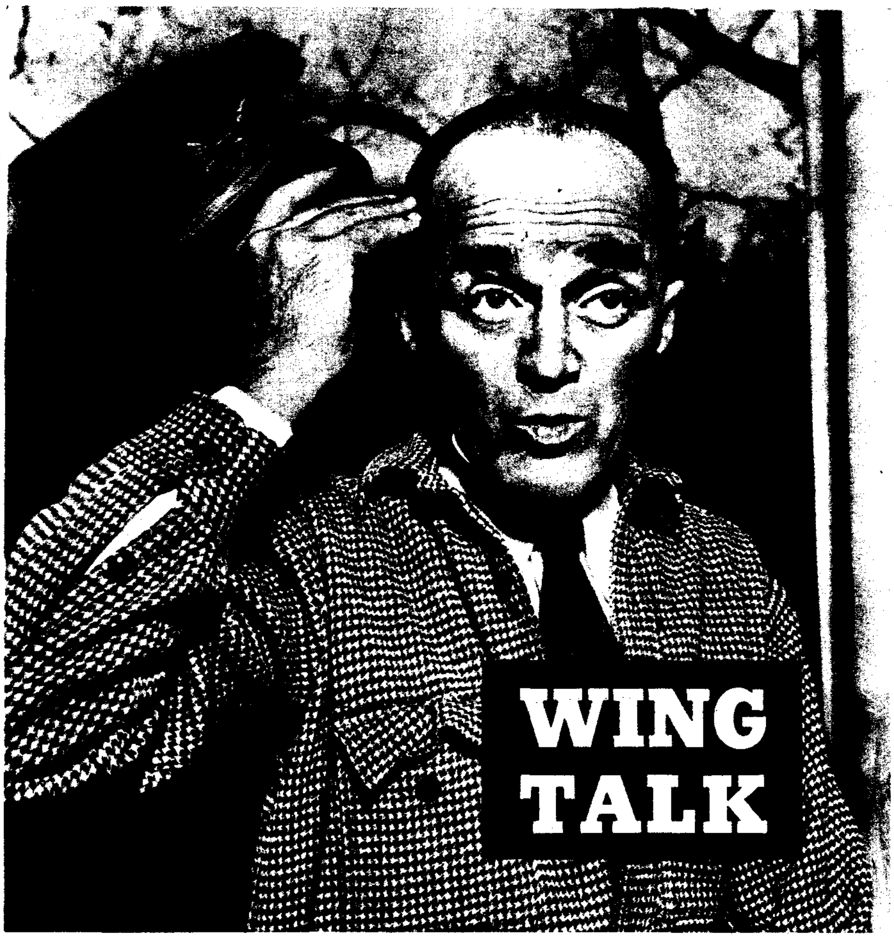
Gladden his heart this Christmas with the shirt that steals yours! Essley *Woman-Wise* Shirts will. The details of tailoring are more carefully done by Troy craftsmen. The styles (by America's leading men's fashion authority) are smarter. Yes, it's these *Woman-Wise* qualities that help make a man look his best! $1.75, $2, $2.25, $2.50 and up.

Originators of the TRUBENIZED* Collar
ESSLEY SHIRT COMPANY
Empire State Building, New York City

ESSLEY *Woman-Wise* SHIRTS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ESSLEY PAJAMAS MADE BY ESSLEY SHIRTMAKERS. CUT FOR COMFORT... TAILORED FOR FIT.



WING TALK

FENN-PIX

Captain Jack Knight, recruiting director for C.A.A. pilot training program, is the veteran flier, having been in the air as a pilot 18,000 hours

HEROISM can be a nuisance, even in wartime. Recently two training planes, flying over a Western airfield, bumped into each other some 3,000 feet up. It wasn't a hard bump as such things go, but it snapped half of a wing off one of the trainers piloted by an advanced student, one of the field's star boys. With the courage of a wild man, the boy attempted to fly his crippled ship. He fought the thing too long, went completely out of control and ended his promising career in a crash.

A veteran would have jumped a split second after the collision. He would have realized it was no disgrace to lose a ship and save a pilot. That's what parachutes are for. But the boy knew that in the hangars, bailing out was considered vaguely shameful. He had heard the sneering laughs that surrounded the flier who got out too quickly, and left a manageable plane to get back down any way it could. And he had listened to the scornful stories about how one of the country's most famous pilots had such a weakness for bailing out that he let six perfectly good planes go loose in a few months, and was grounded.

Also, the young pilot had seen the admiration which engulfed the flier who brought his crippled ship down safely.

All this made it almost impossible for him to jump. It wasn't the thing to do. So instead of losing merely a plane, the country lost something far rarer, a good pilot.

It's going on all over. Nobody will admit it officially, but something must be done to persuade pilots to jump when their cause is hopeless. It must counteract previous campaigns designed to keep a pilot at the controls until his very last chance of saving his ship has gone. Not many men have stayed with their planes too long, but even half a dozen is too many.

A RUSH order came through to the Glenn Martin plant at Baltimore one day last summer for some tricky forgings to be put on Martin's famous and fast B-26, an assignment which normally takes months. A wire went out to an industrial expert at Cleveland, who scrambled frantically around the town and found several idle dies which could produce the forgings. He loaded them on a special truck and sent them to Detroit. Meanwhile, 700 pounds of steel bar was put on a plane at the Martin field and arrived at Detroit just as the truck bearing the dies rolled into the city limits.

The forgings were made that day at Detroit, flown to Baltimore for machining the following day, and three days after that, were attached to the B-26s which helped kick the Japs around at the Battle of Midway. It was all a matter of days, almost hours.

William A. M. Burden, assistant to the Secretary of Commerce for Air, tells the story as a sample of the sort of dizzy speed we will be up against the rest of our lives.

CAPTAIN JACK KNIGHT is something more than a veteran flier. He is *the* veteran. He has been in the air as a pilot 18,000 hours, and has covered some two and a half million miles. All of which are among his qualifications for his present job of directing recruitment for the Civil Aeronautics Administration's pilot-training program.

He sometimes wonders, he says, how he ever got two and a half million miles and remained in one piece, all things considered. He remembers one cloudy fall day when he was flying leisurely cross-country, scooting under an extremely low ceiling. It came down so heavily on top of him that he finally dropped down to get on the "iron beam," which means, in hangar language, that he was following a railroad track. Everything was proceeding serenely, according to Knight, "until I suddenly remembered there was a tunnel on the line, beginning approximately where I was then."

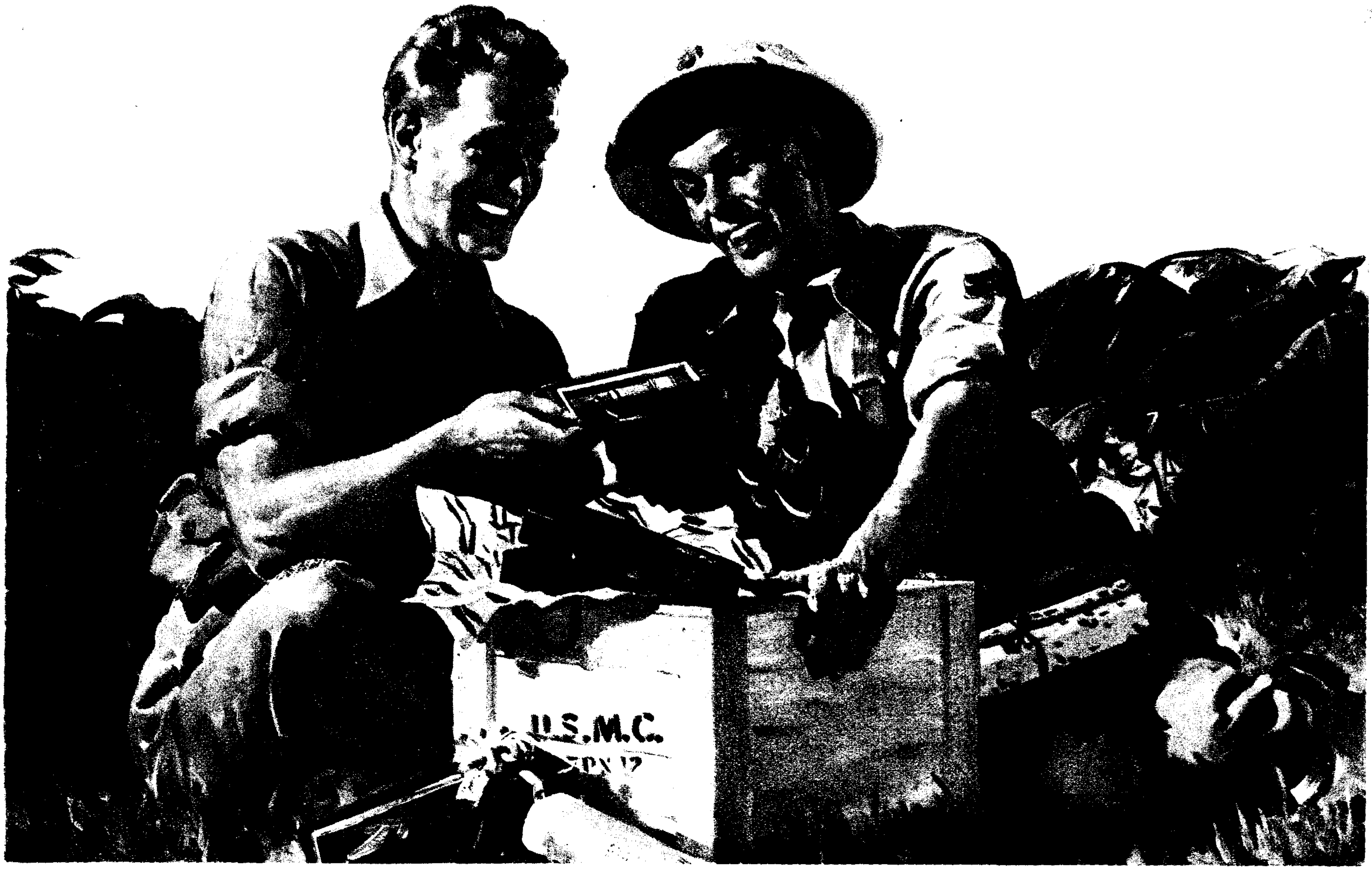
Captain Knight got upstairs real fast and huddled into the clouds to smooth out his nervous system.... R. McC.

Holiday Greetings

PHILIP MORRIS
LIMITED
ENGLISH BLEND
NEW YORK
ENGLISH BLEND

FROM PHILIP MORRIS

And along with Johnny's best wishes to you and yours . . . a practical Christmas suggestion: *on your gift list, put lots of* PHILIP MORRIS *Cigarettes in gay Holiday packages* . . . fine to give, fine to get, America's FINEST Cigarette. The best—to those you like the best! CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS!



"Look, Bob—an Elgin from the folks!"

In the islands of the Pacific . . . in England . . . on ships at sea . . . this will be a "box-from-home" Christmas for many a fighting Yank.

Call it tradition, if you wish. Call it sentiment. But if the gifts you have sent include an Elgin watch, then it's bound to be a real American Christmas!

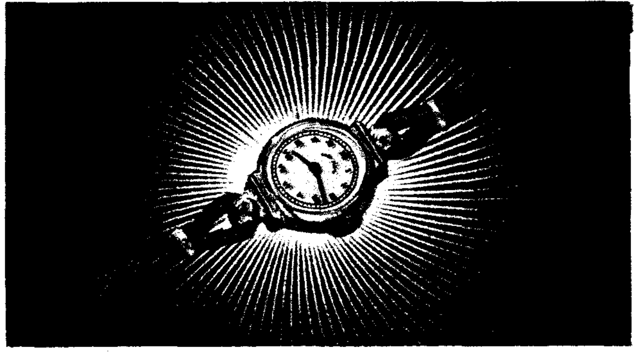
Yes, for the member of your family doing a job on the fighting front or home front, an Elgin is the perfect remembrance.

Of course, fewer of these watches are available this year, due to Elgin's war effort. Long before Pearl Harbor even, the government requested Elgin to produce special military devices and precision instruments. And these today are Elgin's first concern. Fighting planes, tanks and guns must be equipped.

(Top) *Elgin Service Watch. Luminous dial. Sweep hand.*
(Bottom) *Thin Lord Elgin. 14K natural gold filled case.*

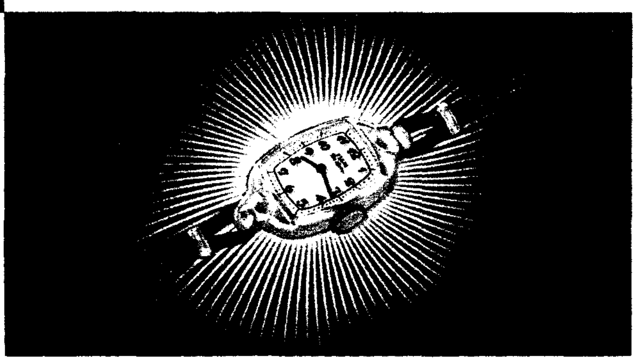
However, each one of the Elgins your jeweler is offering is star-timed and true to the famous Elgin standard of dependability. Each is produced by Elgin's unique partnership of fourth-generation craftsmen and scientists.

You will also be interested in your jeweler's many other fine gifts of quality, including exquisite precious and semi-precious stones and silverware. *A gift means so much when it comes from your jeweler's.*

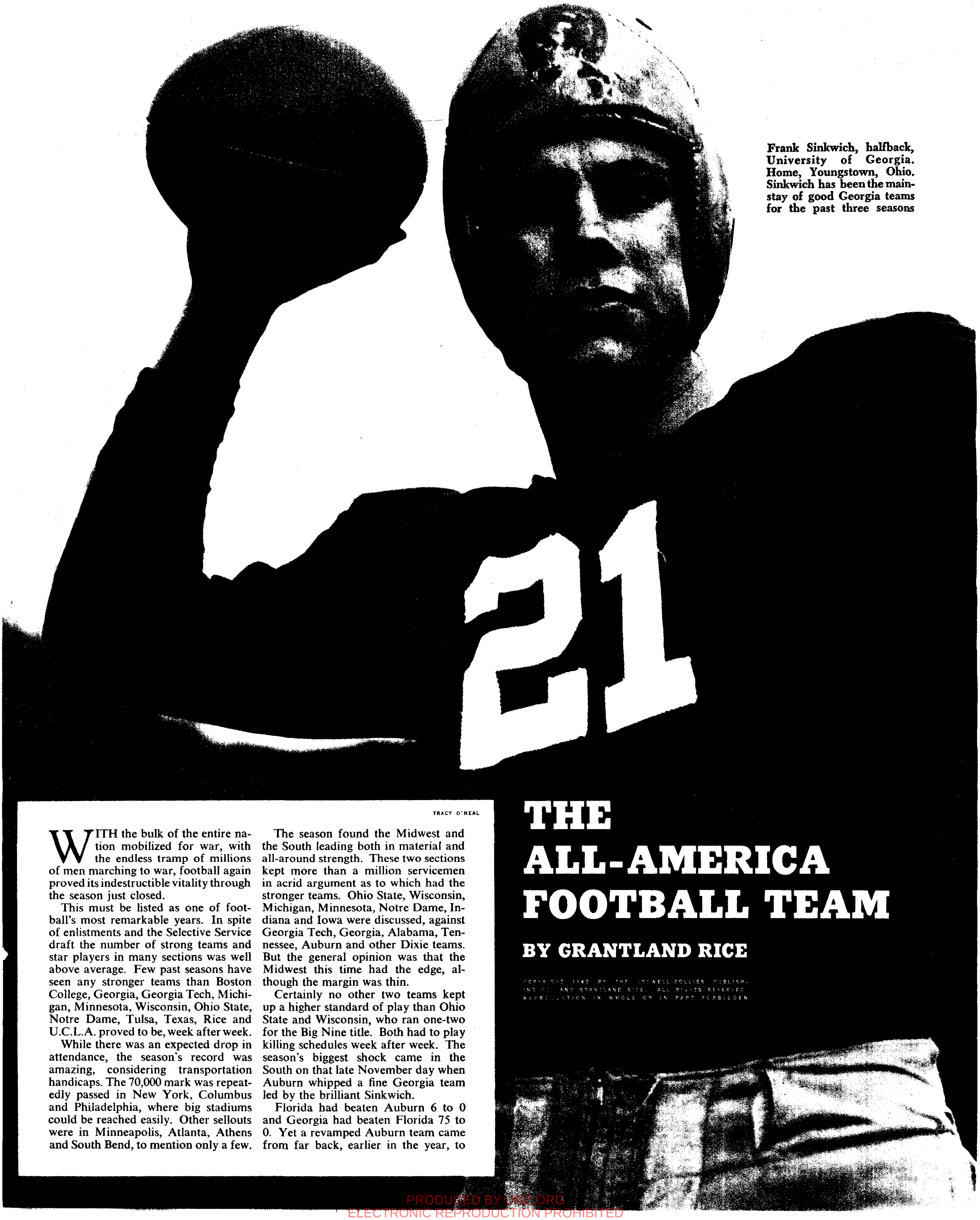

Brilliantly designed Lady Elgin. 14K rosé gold filled.

ELGIN

Since 1865 a great American gift tradition


Beautiful Elgin De Luxe. Star-timed for superb accuracy.

Collier's The National Weekly for December 19, 1942



Frank Sinkwich, halfback, University of Georgia. Home, Youngstown, Ohio. Sinkwich has been the mainstay of good Georgia teams for the past three seasons

TRACY O'NEAL

THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

BY GRANTLAND RICE

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WITH the bulk of the entire nation mobilized for war, with the endless tramp of millions of men marching to war, football again proved its indestructible vitality through the season just closed.

This must be listed as one of football's most remarkable years. In spite of enlistments and the Selective Service draft the number of strong teams and star players in many sections was well above average. Few past seasons have seen any stronger teams than Boston College, Georgia, Georgia Tech, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Ohio State, Notre Dame, Tulsa, Texas, Rice and U.C.L.A. proved to be, week after week.

While there was an expected drop in attendance, the season's record was amazing, considering transportation handicaps. The 70,000 mark was repeatedly passed in New York, Columbus and Philadelphia, where big stadiums could be reached easily. Other sellouts were in Minneapolis, Atlanta, Athens and South Bend, to mention only a few.

The season found the Midwest and the South leading both in material and all-around strength. These two sections kept more than a million servicemen in acrid argument as to which had the stronger teams. Ohio State, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Notre Dame, Indiana and Iowa were discussed, against Georgia Tech, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Auburn and other Dixie teams. But the general opinion was that the Midwest this time had the edge, although the margin was thin.

Certainly no other two teams kept up a higher standard of play than Ohio State and Wisconsin, who ran one-two for the Big Nine title. Both had to play killing schedules week after week. The season's biggest shock came in the South on that late November day when Auburn whipped a fine Georgia team led by the brilliant Sinkwich.

Florida had beaten Auburn 6 to 0 and Georgia had beaten Florida 75 to 0. Yet a revamped Auburn team came from far back, earlier in the year, to

KNOPF-PIX

Julius Franks, guard, University of Michigan. Home, Detroit, Michigan. Franks was in a close race all year with Taylor of Stanford for the All-America nomination

LANGAN

Joseph Domnanovich, center, University of Alabama. Home, South Bend, I diana. He was the mainstay of Alabama's powerful defense throughout the seas

THE LINE-UP

JOSEPH DOMNANOVICH
CENTER—UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA

LINDELL HOUSTON
GUARD—OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

JULIUS FRANKS
GUARD—UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

RICHARD WILDUNG
TACKLE—UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ROBIN OLDS
TACKLE—ARMY

DONALD CURRIVAN
END—BOSTON COLLEGE

DAVID SCHREINER
END—UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

WILLIAM HILLENBRAND
QUARTERBACK—INDIANA UNIVERSITY

FRANK SINKWICH
HALFBACK—UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

PAUL GOVERNALI
HALFBACK—COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

MICHAEL HOLOVAK
FULLBACK—BOSTON COLLEGE

beat Georgia, 27 to 13. Georgia and Georgia Tech both had three-star records. Georgia Tech especially had a brilliant year. Boston College dominated the East with a big, fast, powerful squad that had five or six All-America possibilities.

One of the leading Eastern features was the first-year work of Howard Odell, Yale's young coach, who carried the Blue to winning afternoons over Harvard, Princeton, Dartmouth and Brown.

There was a drop in material and decisive team strength in the Far-West and the Southwest, usually two of the strongest sectors. The Far West suffered heavily in intersectional games against such teams as Tulane, T.C.U., Ohio State and Notre Dame.

There was a well-matched quality of play from southern California to the north, where form reversals came in weekly order in the tangled battle for the Pacific Conference title. There were good teams in this section, but none with outstanding strength.

The same was true of the Southwest, where Texas, Rice, T.C.U. and others had their usual nip and tuck, up and down season. The one exception was Tulsa, one of the leading teams of the year, ably led by Glen Dobbs, one of the star backs of a season packed with backfield talent.

Missouri again took over the Big Six crown, but suffered a severe jolt in her Fordham renewal.

The great majority of all players in all sections had made preseason enlistments in some form of the Services: Army, Navy, Air Forces, Marines or Coast Guard, subject to call at the season's end. In many cases entire squads of 35 or 40 men were eligible for Service calls.

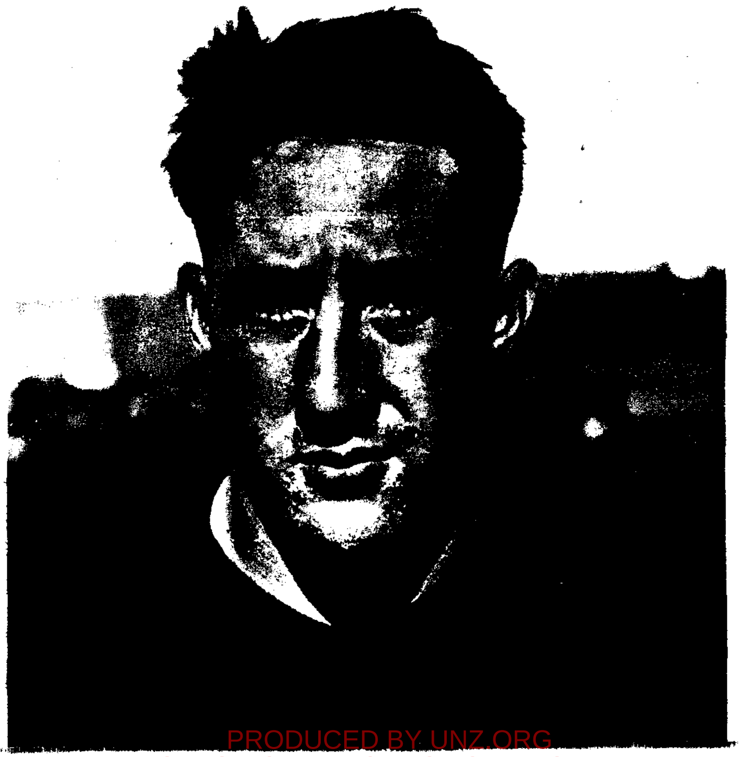
Both Army and Navy squads played under heavy handicaps. Their extra duties, which in some cases included night flying, took a heavy toll in football concentration. Army had several of its leading stars flying after midnight and back on duty before daybreak. In this list were Olds at tackle and Mazur at back. It is easy to understand the extra pressure they faced.

How Selections Are Made

It might interest you to know just how Collier's 1942 All-America was selected to complete the 53d all-star group, which

Donald Currivan, end, Boston College. Home, Mansfield, Massachusetts. Big, fast and alert, he topped all ends

GRIFFIN



Paul Governali, halfback, Columbia University. Home New York, N. Y. Made himself a one-man football tea

MONAHAN

THOMAS

Robin Olds, tackle, U. S. Military Academy. Home, Spokane, Washington. His Army flying interfered with his football training but not with his playing

KNOPF-PIX

William Hillenbrand, quarterback, University of Indiana. Home, Evansville, Indiana. Sparked a fine Indiana team through an entire season

dates back to Walter Camp's first nominations in 1889. The All-America squad which follows came from ten veteran football writers who have earned the respect of coaches and fans in every section of the country.

Week by week each member of the Board sent in his report as injuries or inconsistencies brought about their changes in the standings of both players and teams. The idea was not to pick a team that might beat some rival line-up but to reward those who had contributed most; those who had shown the greater all-around ability.

A back who can pass, kick, run and block was given consideration over a brilliant ball carrier or a star blocker. It is only natural that in many cases the dividing line was extremely thin. For example, for one end position there was practically a dead heat between Schreiner of Wisconsin and Dove of Notre Dame, both stars.

There was the closest sort of race between Franks of Michigan, Houston of Ohio State and Hardy of Georgia Tech at guard. The same was true of the tackle positions. There were Wildung of Minnesota, Olds of Army, Csuri of Ohio State, Mauldin of Texas and Wistert of Michigan to be considered. Such stars as Daley of Minnesota, Harder of Wisconsin, Kuzma of Michigan, Dark of L.S.U. and many others suffered early injuries through battering competition that killed off their excellent chances to make a place on the All-America team.

These are the nominations from Collier's All-America Advisory Board:

MIDDLE WEST

Barton

Ends: Schreiner, Wisconsin; Dove, Notre Dame. Guard: Houston, Ohio State. Center: Pregulman, Michigan. Tackles: Wildung, Minnesota; Csuri, Ohio State. Backs: Hillenbrand, Indiana; Fekete, Ohio State.

Salsinger

Ends: Dove, Notre Dame; Schreiner, Wisconsin. Guards: Houston, Ohio State; Franks, Michigan. Center, Pregulman, Michigan. Tackles: Wildung, Minnesota; Csuri, Ohio State. Backs: Hillenbrand, Indiana; Ceithaml, Michigan; Kuzma, Michigan; Fekete, Ohio State.

EAST

Woodward

End: Currivan, Boston College. Center: Naumetz, Boston Coll. Tackle: Olds, Army. Backs: Governali, Columbia; Holovak, Boston Coll.; Hayes, Williams.

SOUTH AND SOUTHEAST

Digby

End: Comer, Tulane. Guard: Hardy, Georgia Tech. Center: Domnanovich, Alabama. Back: Sinkwich, Georgia.

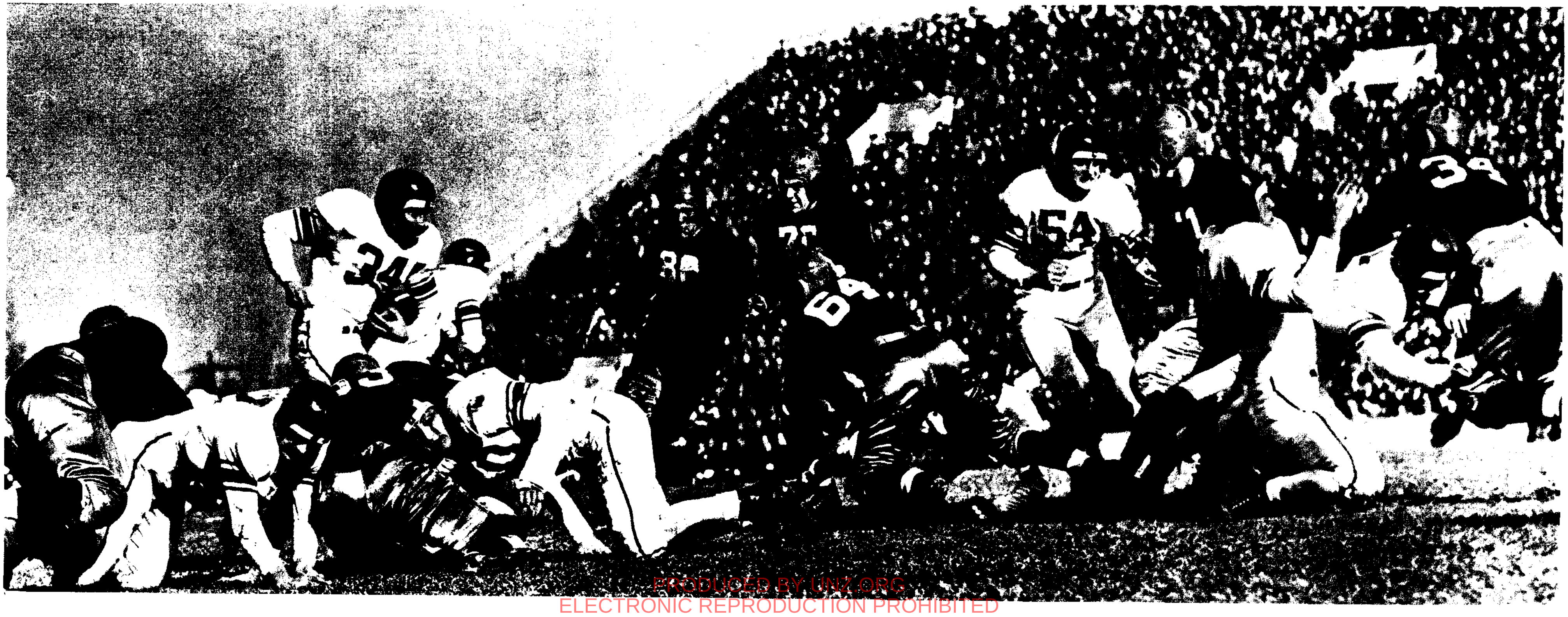
Russell

Guards: Hardy, Georgia Tech; Ramsey, William & Mary. Center: Dom-

(Continued on page 88)

David Schreiner, end, University of Wisconsin. Home, Lancaster, Wisconsin. Schreiner, No. 80 below, was a close call over Notre Dame's great Dove. In the picture below he is coming in to tackle Hirsch of Northwestern in the game Wisconsin won, 20-19

ALTERS-PIX



Something to Take Across

By Frank M. Phillips, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

When a man asks a girl to spend his last leave alone with him, she'd better give him a chance to say why

LIEUTENANT MIKE MALONEY bought his cigarettes and walked slowly toward the steps on the beach side of the hotel, slitting the cellophane wrapper cowboy-style with his left thumbnail while he rummaged for a match with his right. He stopped a few paces short of the steps and his solemn, mobile face cracked painfully into an angry frown as he saw a group of weekenders running up the steps, laughing and waving sunburned arms, their assorted voices blending in an intimate composition of small talk. There were four couples of them, ranging from tall to short and blond to brunet, and Brownie was one of them.

Maloney bent his head, lighting a cigarette and saying to himself in his cupped hands, "Why did this have to happen?" as all the old memories smothered him, making his blood run furiously and kicking up a soapy bath of feathers in his stomach. She was leading the group just as she always led everything, and her sweet laughter carried all the deep enchantment that had held him in the weeks gone by at Fort Benning. She was smiling at a skinny young man in a pair of uncomplimentary black swimming trunks, who trotted obediently at her heels, reminding Maloney of a bottle-fed, valuable, absolutely worthless lap dog. He heard her say, "Hubert, will you buy me a drink?" And then, one foot on the top step, she looked up and saw Maloney's face shadowed in the oval cup of his long brown hands, and her smile died miserably on her lips.

He watched her chew her lower lip and recapture one small side of her smile. She said, "Hello there, Mike," in the same tone she would use to say good morning to the girls in her office. Maloney noticed that she was wearing the yellow beach suit with the white trim, the outfit he had always wanted to eat with sugar and a spoon, and he wished she would burn it. And then, because he could not help but see it, he caught the flash of the large ring on her right third finger and knew she was still clinging perversely to the past, wearing that old engagement ring he hated so heartily. He thought of all the times he had asked her to throw it away and forget that she ever had been married to someone who had treated her so meanly; and not wear it as a token of her past mistake, the mistake that made her suspicious of all men, including Maloney. Controlling his voice, dropping his hands, he said tonelessly, "Hello, Brownie," and walked around her and down the whitewashed steps toward the end of the pier.

Depression settled on Maloney as he walked; it was a queer feeling of fate driving hatpins in his back. Working on the law of averages, they should not have met again after their quarrel of a week ago, and it was wishful thinking, of course, to believe that she would care. Her heart wasn't broken; not even bent.

He thought about her friends for a moment, deciding that they were the usual carbon copies of the real McCoy, nice to talk and drink with, but hollow inside when you wanted to set your teeth in anything serious. Brownie wanted her men like that, easy to boss and eager to please, with no ideas of their own to upset her applecart, her sour cup of hate carried over from the past. But that was where he had differed with her.

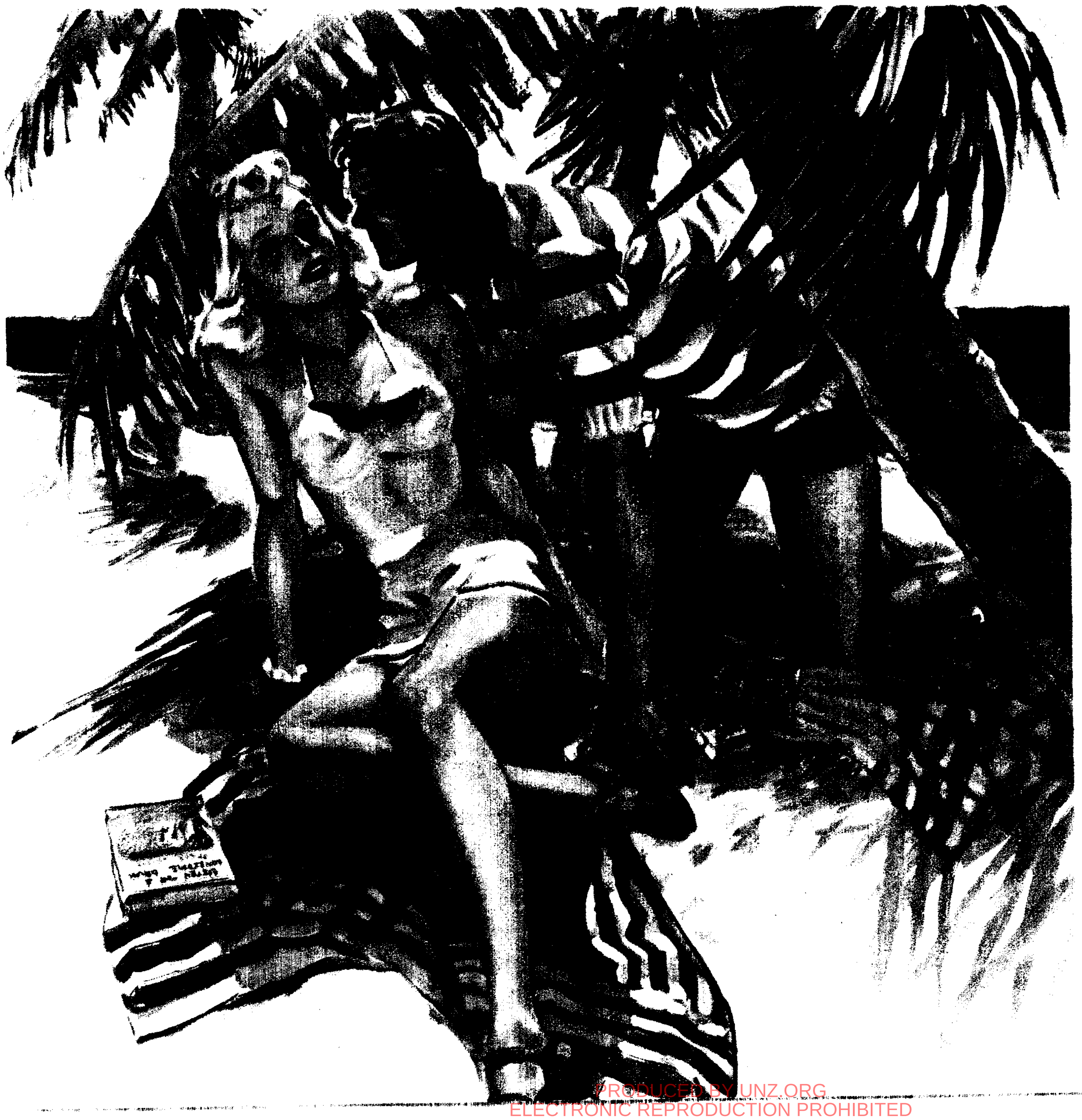
Hunger finally dulled his anger and he went back to the dining room and took a table beside the windows overlooking the gulf; it was one of those violet-tinted late Florida afternoons and the white beach below him was almost deserted. Maloney was smoking his first after-dinner cigarette when Brownie and her friends came into the dining room.

Brownie stood out among them like the miniature Boss Tweed that she was, proud and pretty and always domineering. The skinny young man sipped his drink, one finger up, and laughed at something she said, and it occurred to Maloney that this was like a game; and when he thought of Brownie's family and their money, the laughter and fawning attention of the skinny young man was all too clear in his mind. Brownie glanced casually over his way, and his throat tightened, it hurt that much to see her with someone else. He ground his cigarette in his plate and walked out, a lean man with close-cropped hair and a lined, tired face, and he heard the skinny young man say, "Don't we know that big chap, Brownie?"

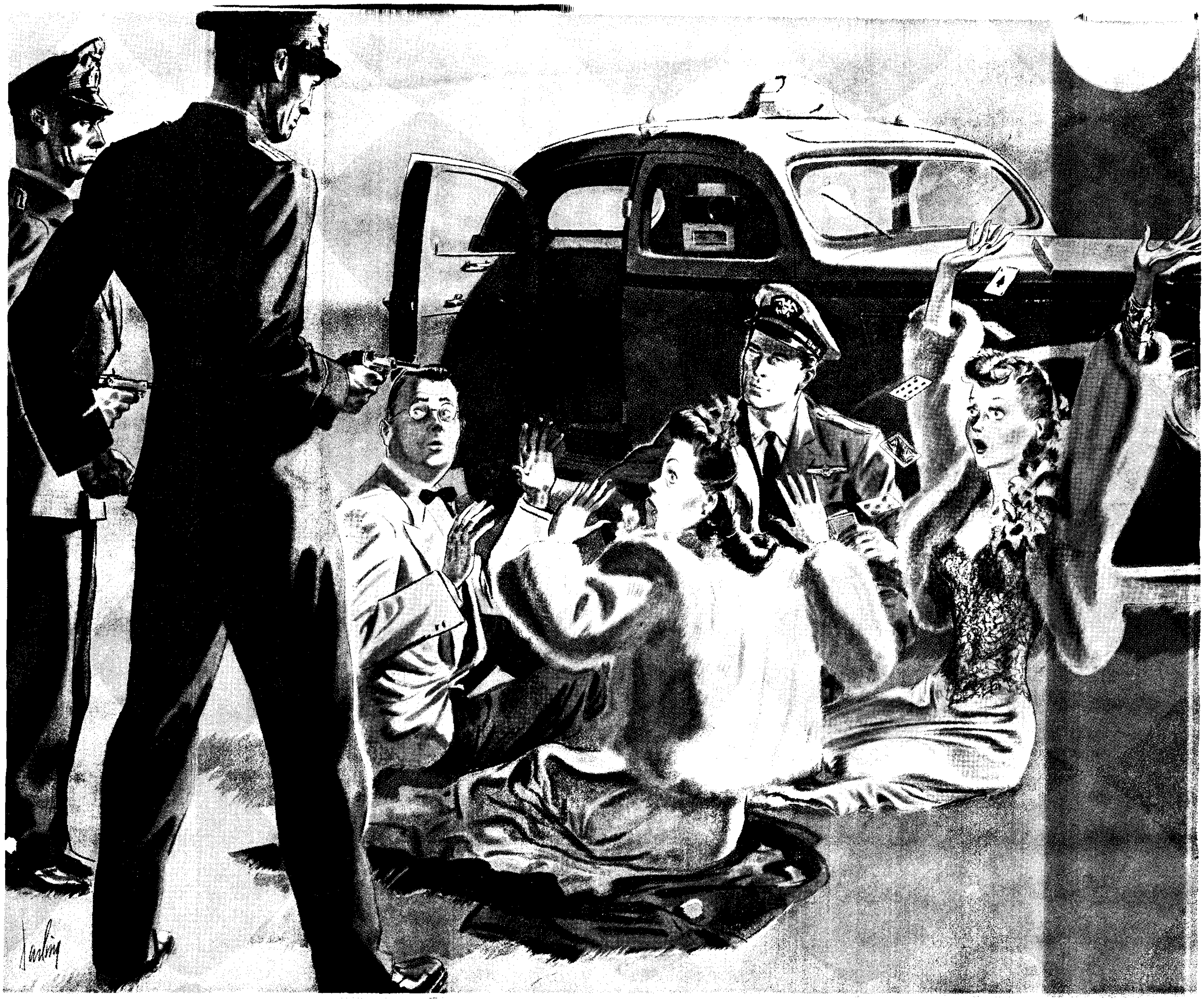
MALONEY wanted to go back and say, "Yes, she knows me. She should. Didn't we meet two months ago in Columbus, Georgia? Didn't I fall in love with her from that first moment? Didn't I want to see her, to hear her voice, to touch her, to put my arms around her and never let her go—all of this so bad that I saw her every night for weeks? For what? For nothing, I guess, because she thought I was fooling. Yes, you'll find my head among the collection on her mantel." But he couldn't do that. He was supposed to be a gentleman by Act of Congress, and gentlemen didn't embarrass ladies.

He took a turn down the boardwalk toward the sparkling lights of the little resort town, caught in the gathering dusk that changed the gulf waters from light green to dark blue and brought out a million stars in the unbelievably blue bowl of the north Florida sky above his head; and he wondered how the war was coming and whether he would really be allowed these last five days of precious leave before his address became A.P.O., New York City. Yes, these last five days. The days he had asked her to spend with him, because he had to crowd a lifetime

(Continued on page 40)



Maloney looked at her flushed, angry face, at the upward turn of her lips. "Thanks, Sherry," he said, and reached over and kissed her. He knew he shouldn't, but he felt good about it



All at once there were two men in German navy uniforms, pointing guns at us, plus requests that we start reaching for stars quickly

Don't Mention Other Men

By Dorothy Speare

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Miss Holiday demonstrates how not to write our boys

New York City
August —, 1942

To Lt. Nathaniel Spencer, U. S. N
Patrol Wing—Patrol Squadron
Somewhere in the Atlantic

Dearest Nat:

No letter for more than five weeks. Being engaged to somebody you never see, and then start in not hearing from him too, sometimes gets to be a funny feeling. I have been reading a magazine piece called How to Write Our Boys that has not cheered me up any either. According to this piece I have been writing you all the wrong things.

For instance it says above all don't write him about other men. I am afraid I have done that from time to time as you always want to know what I am doing and it is pretty hard for a night-club singer to describe what she is doing without mentioning men in a general sort of way. From now on I will try not to mention them at all, not even to let you know I am not letting them get specific. I can get a good start in this letter telling you all about Lola, who is the reason for the change of address you will note above.

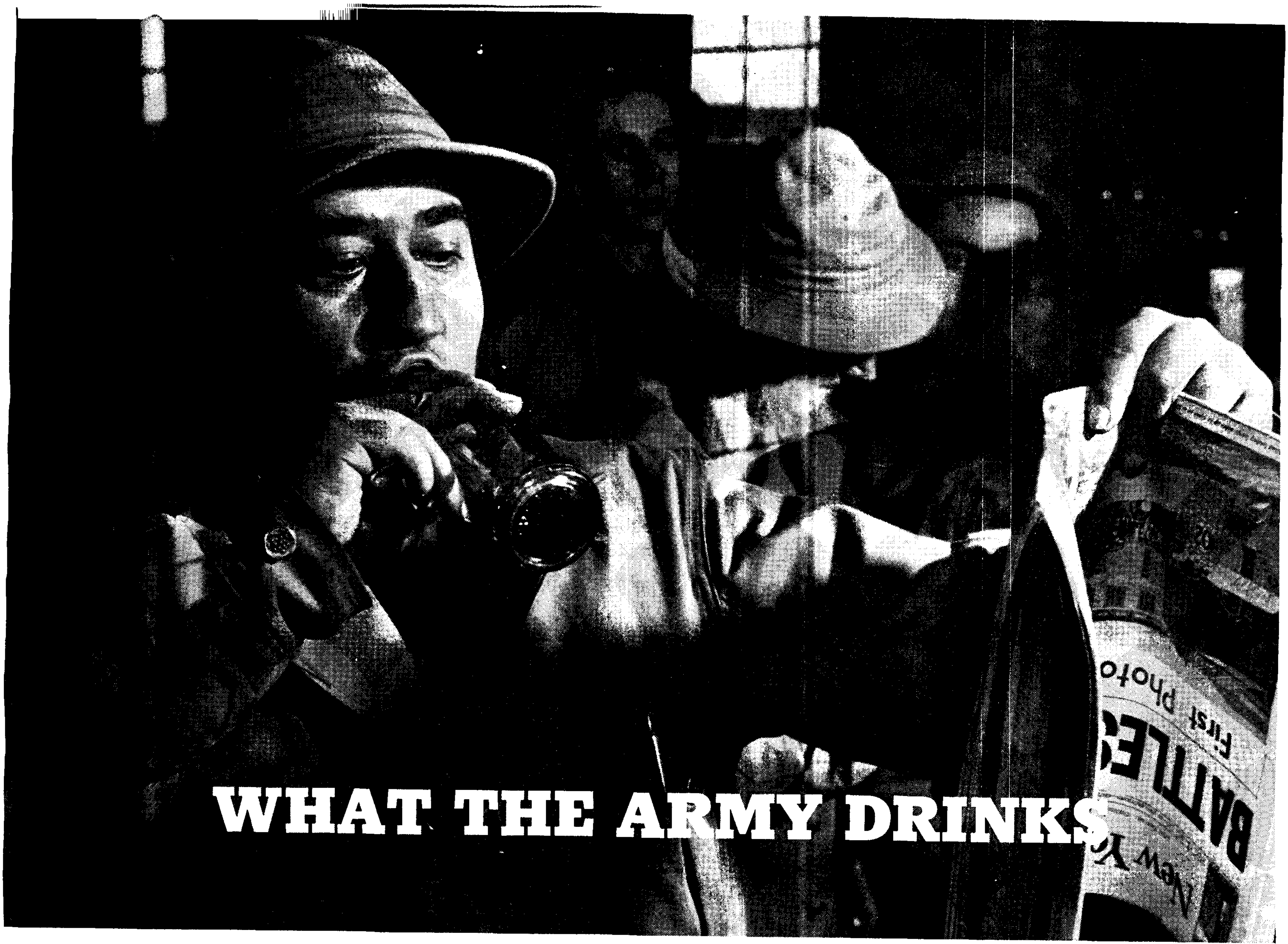
I wrote you I had volunteered to go out with USO Camp Shows my night off from Chez Lucy. My first call came last Sunday to go out to the Coast Guard Training Station at Manhattan Beach. They had a bus where we met at six-thirty P. M. There were a number of acts, including a little ventriloquist who lost no time pulling his Charlie out of his suitcase to show how much better he was than Bergen. That was all right for a while, but it was a long ride, and he was the only one who didn't get tired.

I had not noticed Lola, who is not the kind of girl you look at twice, being short and chunky, with brown hair she has never done anything about and wearing a suit with side pockets that did not help her figure any. But all at once from near where she had been sitting, there came this voice that was a ringer for the Charlie one the little fellow had been using.

It was a wow of an imitation quite apart from the angle being Charlie's request that his slave driver give him a rest. It got a big hand and the little fellow had to take the hint, so you can see why I liked Lola from the start. At the show she went over almost as big as I did, her act as you have probably guessed being imitations and these side pockets turning out to be where she parked her props, the best one being a red paper schnozzle she pulled out of one of them to walk off on a diller of Jimmie Durante. Afterward we were having hot dogs in the commissary when over comes this Eddie Cooley.

I have been trying not to mention he

(Continued on page 22)



WHAT THE ARMY DRINKS

The American soldier of today is proved by bullet-proof statistics to be far superior in sobriety, health and morals to both his civilian brothers and his predecessors of 1917. This one is Pvt. Raymond Forrest of Fort Dix, New Jersey

BY JAMES W. WADSWORTH

REPRESENTATIVE 39TH DISTRICT, NEW YORK

Despite what the drys would have you believe, American soldiers are not rum-soaked wrecks. On the contrary, they are the soberest and healthiest fighting men on earth. Here are the facts and figures to prove it in an article by one of the most respected men in Congress

IF THERE was the slightest chance of the Army being improved by military prohibition, even I would be for it. But it would not only bring no improvement, it would actually weaken—perhaps ruin—the healthiest, cleanest, best-behaved military organization the world has ever seen. These are not intangibles. They can be measured mathematically.

The conduct of American soldiers began improving with repeal and it has continued to improve in the nine so-called wet years since, until it is now three or four times better than in the holy years of prohibition. This is not coincidence. The figures are too substantial to be accidental. The speak-easy and the bootlegger were largely responsible for the misbehavior of the past, and repeal is responsible for the improvement. The mildest prohibition will bring the bootlegger back to power and will again degrade our Army.

Furthermore, our modern soldiers drink very little liquor, whatever lurid stories you may have heard to the contrary. They are healthier than they were in the last war—so much healthier that the figures seem fantastic; they have higher religious standards than civilians; they are well-educated, well-trained, and self-respecting.

I am convinced that the effort to impose prohibition on our troops is not an end in itself, but only another step toward making the whole country dry It has been taken concurrently with the creeping paralysis of local-option elections that now have almost a fifth of the United States' population living in dry areas, and is nothing more than a part of the same program that culminated in 1918 in the destructive 18th Amendment.

Let's get down to figures. Tales of drunken soldiers are common in all towns in military areas and are used most convincingly in whispering campaigns organized by the drys. Few of them are true. But no one or dozen such instances is an accurate index to the behavior of the entire Army, and as a matter of fact, the figures show decisively that the occasional spree is not typical, and that there is less soldier rowdyism than during the frightful days of prohibition. The only key to the Army's manners are the courts-martial rate. Three different types of courts-martial are used—summary, special and general. Summary court deals with trivial offenses, as in a civilian police court; special court with more serious offenders, and general court with the gravest crimes.

The number of cases tried has declined steadily since repeal, with one or two minor breaks. In 1932, the last full year of prohibition, the Army had 103 summary courts-martial for every 1,000 enlisted men; in 1941, with liquor legally available to 80 per cent of our population, it had only 31, less than a third as many. In 1932, it had 41 special courts-martial per 1,000 men; in 1941, it had only 13, again less than a third. In 1932, it had 24 general courts-martial per 1,000 men; in 1942, it had just three, one eighth as many.

If our soldiers were as riotous as prohibitionists' propaganda would make us believe, Army discipline must have been disgracefully relaxed to bring so few punishments. But Army discipline is too standardized by tradition and experience to change appreciably.

How much drinking do our soldiers do? Most of them don't drink alcohol at all. Those who do get into the alcoholic field confine themselves so thoroughly to beer that the distillers would be in the direst financial straits if they had to depend on soldiers for their profit.

The Army recently made a survey of the drinking habits of two combat divisions of ground troops, and the results surprised even the Army itself. Fifty-seven out of every hundred men drank nothing alcoholic even on Saturday nights, the traditional time for sprees.

Thirty-tour men drank only beer, nine had a few nips of hard liquor.

In a similar study of two Army Air Forces units, 58 out of every hundred men confined themselves to nothing more violent than sarsaparilla, 31 quaffed beer, and 11 turned to liquor.

On Sunday nights, 75 out of a hundred in both groups were completely abstemious, 21 had beer, four had liquor. Weekday nights were about the same, with two or three more boys drinking beer, but only four touching liquor.

These are the figures, and any honest man who has been in close touch with Army camps knows they are true. I have been in more camps than I can remember, from Fort Devens, Massachusetts, to Fort Riley, Kansas, and if whisky drinking were an accurate indication of a man's strength and virility, we would have a feeble Army indeed. The men whom I saw consume remarkable quantities of everything but alcohol. Milk, soft drinks and coffee are best sellers in post canteens, while near-by liquor-selling taverns are half empty.

The work of the military police impressed me, also. Most of the taverns co-operate willingly with Army authorities around the camps I have seen, but when one becomes too shoddy, it becomes "off limits" with a speed that shakes the proprietor to his senses.

Once "off limits," it is guarded by two MPs, who see to it most effectively that the offending establishment's soldier business vanishes. When a tavern totters a bit in its standards, it may suffer nothing more serious than a few visits by veteran sergeants. The sergeants simply watch what's going on, but the expression on their faces—only sergeants can get those looks—usually reminds the bartender to change the tavern's policy.

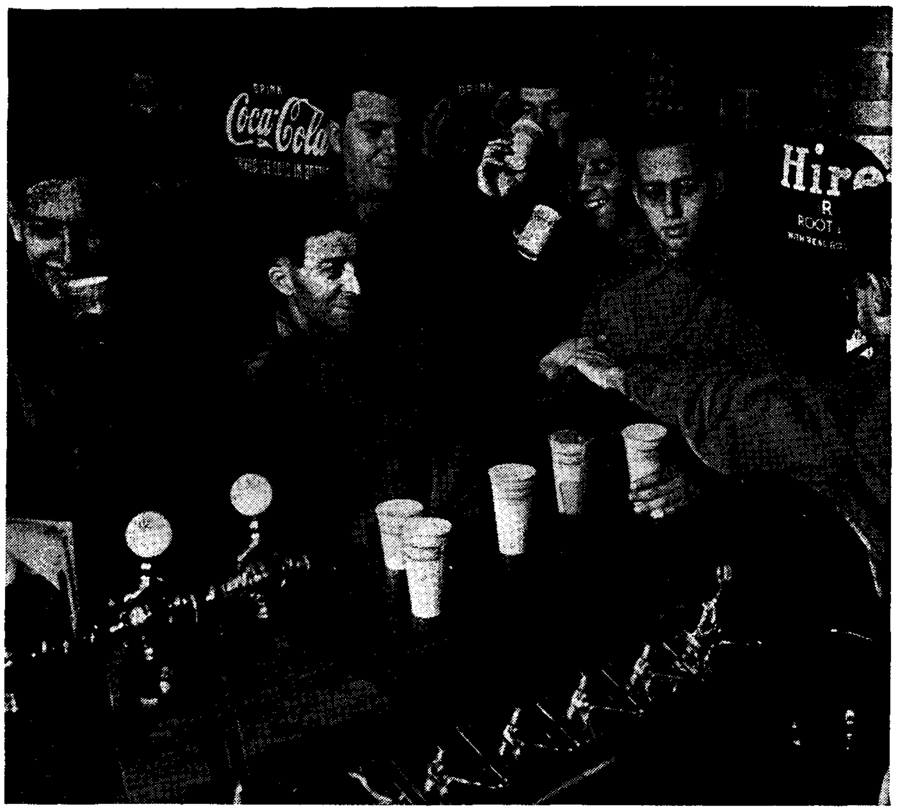
In all my traveling around the country, I saw not one widespread soldier debauch. The nearest thing was pathetically inoffensive. On one train, a group of sailors gathered at one end of a car and sang, discordantly but soberly. Compare this with the sights we saw during prohibition, and with the official Army statistics, and you must come to the conclusion that the prohibition of liquor to men in uniform would be catastrophic.

The little drinking that goes on among our soldiers definitely does not make the imbibers less adaptable to Army life. In another careful Army survey, 26 per cent of the well-adjusted soldiers turned out to be beer drinkers, while only 22 per cent of the badly adjusted men had the habit. Which doesn't mean that drinking beer makes a better soldier, but it does mean that the better soldiers drink a little more beer.

If our young soldiers were the gin-soaked creatures they are sometimes rumored to be, they would get the conventional wages—sickness and death. Yet they are inspiringly sturdy, healthier by far than anyone expected them to be.

In 1917, for instance, admissions to

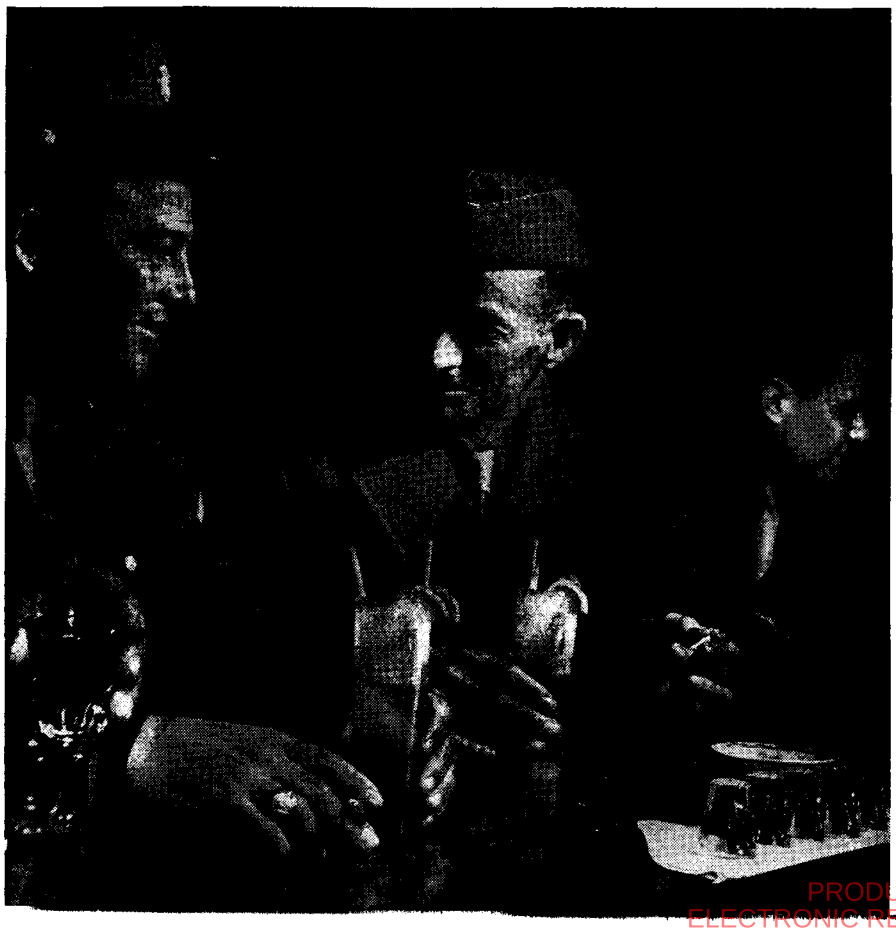
(Continued on page 96)



Soft drinks, milk and coffee are far in the lead as beverages wherever soldiers relax. These boys from Fort Dix are drinking root beer. Fifty-seven per cent of all soldiers are teetotalers; the pair below enjoying their rum Collinses represent only 9 per cent, and Army figures show this group to be moderate drinkers

PHOTOGRAPHS
FOR COLLIER'S BY
W. EUGENE SMITH

Beer is the beverage for the Saturday night spree throughout the Army. Of every 100 soldiers, 34 drink nothing stronger than beer, and an Army survey shows that good soldiers drink more beer than poorly adjusted soldiers. Below, abuse of soldier trade brings a quick "off limits" ruling against the offending bar or tavern

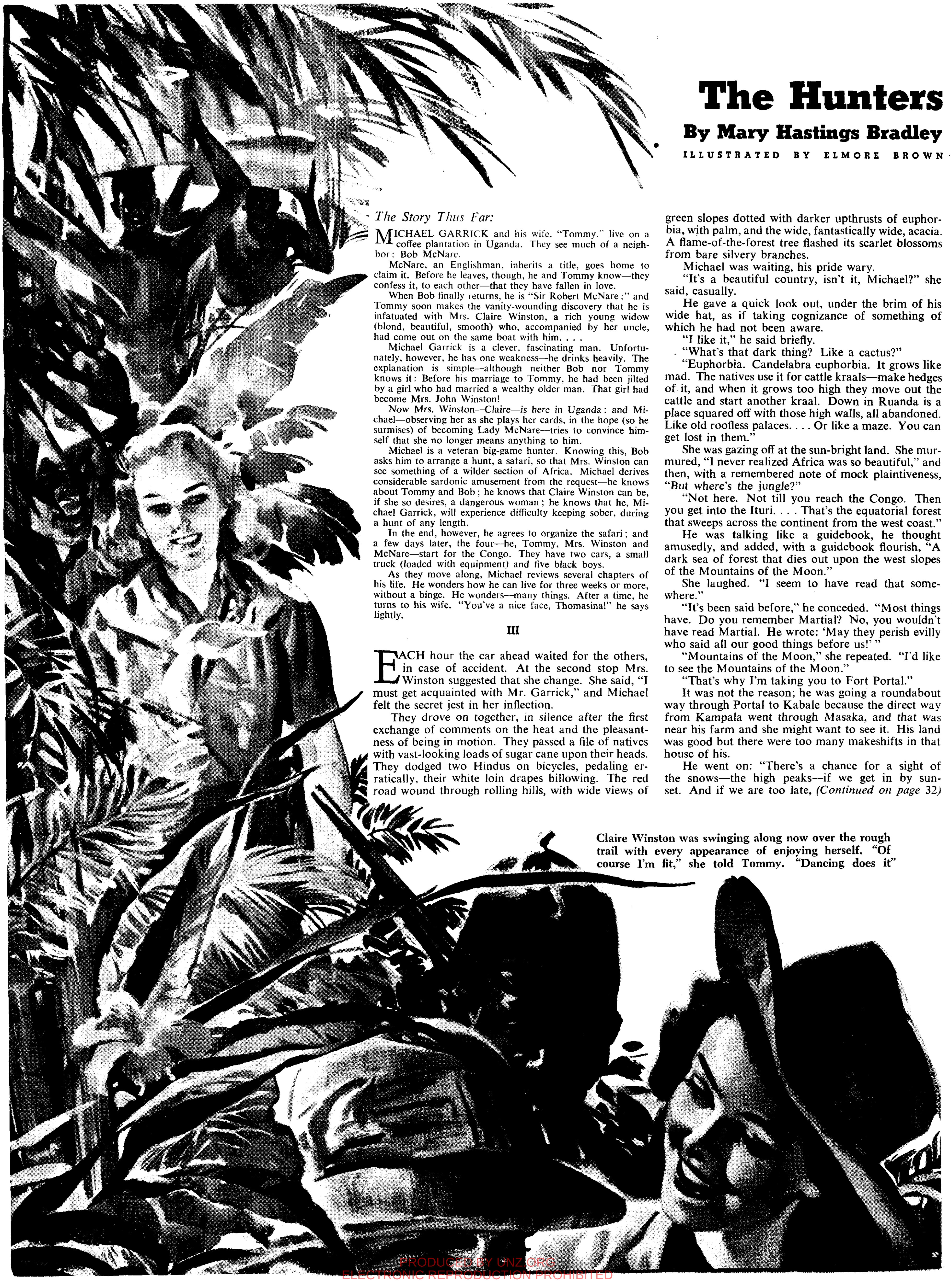


MP
OFF LIMITS

The Hunters

By Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



The Story Thus Far:

MICHAEL GARRICK and his wife, "Tommy," live on a coffee plantation in Uganda. They see much of a neighbor: Bob McNare.

McNare, an Englishman, inherits a title, goes home to claim it. Before he leaves, though, he and Tommy know—they confess it, to each other—that they have fallen in love.

When Bob finally returns, he is "Sir Robert McNare:" and Tommy soon makes the vanity-wounding discovery that he is infatuated with Mrs. Claire Winston, a rich young widow (blond, beautiful, smooth) who, accompanied by her uncle, had come out on the same boat with him. . . .

Michael Garrick is a clever, fascinating man. Unfortunately, however, he has one weakness—he drinks heavily. The explanation is simple—although neither Bob nor Tommy knows it: Before his marriage to Tommy, he had been jilted by a girl who had married a wealthy older man. That girl had become Mrs. John Winston!

Now Mrs. Winston—Claire—is here in Uganda: and Michael—observing her as she plays her cards, in the hope (so he surmises) of becoming Lady McNare—tries to convince himself that she no longer means anything to him.

Michael is a veteran big-game hunter. Knowing this, Bob asks him to arrange a hunt, a safari, so that Mrs. Winston can see something of a wilder section of Africa. Michael derives considerable sardonic amusement from the request—he knows about Tommy and Bob; he knows that Claire Winston can be, if she so desires, a dangerous woman; he knows that he, Michael Garrick, will experience difficulty keeping sober, during a hunt of any length.

In the end, however, he agrees to organize the safari; and a few days later, the four—he, Tommy, Mrs. Winston and McNare—start for the Congo. They have two cars, a small truck (loaded with equipment) and five black boys.

As they move along, Michael reviews several chapters of his life. He wonders how he can live for three weeks or more, without a binge. He wonders—many things. After a time, he turns to his wife. "You've a nice face, Thomasina!" he says lightly.

III

EACH hour the car ahead waited for the others, in case of accident. At the second stop Mrs. Winston suggested that she change. She said, "I must get acquainted with Mr. Garrick," and Michael felt the secret jest in her inflection.

They drove on together, in silence after the first exchange of comments on the heat and the pleasantness of being in motion. They passed a file of natives with vast-looking loads of sugar cane upon their heads. They dodged two Hindus on bicycles, pedaling erratically, their white loin drapes billowing. The red road wound through rolling hills, with wide views of green slopes dotted with darker upthrusts of euphorbia, with palm, and the wide, fantastically wide, acacia. A flame-of-the-forest tree flashed its scarlet blossoms from bare silvery branches.

Michael was waiting, his pride wary.

"It's a beautiful country, isn't it, Michael?" she said, casually.

He gave a quick look out, under the brim of his wide hat, as if taking cognizance of something of which he had not been aware.

"I like it," he said briefly.

"What's that dark thing? Like a cactus?"

"Euphorbia. Candelabra euphorbia. It grows like mad. The natives use it for cattle kraals—make hedges of it, and when it grows too high they move out the cattle and start another kraal. Down in Ruanda is a place squared off with those high walls, all abandoned. Like old roofless palaces. . . . Or like a maze. You can get lost in them."

She was gazing off at the sun-bright land. She murmured, "I never realized Africa was so beautiful," and then, with a remembered note of mock plaintiveness, "But where's the jungle?"

"Not here. Not till you reach the Congo. Then you get into the Ituri. . . . That's the equatorial forest that sweeps across the continent from the west coast."

He was talking like a guidebook, he thought amusedly, and added, with a guidebook flourish, "A dark sea of forest that dies out upon the west slopes of the Mountains of the Moon."

She laughed. "I seem to have read that somewhere."

"It's been said before," he conceded. "Most things have. Do you remember Martial? No, you wouldn't have read Martial. He wrote: 'May they perish evilly who said all our good things before us!' "

"Mountains of the Moon," she repeated. "I'd like to see the Mountains of the Moon."

"That's why I'm taking you to Fort Portal."

It was not the reason; he was going a roundabout way through Portal to Kabale because the direct way from Kampala went through Masaka, and that was near his farm and she might want to see it. His land was good but there were too many makeshifts in that house of his.

He went on: "There's a chance for a sight of the snows—the high peaks—if we get in by sunset. And if we are too late, *(Continued on page 32)*

Claire Winston was swinging along now over the rough trail with every appearance of enjoying herself. "Of course I'm fit," she told Tommy. "Dancing does it"

ONCE AGAIN—IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF [illegible]

It's a gracious, heart-warming custom, dropping into friends' homes at Christmas time to share a Four Roses Egg-Nog. But the warmest glow of all belongs to the Four Roses Egg-Nog host himself. If you've never been one, why not try it—this Christmas!

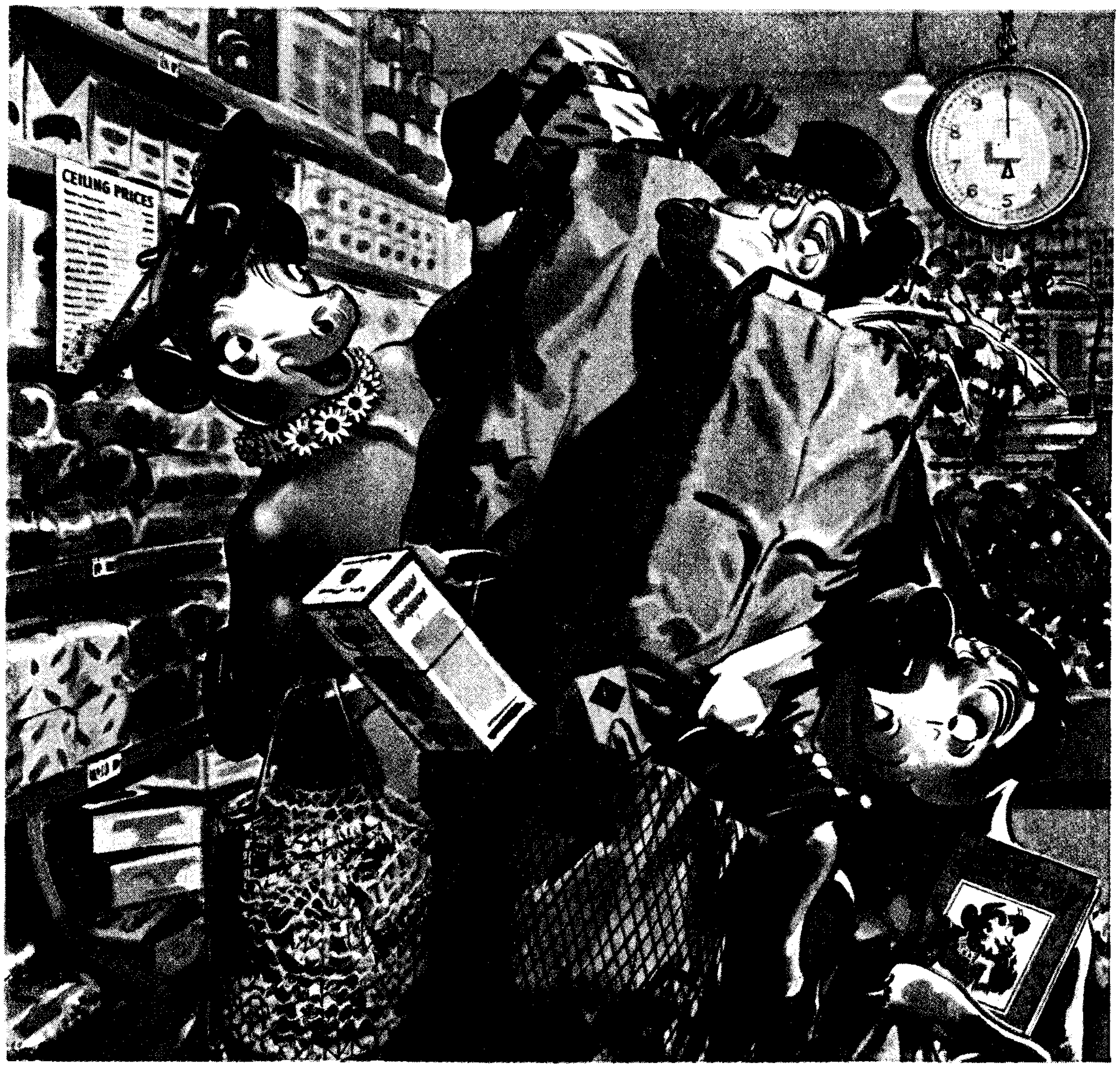
IT'S SO EASY! All you need for 5 pints of Egg-Nog is 6 eggs—¾ cup sugar (or 1 cup light corn syrup)—1 pint cream—1 pint milk—1 oz. Jamaica Rum—1 pint Four Roses. (*But be sure you use Four Roses—to get an Egg-Nog that can't be matched for flavor-rich magnificence!*)

YOU MAKE IT THIS WAY: Beat separately the yolks and whites of eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. (If corn syrup is used, gradually add the *full cup* to egg whites while beating.) Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir cream and milk in. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

AH! WHAT DELICIOUS EGG-NOG! And well it might be! For today's Four Roses is finer by far than any whiskey we've ever made or known—in all our 77 years . . . another reason you should be a Four Roses Egg-Nog host this Christmas!

FOUR
ROSES
FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



"Stop grumbling, Elmer, I'm just balancing your diet!" laughed Elsie

"Humpf!" grunted Elmer, the bull. "Every newfangled idea you get seems to wind up as a lot of work for me. There's not a word in the National Nutrition Program about my having to lug all these bundles."

"What's nutrition, mummy?" interrupted little Beulah, who doesn't know too many long words. "Is it something you catch—like the measles?"

"Mercy, no," laughed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "In times like these, particularly, good nutrition is just good eating sense. It's eating the right amounts of the right kind of foods—foods that make us strong and healthy so we can do our part to help America win the war."

"I guess valuable foods like that must be pretty scarce and expensive," sighed little Beulah.

"Not at all," said Elsie. "They're the appetizing, everyday foods all Americans know and love. Take milk products, for instance. Everyone needs at least a pint of milk a day, and children need a quart. Or there's cheese, and evaporated or dried milk—and ice cream, which are practically the same as milk."

MILK AND MILK PRODUCTS . . . FOR EVERYBODY, EVERY DAY!

"I might have known milk would be *your* idea of good nutrition," snorted Elmer sarcastically.

ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT . . . ONE OF THESE DAILY!

"It isn't mine, it's Uncle Sam's," smiled Elsie. "Milk, of course, is only one part of good nutrition. Among other things, everyone ought to eat oranges, tomatoes, grapefruit, raw cabbage, or salad greens every day."

"How can one person eat all that at the same time?" asked Beulah, rubbing her small stomach anxiously.

ENJOY VEGETABLES AND FRUITS IN SEASON!

"*One* of each a day is enough," explained Elsie. "Because, in addition, every day a person ought to have at least one helping of green or yellow vegetables—some raw, some cooked."

"Green vegetables!" bellowed Elmer, "I say it's spinach and to . . ."

"And to this," interrupted Elsie hastily, "should be added potatoes, other vegetables, or fruits in season."

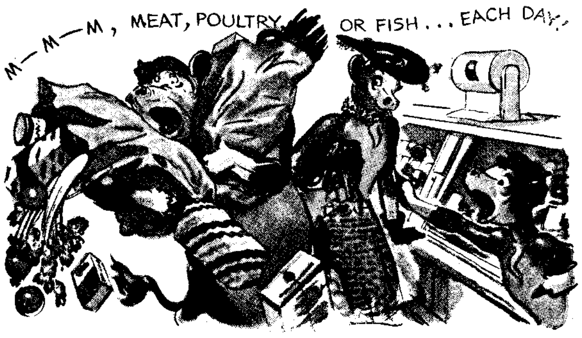
"Bread and butter, too?" Beulah wanted to know.

"Certainly," said Elsie. "Both bread and cereal are excellent foods. They should be either whole grain products or enriched white bread and flour, or cereals restored to their whole grain nutritive value. Butter, vitamin-rich fats, peanut butter, and similar spreads are fine, too."

BREAD, CEREAL, BUTTER AND OTHER SPREADS ARE FINE!

"They won't get away with it," said Elmer positively. "Men want meat."

"Everybody *needs* meat," Elsie told him, "or fish, or poultry . . . every day. Then, folks occasionally ought to have dried beans, peas, or nuts."


M—M—M, MEAT, POULTRY OR FISH . . . EACH DAY!

"Daddy, daddy," screamed little Beulah, "the packages on top are falling off!"

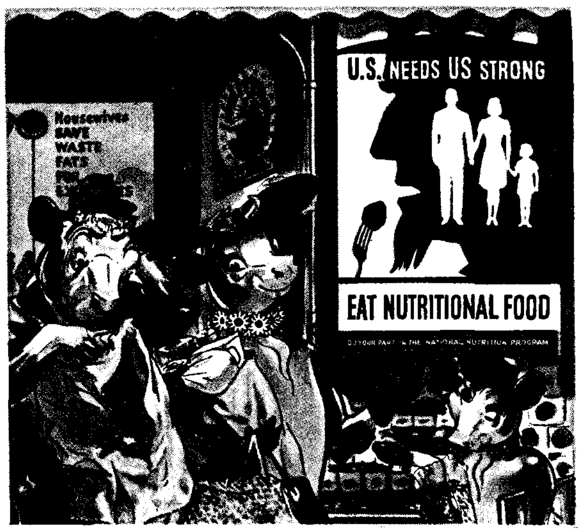
"Oops, I've got 'em," panted Elmer. "O-w-w, the bottom came out of that bag. I hope you didn't buy any eggs."

"Of course, I bought eggs," said Elsie. "Everyone needs at least 3 or 4 eggs a week. We're lucky that we can cook them anyway we choose, because, from the looks of these packages, we're going to have an omelet!"

"Trouble, nothing but trouble," groaned Elmer. "What'll I do?"

"Stop grumbling and tote home these packages," prompted Elsie. "It will build up your muscles. That's the whole idea—the big reason for the National Nutrition Program: '*U. S. needs US strong!*' "

Elsie says: ***"We at the Borden Company are so enthusiastic about the National Nutrition Program that we're using this space to tell you about it, instead of talking about our own products."***



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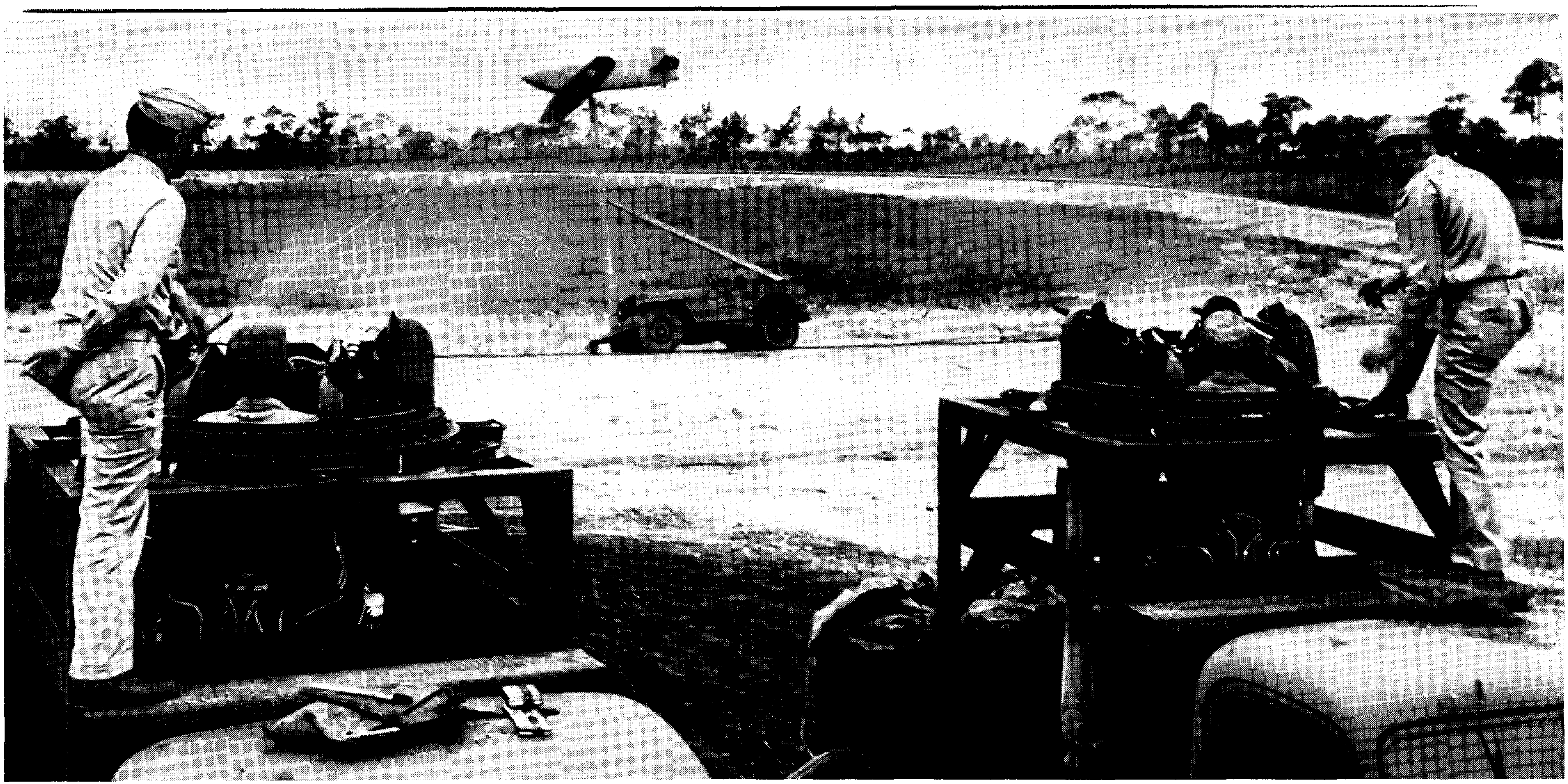


PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY SANDY GANDY

Students at the Army Air Forces Gunnery School, Tyndall Field, Fla., practice firing at a moving target—a miniature plane attached to a jeep which travels a circular track

They Shoot for Keeps

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

"Lead 'em right and you'll hit 'em right"—sound advice that helps turn out aerial Annie Oakleys in five weeks

THE sergeant pointed to the cock quail perched on a stump beside the road, and shook his head morosely. "I bet that's the toughest quail anywheres in the United States," he sighed. "I bet that quail's so tough he'd walk right up to a bird dog and kick him in the teeth."

Within shooting distance of where he sat preening his feathers unconcernedly, four skeet ranges were going full blast. Across the road a trapshooting course blasted away without letup, bursts of machine-gun fire from an adjoining range shook the air; a near-by pistol range added its staccato whap! whap! whap! to the ear-splitting cacophony. Overhead a group of planes roared in pursuit of a towed sleeve target, hemstitching it with rapid fire. Unimpressed, the quail hitched his rump feathers nonchalantly. The sergeant observed this phenomenon glumly.

"See what I mean?" he complained. "I ain't gonna hunt quail around here, no, sir. One of them's liable to grab the gun right out of your hand."

What the quail along Florida's Gulf Coast don't know about guns isn't worth knowing. Certainly it's one of the shootin'est spots in the whole United States these days.

For here is Tyndall Field, the Army Air Forces' flexible gunnery school; and fifty miles away is Eglin Field, an Air Forces fixed gunnery school. You may want to get that distinction clear right off; we did. At Tyndall they teach student gunners to fire the movable guns that protect the big bombers: defensive gunnery, that is. At Eglin they teach the fighter pilots to handle the stationary guns mounted in the wings of a pursuit plane: offensive gunnery.

And they're turning them out in mass production. The entire course at Tyndall is only five weeks. Students transfer voluntarily from other Army units, are from eighteen to thirty years old, and must weigh less than 170 pounds. They graduate as sergeants or staff sergeants; a few weeks later they'll be manning the belly and waist and tail guns of a Flying Fortress in England or Australia or Alaska. Upon the accurate pattern of hot steel they throw in the sky, you realize, will depend the entire safety of that bomber and its crew.

Skeet is the first crack they get at a flying target. Here they learn those two all-important fundamentals of successful aerial gunnery: lead and swing. "It's the same with a clay bird or a Messerschmitt 109," the sergeant says, "lead 'em right and you'll hit 'em right." There are just four things to bring a good wing shot, they all agree: Gun to the cheek; mark the line; swing with the bird; follow through.

Ten long miles of slash pine and rattlesnake-infested palmettos have been converted into a series of progressive ranges, through which the student gunners move step by step as if they were on a vast assembly line. Here is the Harmonization Range, for instance, where the students line up their guns with the sights, compensating for the effect of gravity on the bullet's parabola-shaped trajectory. Here, too, is the Malfunction Range, which teaches the swift repair of jammed guns; mechanisms are purposely put out of adjustment, or fed defective ammunition, and the student must fix the damage under actual field conditions. Here is the formidable-sounding Range Estimation Range, actually a Coney Island shooting gallery with painted silhouettes of planes instead of ducks.

Most spectacular of the ground courses is the Jeep Range, where actual bomber turrets are mounted on truck bodies and the student fires the flexible turret guns at a scale-model Messerschmitt traveling around an oval track at twenty-five miles an hour. This riderless jeep—the driver jumps off once it's in motion—travels around and around the uneven course by the hour, its speed controlled by a wooden block stuck in the throttle.

Altogether many hours are spent out here on the ranges; many more are devoted to classroom study of ballistics, gun maintenance, recognition of planes by means of charts and movies and tiny models; only in the latter part of the course is the student allowed to climb into the aftercockpit of a fighter-trainer and fire his .30-caliber Browning at a sleeve target towed alongside him in the air. The pilot flies the training ship straight and level at first; sometimes a man who has never been up before is inclined to hold on with one hand and shoot with the other. His nervousness disappears with the first savage burst of fire, the shudder of the gun coming alive in his hand, the streaks of flaming tracers across the sky.

Bombers Are Big Game

From the flexible gunnery school at Tyndall it's only fifty miles to the fixed gunnery school at Eglin; but there's a world of difference between the two. There's no such thing as defensive shooting for your fighter pilot; his whole strategy is attack. He shoots, not to protect, but to kill. First, last and always he's a hunter; and the big bombers are his favorite game.

They come to Eglin Field from advanced single-engine schools all over the Southeast, ready for their final stage of cadet training. For eight months they've practiced Immelmanns and lazy eights, learned formation and night maneuvers, landed by instruments on a thin dime; their sole love has been flying. Overnight the airplane takes second place, in their affections, to a gun. They eat and sleep and live this gun, practice endlessly installing and adjusting and loading it, memorize every last bolt and spring in its mechanism.

The whole purpose of their flying is to aim this gun. Barrel-rolls and whifferdills are things of the past; now they fly with the ball in the center. "Smooth flying," says Major Howard F. Nichols, in charge of the Eglin school, "is the key to a good pursuit gunner. If the plane is flown straight, the bullets travel straight to the target; but if the airplane is skidded by using the rudder, the bullets are deflected and spray out in a wide arc, like a stream of water from a moving garden hose."

Smooth flying counts when the cadet is firing at a stationary ground target; it pays off even more at the windup of the course, when the student gunner has to place his shots in a small flag target, decorated with grinning Jap faces and swastikas, being dragged 600 feet behind a speedy tow plane. Not only must he judge range and lead; a single touch of the rudder, the slightest dip off level, will angle his shots too high or too low and ruin his score.

Day after day the cadet goes through the same routine: checking his guns and loading them, roaring up through the clouds to circle the tow plane and drive round after round of steel at the scudding white target. Some day his little training ship will be a mighty P-47, he'll leave the earth behind and roar higher and ever higher, watching for an intruder in his sky. The sun is at his back, the flag target ahead of him is a Jap four-engine K-97, he's diving at it out of the sun. He's looking right down the tail gunner's barrel. Okay, sweetheart, here I come. I can see your slant-eyed grin; I'm on you now. I've got your range. You or me, sweetheart. This is it. ★★★

Don't Mention Other Men

Continued from page 15

had come out with his band in a separate bus. But now I see I cannot explain about Lola unless I let him creep in a little. You have probably heard his band on the radio. It means something for a girl to sing with it any place except a USO show where big names line up with little ones for patriotic reasons that don't get you dates back in New York. Having this well in mind, also knowing he didn't need a singer since he was booked into the Savoy-Carlton with Kitty McKane, the fact that he looks a little like Ronald Colman left me a lot colder than it evidently does him.

He had started to promote himself at the rehearsal. Now here he was again wanting to know if I would ride back with him in the band bus without including Lola. I was sorry, I told him, but I did not go anywhere without my chaperon Mrs. Terwilliger. Had he met Mrs. Terwilliger?

Lola pulled her red nose out of her pocket and clapped it on again and took a bow. Before the mustache could refocus he had both of us on his hands *with Lola playing* Mrs. Terwilliger all the way in on the bus. By the time we reached town you would have thought he'd had enough. But no, it was early yet, he said. Would we join him in some supper. This was a thing Lola and I were very willing to do after nothing but hot dogs, especially because I had found out Lola was not working at present. He suggested the Club Barleycorn.

LOLA was so impressed at the idea of mingling with the elite that she parked her red nose when we got to the Barleycorn powder room and put on what she called her café-society make-up. "He's really falling for you," she said. "Let's let up on the rib."

"What for?" I said. "He's only interested in me personally."

"You can't tell," she said. "He might think you're good too. You are, you know."

"He is the idealistic type of wolf," I said, "who won't do anything for a girl he's interested in personally because their friendship must not be lowered by sordid business considerations, although it can be by plenty of other things."

"I have a friend like that," Lola said, "who is so rich I have to starve in quaint little restaurants if he ever even takes me that far, so he can be sure his lure for me is not his bank account. But I would not say our pal has that sort of inferiority complex."

What with the make-up and the psychoanalysis we had been about half an hour. But he was waiting outside without a gripe, beyond inquiring in a routine sort of way if we were the girls who had been sunk in a time bomb from the Barleycorn powder room a hundred years ago. While we were still stopped with that one, a blonde with a permanent pout and two temporary ensigns came in the front door. Cooley stood in their way.

"Why, Kitty," he said. "I thought you were too ill to go out to Manhattan tonight."

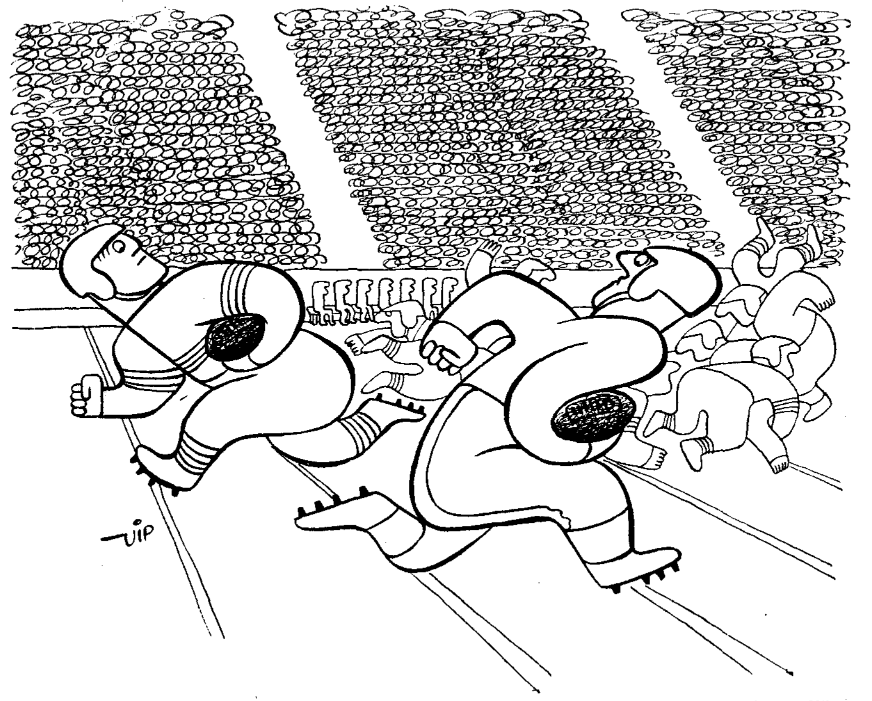
"I got better," she snapped.

"The Coast Guard's loss is the Navy's gain," he lushed, flashing the mustache at the ensigns. "And perhaps, Kitty, your loss will be my gain in discovering the fresh interesting talent that took your place tonight. I want you to meet Miss Anne Holiday and, uh, her chaperon, Mrs. Terwilliger."

It was too much of a natural for Lola not to pull out her red nose and go into character. The ensigns beamed, but Kitty McKane seeing me for the first time did not look as if anything was very funny. However there was nothing she could do about it especially with Cooley going on to say of course we would all have a table together and the ensigns making it plain they were in favor. At the table she took it out on Cooley who seemed to enjoy it, telling her, which I could not help hearing on his other side, that this was what she got for shirking her patriotic duty at Manhattan Beach.

"Those blank-blank camp shows," she said. "Last time I went out with them I had to play on the same bill with Marlene Dietrich and she got all the publicity. I am willing to be patriotic within reason, but not to the extent that it affects my billing!"

After a while, though, she cheered up a little and began to give out personality, taking the spotlight from Lola by the tried and true method of talking louder. One of the ensigns thought he would bring me in by asking what type of singing I did. Cooley had been quiet with his eyes flickering the way a bandleader's do when he puts down his stick but goes on sending the rhythms. Now he slid in like a slight crescendo: "Miss Holiday *is the same type* singer as Miss McKane."



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

"Oh, but it isn't the same *class,*" the McKane purred to the ensigns. "Miss Holiday sings *with* the orchestra while people *dance.* That's called a canary. While I have a spot of my *own.* The *big* spot in the floor show. Not that that makes me any *better.* It's just when you get in that class you can't *afford* to do that other work!"

"I was afraid you'd feel that way, Kitty," Cooley increased to forte. "The Savoy's decided they want a girl with the orchestra for the Cocktail Room hour. But I told them I was afraid you wouldn't take anything so far out of your class."

"You told them that?" the McKane yelped. "Without asking me?"

"They left it to me," he explained. "I said I'd at least see how things went at Manhattan tonight where you'd have been with the orchestra. Of course when that didn't pan out I was very sorry . . . That's why Miss Holiday appearing out of the void with this dazzling new personality was just one of those fairy-tale moments which," he sweetly explained to the ensigns, "make up the kaleidoscopic romance of show business."

While the McKane remained paralyzed he waved for the check. "Miss Holiday and I have business to talk over. I'm sorry to deprive you of Mrs. Terwilliger as well. But Miss Holiday never goes anywhere without her!"

Well, I can hardly believe it even now that the contract is signed. I begin working at the Savoy-Carlton next week from five-thirty to seven-thirty in addition to my two evening shows at Chez Lucy. It puts me in another world. The only trouble being Cooley is right in there with me.

It turned out Lola had an apartment and after we talked terms with Cooley I spent the night there so I would not have to let him take me home. "It's all right with me," she said. "But you don't still think he's a wolf?"

"Of course," I told her. "Only instead of being the idealistic type, he is the more sinister waiting variety, that will build a girl until he has her hypoed into believing she can't do without him!"

"You need protection," she said. "And I *need someone to help pay the rent of* this apartment. I would invite you to move in with me, except I do not like the idea of wearing a red nose the rest of my life."

SHE told me she has a family that is pretty well off in Terre Haute, Indiana, that sends her a little money but not enough to keep up the apartment when she isn't working. It seems she got the apartment so she could serve home-cooked dinners to this rich tightwad I had thought was just a part of the evening's rib.

It turns out she is really crazy about this heel who she says not only has millions but weak eyes so the Army won't take him. She insists he is not a tightwad but just has this inferiority complex that would make her chances a lot less at the moment without the free parking space the apartment affords. If I thought Cooley was going to be hard to handle, it would help me to be living with her, and from her point of view I would be okay because what with all my jobs I wouldn't be around much evenings.

"Sometimes I come home to rest between shows," I told her. "Would I have to telephone first?"

"I regret to report," she said, "you would not even have to rattle the doorknob."

So I have moved in with Lola, but I do not go home to rest between shows in spite of her permission, which implies, as I told her, a defeatist attitude, so I have stayed right here in the dressing room at Chez Lucy between shows and written some in this letter to you every night for a week. I am really very glad I read that magazine piece as I have never been able to write you such a long letter before and you write such wonderful ones. That is, you used to. Nat, still no word,

Love, anyway,
Anne

Dearest Nat:

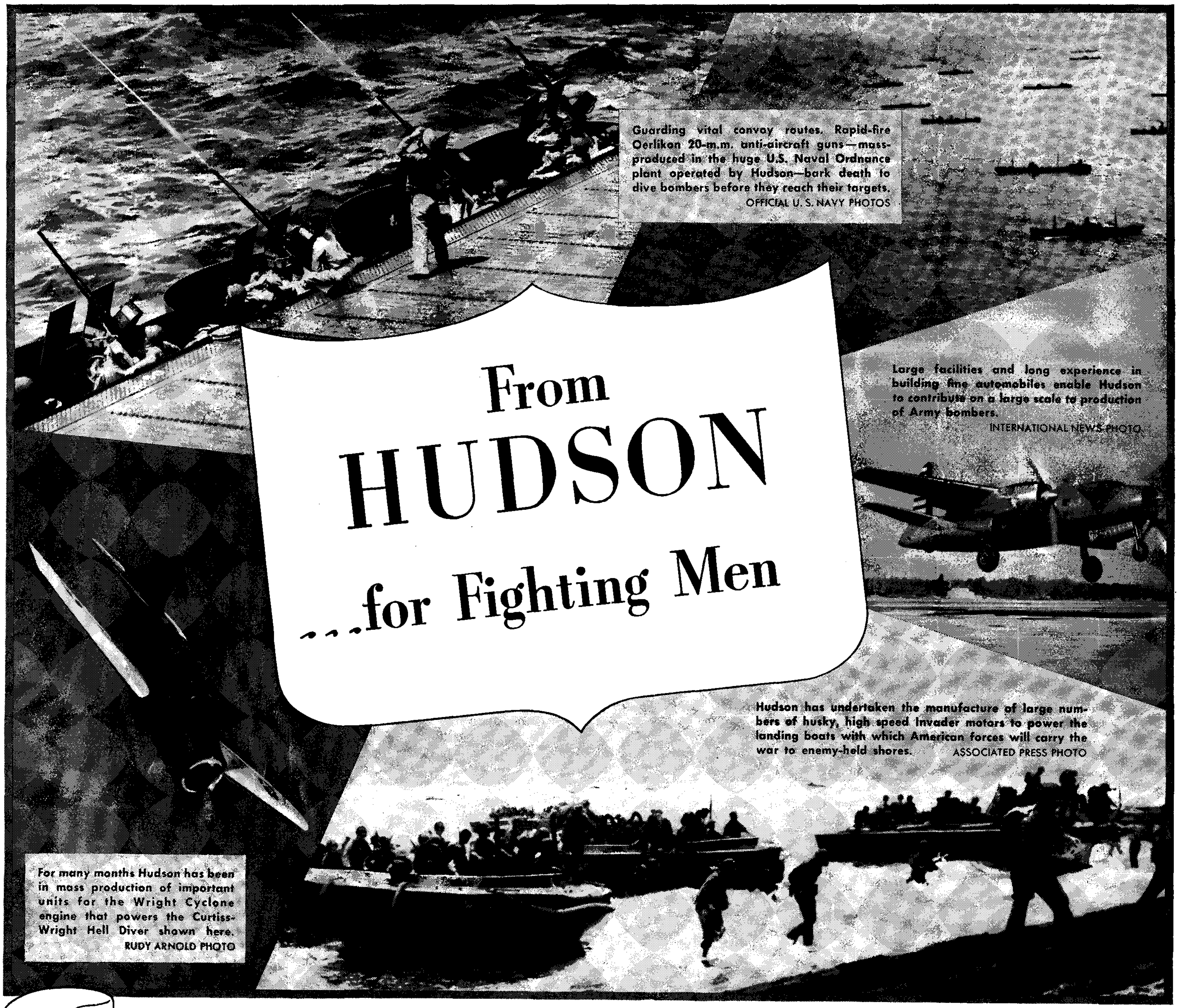
Over seven weeks now and still no letter from you. But I am feeling so much better because of your friend Lieutenant Tom Howard. He came into Chez Lucy the night after I sent last week's letter. I remembered right off your mentioning him in several of those letters I have stopped getting. Only you never said he was so good-looking.

I am so glad I can write freely about one *man at least because* he *is* your friend. He has been chasing U-boats in the Caribbean since you saw him and expects to do more of same based near New York. He said he had always promised you to look me up if he got to New York, so now he was here, he could not let his old friend Nat down. It is wonderful to be with a flier again. Already he is taking charge of everything just the way you would. He agrees with me we should do something about Lola's rich jerk if only make him pay for dead storage. And he is helping on the Cooley situation.

I WOULD not have mentioned Cooley again except now that you know Tom is here you will not worry. It turned out just as I thought, every evening after I am through with my Cocktail Hour, Cooley asks me to eat with him in the Venetian Room so he can tell me various ways of putting songs over. Although I realize it is all a part of his sinister campaign to become my indispensable man, I have decided as long as I am on to him I might as well get the benefit of his advice. It is also a pleasure to see Kitty McKane's face. She is generally having dinner at the same time and sails past with her head in the air, as she and Cooley do not appear to be speaking.

I made a point of telling him about you the first time we dined together. He hardly seemed to hear and went right on talking about the fourth upbeat in the second stanza where I had interrupted. However, as I told Tom, it is easy to pay no attention to somebody's fiancé when you have no mental picture of him. That is how we came to have the idea of introducing Tom to Cooley as my fiancé.

You see I did not tell Cooley your name. So, as Tom pointed out, it seemed like Fate he should come along at this moment, so Cooley can get the picture of a dangerous-looking fiancé firmly impressed on his mind. Lola is rather sarcastic about it, not seeming to understand how glad you will be to know Tom is practically defending your hearth. She has been in a bad mood lately anyway



Guarding vital convoy routes. Rapid-fire Oerlikon 20-m.m. anti-aircraft guns—mass-produced in the huge U.S. Naval Ordnance plant operated by Hudson—bark death to dive bombers before they reach their targets. OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

Large facilities and long experience in building fine automobiles enable Hudson to contribute on a large scale to production of Army bombers. INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Hudson has undertaken the manufacture of large numbers of husky, high speed Invader motors to power the landing boats with which American forces will carry the war to enemy-held shores. ASSOCIATED PRESS PHOTO

For many months Hudson has been in mass production of important units for the Wright Cyclone engine that powers the Curtiss-Wright Hell Diver shown here. RUDY ARNOLD PHOTO

Our plants are dedicated to war production... Our dealers to maintaining war transportation

VICTORY is the goal—but the road to that goal is WORK.

Bound for sea, air and land fronts around the world, a steadily growing stream of weapons and equipment is rolling today from Hudson factories.

Again and again, quotas have been raised, then exceeded—in the performance of contracts calling for the highest precision and finest workmanship. But we are far from satisfied. Constantly increasing production is our goal.

We are proud of the thousands of Hudson men and women who in peacetime designed and built more than 2,800,000 Hudson cars. They are now applying that same craftsmanship to the mass production of war materials, and investing over 10% of their pay in War Bonds.

We are proud, too, of the Hudson distributor and dealer organization—their service supervisors and mechanics. These have been classed by the Office of Defense Transportation as *essential workers*, to keep vitally needed automobiles "rolling" for the duration.

Hudson dealers have expanded their service facilities to meet the wartime needs of owners. They also have limited stocks of new cars which Uncle Sam has reserved for essential driving.

Your Hudson dealer invites you to call on him for the expert service that will prolong the life of your present car. He will also assist you with your application for a new 1942 Hudson, built for years of dependable service, and outstanding economy of gas, oil and tires.

HUDSON
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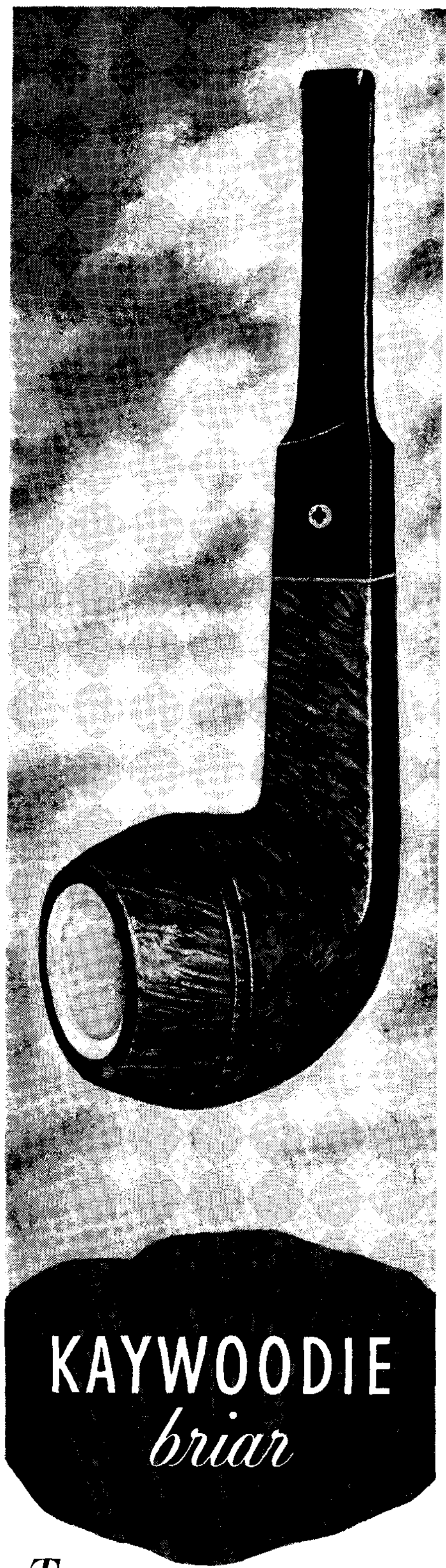
33 Years of Engineering Leadership



The world holds no finer pipe wood, than this 200-to-400 year old, Mediterranean Flame Grain Briar. To have it now, is a triumph of good management. No more can be imported. It cradles the Meerschaum like a baby, in this Kaywoodie Pipe costing $12.50.

Meerschaum, as you know, was always the most highly-prized of pipe materials—a luxurious smoke. But there was one drawback: Meerschaum alone, carved into a pipe, breaks easily. Drop it, and it would smash. Heat and cold often would crack an all-Meerschaum Pipe.

But not this one. This superlatively sweet-smoking Kaywoodie Pipe provides you with the unequalled smoking-qualities of Meerschaum without any of the disadvantages. $12.50 is little indeed to pay (you know this, if you've bought real Meerschaum pipes before) for such an ingenious, happy union of the world's best pipe materials. At dealers.

The picture shows a "Bulldog" shape with "Saddle" Bit

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
NEW YORK and LONDON
In New York . . . 630 Fifth Avenue

because she still has no job and the rich jerk has not even taken her as far as a cafeteria.

I told her she ought to give him one more chance. Cooley has asked us all to dinner tomorrow to celebrate Tom's so-called arrival about which he is assuming an indifferent pose that does not deceive me. Since Cooley is paying for the dinner, I told Lola she could at least get the jerk as far as the Savoy. It will have to be a short party because I am due at Chez Lucy for my first show at nine-thirty. If the jerk considers that the end of the evening, I told her, she could consider that the end of him.

"I'd have to be a *little* more impulsive than that," Lola said. "Can't we just say the significant moment will pose itself *some*time during the party?"

This leaves more latitude for several ideas on fixing that jerk which Tom and I have been discussing privately so I said why not. I am writing you as usual between shows but Tom is coming to get me any minute. He and I need to practice dancing together so we can look used to it tomorrow night.

Love, hastily,
Anne

Dearest Nat:

All I am hoping is you are not any place where you can see American newspapers. I have been crying so I could hardly get through my first show. It is all the fault of that Kitty McKane, and the only thing that has cheered me all day is thinking how sore she must be that she did not get in any of those pictures on the front pages. Of course it is Cooley's fault too, for making it necessary for me to produce a fiancé in the first place. And I suppose it is a little the fault of Tom's and my ideas about loosening up Lola's rick jerk.

He is a little fellow named Sidney B. Leffingwell with thick steel-rimmed glasses and a nice shy smile, very excited, as he told us at once, about being on the party. From the minute I saw him I was afraid our ideas were a mistake. But by the time we met him and Lola we were too busy with our act to go back and rewrite any minor characters.

TOM came for me while I was still singing in the Cocktail Room. I edged over to Cooley between beats to say, "Ooo, there's my big moment." Cooley took a casual look and went one up on the evening by cracking, "All right, for the encore we would do How Do I Know It's Real?"

This attitude of considering Tom as just a little intermezzo in my life, Cooley continued after meeting him. But Tom did not even notice he was being treated like an intermezzo, being by that time too busy treating the McKane like a main theme.

She had started to sail past our table in the Venetian Room as usual. Then she saw Tom, and I do not recall that she spoke to me during the process of stopping and greeting Lola like a long lost friend and telling Cooley this was a return date for his crashing her party at the Barleycorn and sitting down next to Tom and Tom liking it.

I was unable to prevent this the way I might have because the first number on the program for loosening Lola's jerk arrived at the same time. A Western Union boy came up to our table and said, "Are you Sidney B. Leffingwell?" and when Sidney admitted it, the messenger gave him a little package I had had gift-wrapped at a Fifth Avenue store, with a birthday card enclosed. Sidney opened it with blushes saying it wasn't his birthday and faced a pocket checkbook which Tom and I had taken care to see was even on the right bank.

Lola turned as red as her Durante nose and glared at me. But Sidney, it seemed, suddenly recognized his bank and looking pleased put the checkbook in his pocket with the remark that he'd forgotten his tonight and this might come in handy. Then the next gag arrived, being a florist's box for Lola. She sat looking at it as if it was a rattlesnake. But Sidney, looking more pleased than ever, opened it and held up a corsage of five orchids with a card that read in big lettering: "LOVE FROM SIDNEY," while the florist's boy wanted to know which gentleman was Mr. Leffingwell because the bill was twenty-five dollars.

Sidney looked around the table with his pleased grin getting broader. "There's something wrong with this picture," he told the boy. "The other ladies have no corsages. We want two more, boy, exactly like this one, with the same message pinned on them!"

As tag to this line he whipped out his birthday present and wrote a check for seventy-five dollars. "Sidney," Lola moaned, "have you gone crazy?" He beamed at her.

"Why didn't you tell me you liked this sort of thing?" he said. "Waiter, champagne! She *likes* champagne, doesn't she?" he asked me. "And she always told me she didn't. Nor places like this. Nor anything to do with vulgar ostentation! Lola, I have been trying to hide my true self from you for months, because I was so afraid you wouldn't approve. But the truth is I am an awfully ostentatious fellow!"

I saw another of our gags approaching. It was too much to face what Sidney would make of it, plus having overheard Tom a few minutes back telling the McKane in a deep purple bass that he'd give anything to stay and hear her sing if he had not been honor bound to take the little woman to Chez Lucy. I got up and said I had to go but wanted Tom to stay until after the late show, his weak resistance being easily overcome by my explaining I was tired and wanted to rest in between. I got away just as a new Western Union boy reached the table. I did not have even a scientific curiosity to see how Sidney would be ostentatious about Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address which he was about to receive collect at straight wire rates.

I am writing you all this to show you how wrong the newspapers are in calling the thing that happened later "the aftermath to a gay party." I certainly did not feel gay. When Tom finally came to get me he was not looking gay either.

"They're all out waiting for us in a taxi," he said in a hollow voice. "Do you know what we are going to do now? We are going to ride to Connecticut and get Sidney and Lola married."

"They can't," I said. "There's a five-day wait or something. They—"

"Sidney can do anything," Tom said. "He admits it. He's been arranging waivers and ministers and honeymoons all evening just by sending out people to telephone. The fellow is a regular Frankenstein monster we have created in an unwitting moment, and now nothing can stop him."

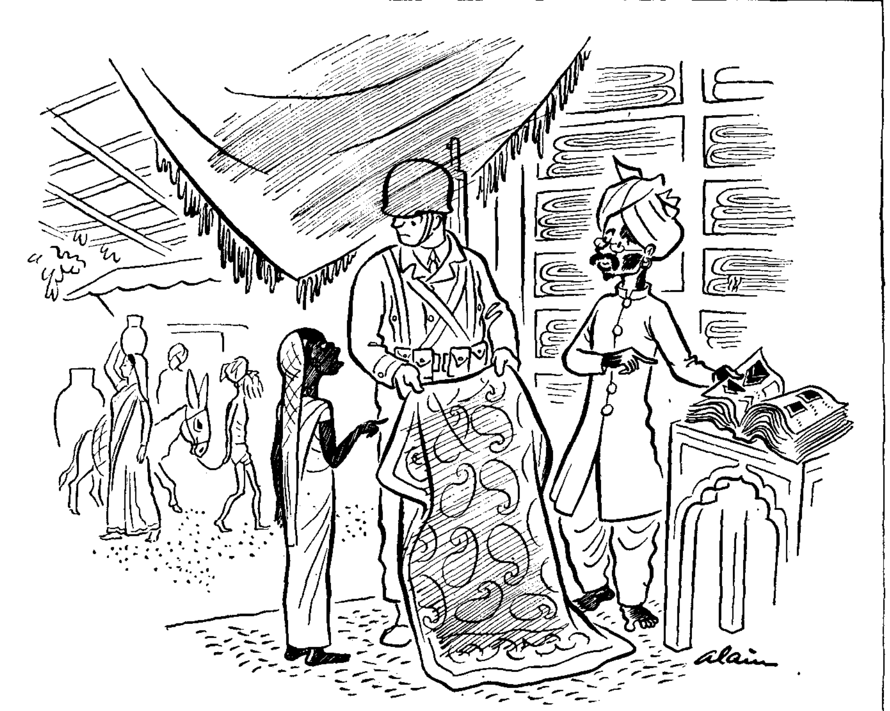
"Good heavens!" I said. "Can't Lola?"

"Lola," Tom said, "is dazed. So will I be at five A. M., when I have to go out and hunt submarines. I will do anything I can for a pal, Anne, but where I have to be your fiancé in name only and you leave me with a bunch of lunatics besides, I am bound to say my country comes first!"

BY THAT time we had reached the taxi. Lola was dazed like Tom had said. To get six of us in back it was necessary to do some doubling. When Sidney said she could sit in his lap now they were engaged she said in a small voice she did not think they had been engaged long enough. The McKane remarked that left it up to the other engaged couple. When I did not react, having forgotten about Tom and me for the moment, she said oh, well, and climbed into Cooley's lap inviting him to pretend it was all a beautiful dream.

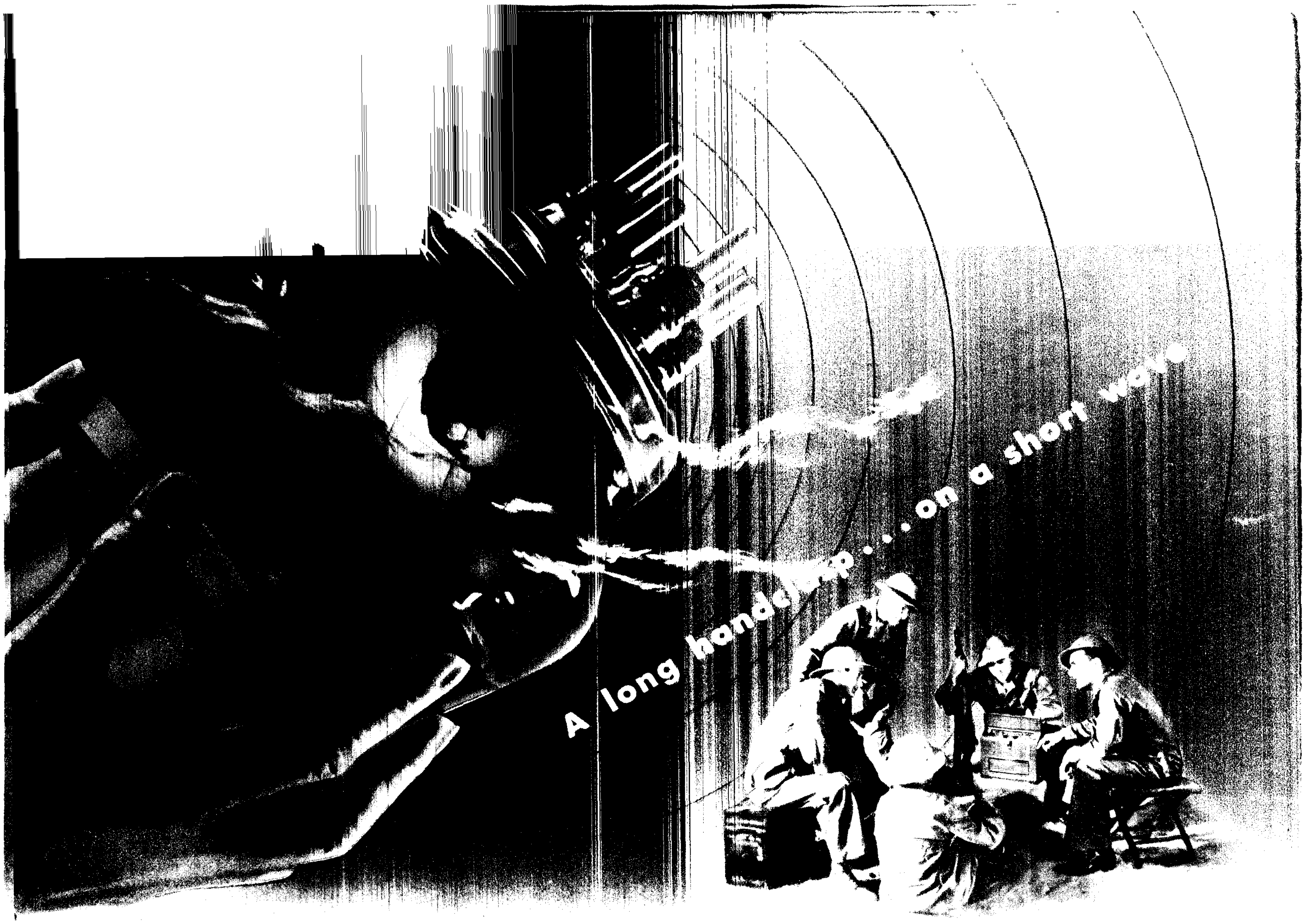
Cooley greeted this move by asking hadn't he carried her weight enough tonight through two shows of sheer horror where she had fought such a delaying action against his stick anyone would have thought she was a rear guard sent to cover his retreat. Sidney talked over them about how wonderful it was to feel spontaneous after all those months of repression, and Tom muttered things like he hoped he'd feel spontaneous at five A. M., and Lola kept on being dazed. This is that gay moonlit ride the newspapers talk about.

I never even noticed there was a moon until we ran out of gas. The driver swears his tank was full but somebody must have siphoned it off. Anyway, it



"Papa wants you to compare his prices with the mail-order catalog"

COLLIER'S D. ALAIN


A long handclasp . . . on a short wave

General Electric Electronic tubes speak for freedom in 18 languages

On an island in the Pacific a soldier turns a dial. Over the balmy air comes a Christmas carol. Lights on evergreen tree, snow on window-ledge, all the familiar pictures of home are in the golden song . . . beamed to the distant war front by the magic of short-wave radio.

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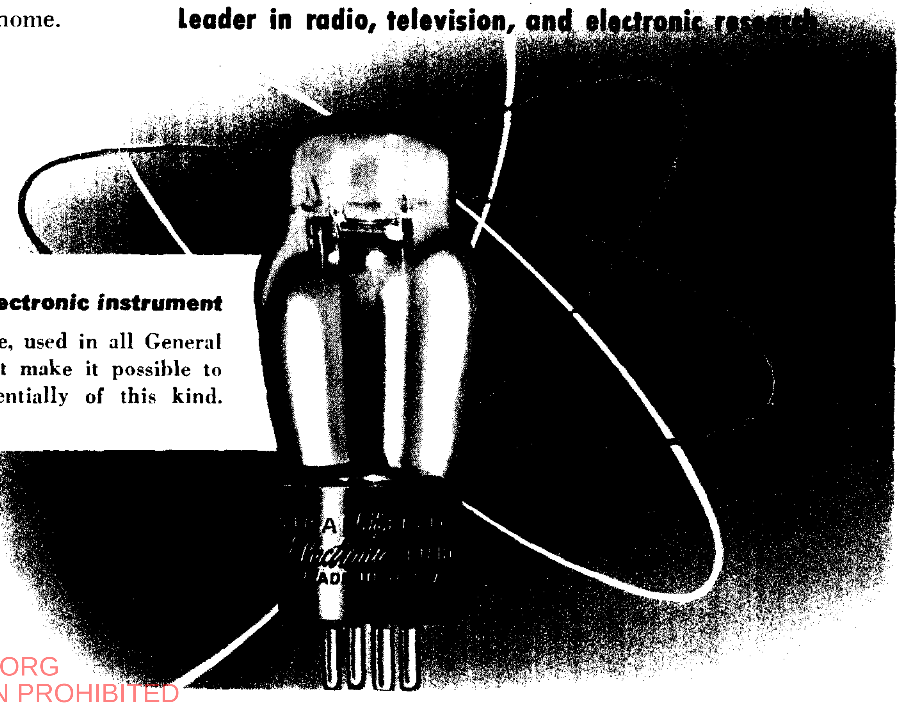
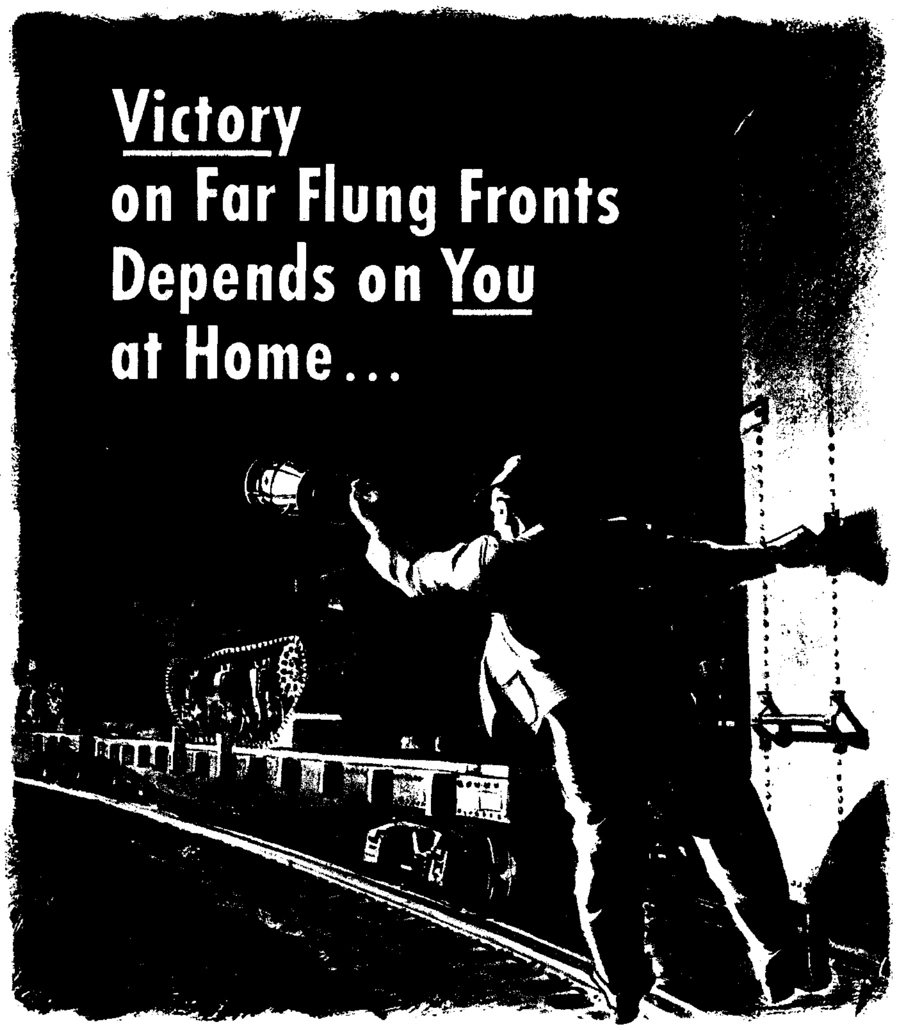


Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

This is a General Electric electronic tube, used in all General Electric radio sets. Electronic tubes that make it possible to broadcast radio and television are essentially of this kind.



Victory for America on far flung fronts is a thousand things . . . socks and solenoids, goggles and gasoline and quinine as well as food, guns, planes and tanks. And to transport these things upon which the very lives of our fighting men depend, is the staggering problem of the Army Services of Supply . . . a problem which you and your coal dealer can help solve—together.

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Ask your dealer's advice on the coal to buy—remember there are hundreds of different kinds of coal and many different kinds of heating equipment.

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FOR HOMES, APARTMENTS AND FACTORIES
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SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Keep on making it hot for the Axis—Buy More War Savings Bonds and Stamps

gave out, on a nice lonely stretch of coast road where nobody could remember how far back the last house had been, and Sidney had to write one of his checks before the driver would start walking to see.

There had been a crossroads we could remember about half a mile back. Cooley said his legs needed stretching after their dose of McKane, so he would walk that far with the driver and wait on the chance of flagging something that might be going the other way. McKane said she was afraid the gestures of flagging a car were too much like band leading for Cooley to be able to do it without an audience, so she'd go with him. They went off like that leaving Tom and Sidney and Lola and me to guard the tires as Sidney merrily put it.

You would have thought it was enough to stop Sidney. Instead he pulled out a pack of cards he said he had picked up at the Savoy "just in case the tempo lagged anywhere" and suggested we unlax with a little gin rummy. It is another phase of the evening which in the papers gives the wrong impression. The idea of four people playing gin rummy by the light of the moon beside a taxi has sort of a frivolous sound unless you know the spirit of cold desperation in which it was being done by at least three of us.

It is probably lucky those Nazis saw only the frivolous part which made them underestimate us. Anyway, there they were all at once. Two men in real German navy uniforms, pointing guns at us, plus requests that we start reaching for stars quickly. There was one big Nazi and one little. The little one informed us in very good English that he was sorry to disturb our game but they wanted the use of Tom's uniform and Sidney's suit for a few hours, just until they contacted some friends.

EVEN with his hands up and a gun pointed at him Sidney had to go on talking. "You don't mean take them off here?" he wanted to know. "Right in front of these ladies? I thought you fellows brought your own changes!"

"We left the submarine on rather short notice," the little Nazi said. "You are not by any chance," he asked Tom politely, "the flier who sunk us today?"

"When I sink 'em they stay sunk," Tom said. "And if you want this uniform you will have to come and get it."

"To get a uniform off a dead man takes longer," the little Nazi said. "But you are using up the time we thought we'd save."

Lola was whispering to Sidney. The big Nazi pointed his gun at her and growled. Then all at once Lola's Charlie McCarthy voice barked from a space behind the big Nazi. "All right, boys, put 'em up!" The big Nazi's head turned for a second and Sidney went for him, tackling low with a lunge that knocked the gun out of his hand. The little Nazi shot at Sidney and missed as Sidney got the big one's gun and Tom closed on the little one.

It probably couldn't have happened if they had not been slightly off guard, having misjudged our state of soberness by appearances, the way the newspapers have gone on doing. Anyway it was all over before I could get as scared as I am now writing about it. When the taxi driver and Cooley and the McKane arrived in a car half an hour later the Nazis were safely tied up with the towrope from the taxi while we were still covering them with their guns. We had absolutely not gone back to the gin rummy game the way the papers have said.

I am sure the McKane is responsible for that touch. That publicity hound tried to stand in with the press by telling them all the details that would have been better left out, including the one that Tom was my fiancé. If it had not been for her giving them the whole gay-party angle they would not have tried to make it gayer by saying we were all four on our way to be married instead of just Sidney and Lola. So it is she who is really responsible for those front-page pictures labeled "Nazi Capture Postpones Double Elopement."

So it is all her fault that you may actually be thinking Tom and I are married by now. When as a matter of fact not even Lola is, because since she is no longer dazed she has decided she cannot marry Sidney if that is his true self, and does not know how to break it to him since he is so happy about being that true self at last and has been sending her presents all day that she does not dare open.

SHE has had about fifty phone calls with offers of jobs and reporters asking for interviews. But that does not cheer her any more than the calls I have been getting cheer me. Because after all I am only famous on account of Lola's Charlie McCarthy trick and the McKane's big mouth. And Lola says from now on she will be typed as a straight ventriloquist and spend the rest of her life bouncing "Put 'em up, boys!" off the shoulders of floor-show chorines, which is one of the specialties she has been offered.

Tom feels as badly about it as we do. He says if you walk out on me after seeing those pictures he is willing to go through with his part and be my fiancé not in name only. I told him he would have to wait until I hear from you.

Meanwhile I do not know what to keep saying to Cooley who cannot understand why I am so upset. If I explain I will have to tell him why I said Tom was my fiancé in the first place. And thinking it over from Cooley's sinister point of view he might even take it as a compliment that I should have gone to so much trouble to protect myself from him.

My one hope is you are somewhere where you will not have a chance to see those newspapers. Oh, Nat, I am not wishing you any hard luck. But if I could only believe right now you were stranded in your plane somewhere way off from civilization I would feel so much better. Love, sadly,

Anne

Nat Dear:

I am dazed, like Lola on the Sidney ride. I could understand your being upset if you had seen those newspapers. But I thought my letters explained everything.

That chief petty officer of yours, Nick Vardy, may be a fine flier and your pal, et cetera. But he is not acquainted with certain traditions of show business such as going easy with bad news until after the performance. There I was star of the whole USO show that I had persuaded them to send to Northeast Station so I could be where you were. And you were gone, with pal Nick pleasantly remarking five minutes before I had to walk out on that stage:

"I don't know what you wrote in those letters, Miss Holiday. But after reading them Lieutenant Spencer was a changed man. He had to get to New York at any cost!"

Lola says I will get over it, the way she has gotten over the Army changing their minds about Sidney's weak eyes since he helped capture those Nazis. She seems to think it is an equal tragedy simply because Sidney was called so suddenly she did not have time to explain about not loving his true self and he is still sending her presents. There is no use telling her it is hardly the same thing. Especially as she at least has the presents, which she has started to open now he is at a safe distance.

When I remember how happy I was Saturday when pal Nick called to tell me you were back at Northeast. Then when I realized Nick Vardy was telling me that old drip of a captain had put you all on restrictions on account of the submarine emergency, so nobody could leave the station or have guests or even personal phone calls, it seemed as if I couldn't bear it. Especially with that Nick already beginning to be a pal by having no time to answer questions because he explained he had been sent off the station on official business which was the only reason he was able to call me for you and he couldn't talk forever.

We had not been talking forever, either. I did ask if you had been anywhere there were newspapers. He said no, there had been no mail at all, but when he had left, you were on your way to the station post office where you were hoping to find all my letters. Oh, Nat. When I think how relieved I was to think you hadn't seen those papers, and were going to get my letters.

Well, that was all he said except the usual applesauce about things being bound to let up in a few days and you would call as soon as possible. I said didn't he even send his love, and pal Nick said he had no more change and hung up. If he had been a little more sympathetic I might not have gotten in that kind of desperate mood where you have to have action.

But I do not want to blame anyone else for what I did even though Lola was the one who suggested the idea. I mean I did not know these USO shows can go into restricted areas. But she had been in one of them.

THAT is why I came to give camp shows this sob story of how much our valiant restricted submarine chasers at Northeast needed a show and if they'd send one there Sunday night I would volunteer my now valuable services. A week ago they wouldn't have listened to me. It is just one more irony of my hollow success that now they did. They called Northeast to ask if they would like a show and the thing went through as smooth as Cooley's grin.

So I arrived at Northeast just about the time you were landing in New York. Of course you hadn't been able to let me know on account of that old drip's restrictions on personal messages. Any more than I had been able to let you know, and as pal Nick explained, you had this chance to fly to New York on a moment's notice. So there you were with no planes flying back and there I was listening to Knife-in-the-Wound Nick.

"I don't know what you said in those letters. But he had to get to New York at any cost. When you are as rich as that in this man's war, Miss Holiday, something generally comes along that's that expensive. It was a special mission this time. Lieutenant Spencer bought his trip to New York by volunteering for that mission. He has to leave New York at midnight and one thing ought to console you, he will not be where he can get any more of your letters for a while."

If Nick did not put that last in those words he might as well have. So then I had to go out and sing all your favorite songs which it was too late to change. Afterward the station gave me a party where I received the honorary title of Miss Northeast Station, because they were all so grateful for bighearted little me bringing this show, and that old drip of a captain himself pinned the title on me that some yeoman had run up on a white satin streamer. All this time I was dazed and I still am.

IT IS what I told Cooley this afternoon when he asked what gave. "I am dazed," I said.

"So am I," he said. "McKane and I got married yesterday."

I was so surprised I could not say anything beyond inquiring how they had done it without Sidney.

"Oh, I took out the license quite a while ago," he said. "Under our real names, which are George Glotz and Estelle Humperdinck. She knew what it meant to give in to that setup. But I have finally won the battle."

I looked at him just sort of overcome because if McKane let herself in for all the lack of wedding publicity those names would get, I knew it must be real love that I had not even slightly suspected. He grinned back.

"Not getting more space in your news break helped soften her up," he said. "By and large you have been very useful to me. . . . She is retiring to private life, my only concession being that instead of Mrs. Glotz she can call herself Mrs. Eddie Cooley. After this week, you take over in the Venetian Room."

It is a bigger spot than anything I have yet been offered. But all I could say was, "He's gone."

"Oh, the boy friend," Cooley said. "Well, heck, you knew he would. Fliers don't stay on the ground forever!"

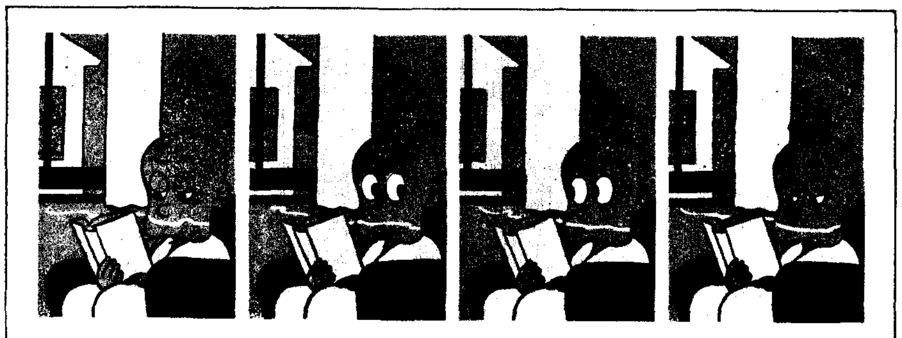
I realized he was still talking about Tom. But I did not have the strength to explain about that at the moment and maybe I will not have to until you come back, since Tom has been so busy resting from what he calls the strain of being a fiancé in name only that he has not been in town lately.

So I said nothing, standing on the Cocktail Room platform alone with my thoughts and Cooley's fiendish grin. "Come on," he said. "Remember, you still have your art. We'll open with I'll Never Smile Again!"

Which I will close with, Nat, because that is the way I feel. I still cannot seem to figure what upset you so about my letters.

Love, bitterly,
Miss Northeast Station

[The End]



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A Brighter Christmas Tomorrow

WILL COME FROM WAR RESEARCH AND PRODUCTION TODAY

TODAY, in this season dedicated to the ideals of *Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men,* we are all joined in a world struggle to preserve those ideals for the future. With faith in our cause and confidence in our strength, we look forward with hope to the *Christmas of tomorrow.*

It is no idle wish that gives us this vision of the future. Come what may, we are prepared for the trials and sacrifices which are the price of Victory. And in the miracles which industrial America is performing for war, we see the dawn of a brighter day for all mankind.

With this incentive and inspiration, the men and women of Philco are serving every branch of our fighting forces, on the ground, in the air, above and below the surface of the sea. Tanks, planes and ships are fighting for freedom today, equipped with ingenious radio communications devices from Philco's production lines. Fuzes

T.A.K.

Here's something big for after the War. Every Philco Distributor and Dealer can sell it to Every Home in America.

42!

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and shells, made by Philco soldiers of production, are carrying destruction to the enemy. Huge Philco electric storage batteries are doing heavy duty jobs for the Army and the Navy.

In all this, the special field of Philco's soldiers of production is the science of electronics. Here, their peacetime products have made Philco famous in millions of American homes. Now, under the grim whip of war, their laboratories are creating untold miracles of electronic science that might otherwise have waited years for the light of day. With Victory, their deadly purpose will be translated into new and undreamed-of wonders of comfort, convenience and entertainment. Yes, the life of tomorrow . . . the *Christmas* of tomorrow . . . will be happier and brighter for the scientific achievements of today.

For Victory . . . for this promise of the future . . . the message of Christmas 1942 is *"Buy War Bonds."* Buy them, regularly, so that our boys at the front can have the overwhelming superiority of fighting equipment which they need to conquer. Buy them so that, when Victory is won, you will have the means to enjoy the *brighter Christmas tomorrow that will come from war research and production today.*

THE ARMY-NAVY "E" FLAG has been awarded *four times* to the men and women of Philco for "Excellence" in war production . . . in Philadelphia, Pa., Trenton, N. J., Sandusky, Ohio, and Chicago, Ill.

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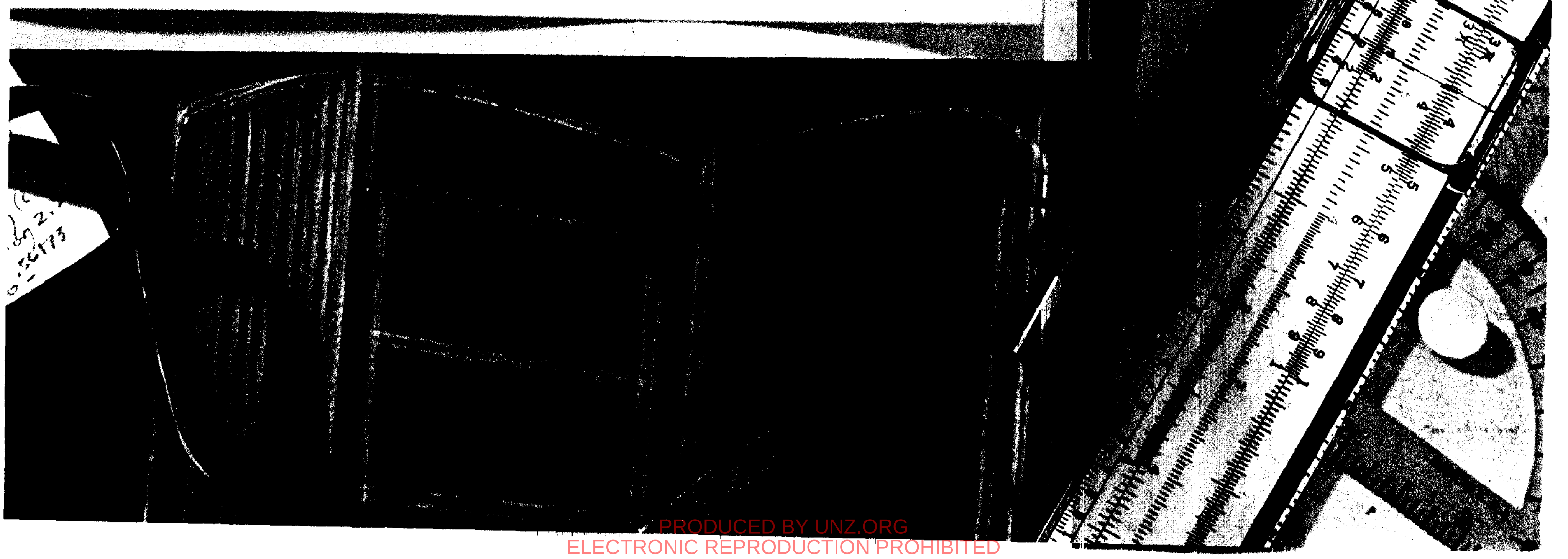


The Longest Way Round

By W. G. Hardy

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

Such men can only be killed, they can never be beaten. So the Battle of Crete goes on

WAR thumbs its nose at the unlikelihood of coincidence and specializes in the unpredictable. And so, an hour before dawn of the morning after the British had been cleared out of northern Crete, Barry Sundridge, direct, rawboned Aussie from the backlands of Melbourne, and Staff Captain Ronald Purvis, lithe, dapper Englishman, out of Winchester and Cambridge, came face to face in a deserted Greek village, perched, a couple of miles or so inland from Herakleion, on the western bank of the Xeropotamos. It was, as a matter of fact, touch and go for a moment in the dim light whether or not the Aussie's bayonet would be through the Englishman's uniform before he recognized it.

Once this occurrence was averted and brief introductions effected, the two men measured each other. Neither was particularly pleased by what he saw. To Purvis, who had escaped from a Nazi prison camp during the night, and who had come into the village in search of food and weapons, Barry was just another of those Aussie privates whose fighting qualities one admired but whose somewhat insolent independence and lack of formal discipline one deplored. He would have been surprised indeed to have known that in the Australian's level gaze there was not only anger but contempt.

Barry, in fact, was scarcely normal. When, an hour before, he had recovered consciousness, on a hillside to the north, it had been to find his younger brother, Dick, dead beside him. He had sat for a while with an almost unendurable sense of loss upon him. In those moments and in the moment, when, as a last gesture, he had placed a helmet over his brother's face, the conviction, built up by the fighting in Greece and Crete, that the British staff was away behind the times had been transmitted into a savage and personal bitterness—so personal that now, as he saw the red tabs of the staff officer, he wanted to fire at Purvis. But he didn't. After all, they were in the same mess. He remarked gruffly, "Got a rifle, I see."

THE omission of the "sir" by an Aussie didn't trouble Purvis. Without speaking, he gestured toward the square behind him in which a crater and the fragments of a group of Tommies showed where a German bomb had dropped. Barry got the idea.

"Know how to use it?" he asked disagreeably.

Purvis raised his eyebrows a trifle. "Yes."

"Find any grub?"

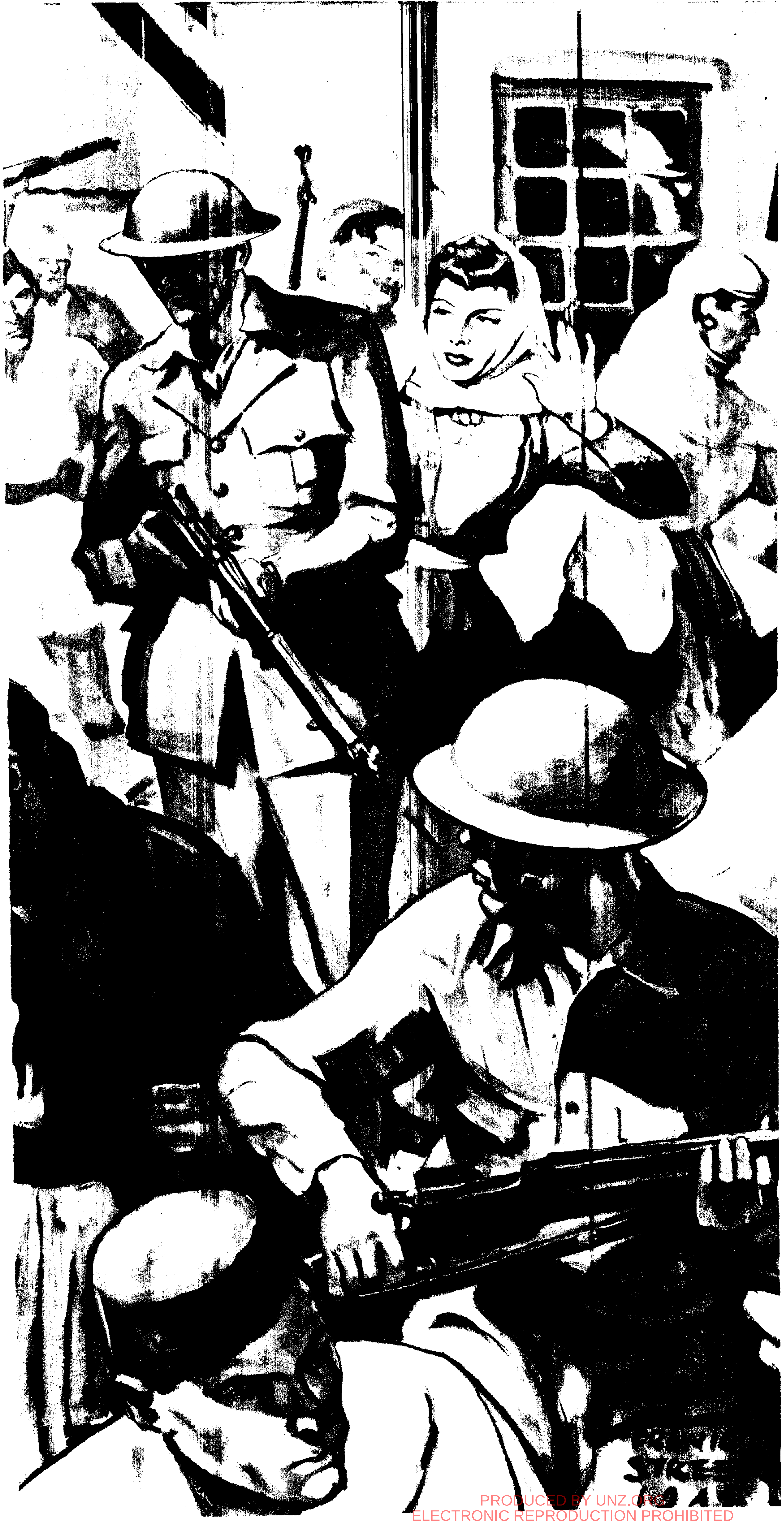
Purvis shook his head.

"I've plenty." Barry slung his rifle over his shoulder, made sure that a couple of salvaged Mills bombs were convenient for instant use, and turned up the street. "Let's travel," he flung over his shoulder.

Purvis fell into step beside him. The two men avoided a mangled donkey, half buried under the rubble of a shattered mud-brick house, made a detour around a couple of dead Cretans, and clambered up the slope of the hill to which the village clung. At the top they paused to get their bearings. High above their heads they could hear the beat of the planes which were shuttling back and forth ceaselessly, to bomb the remnants of the British army.

Purvis turned to glance to the south. Barry followed his gaze across the plain to the peaks of the central range of Crete running from the pug-nose profile of Mount Iuktas on their left to the towering summit of Ida over to the

(Continued on page 65)



Barry kept going. "Stop, you fool," Purvis called out sharply. Something in his tone made Barry look behind him. The Englishman had his rifle pointed at him

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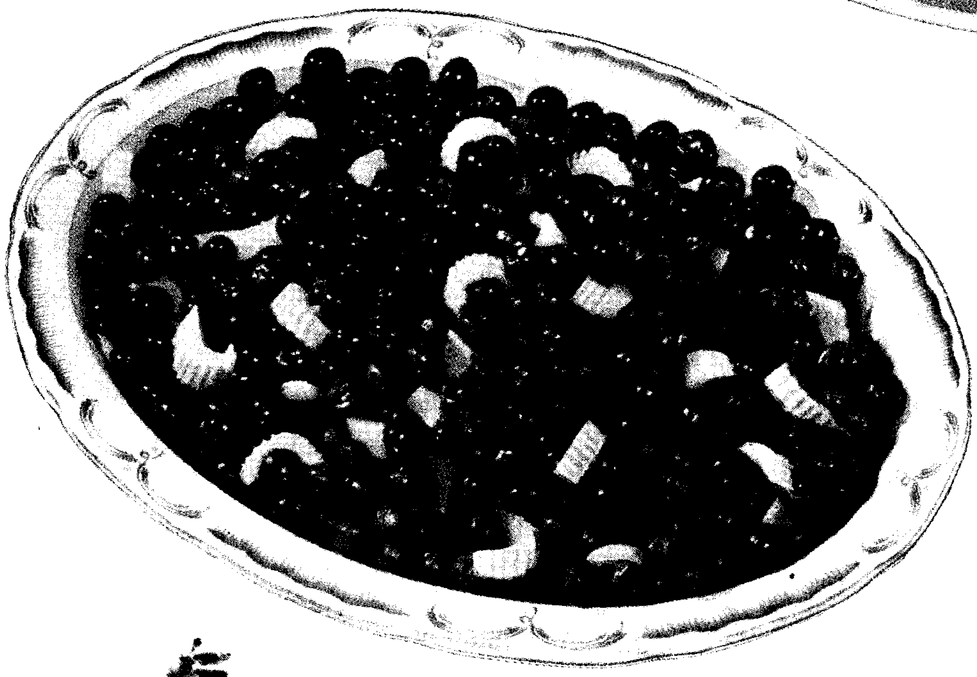

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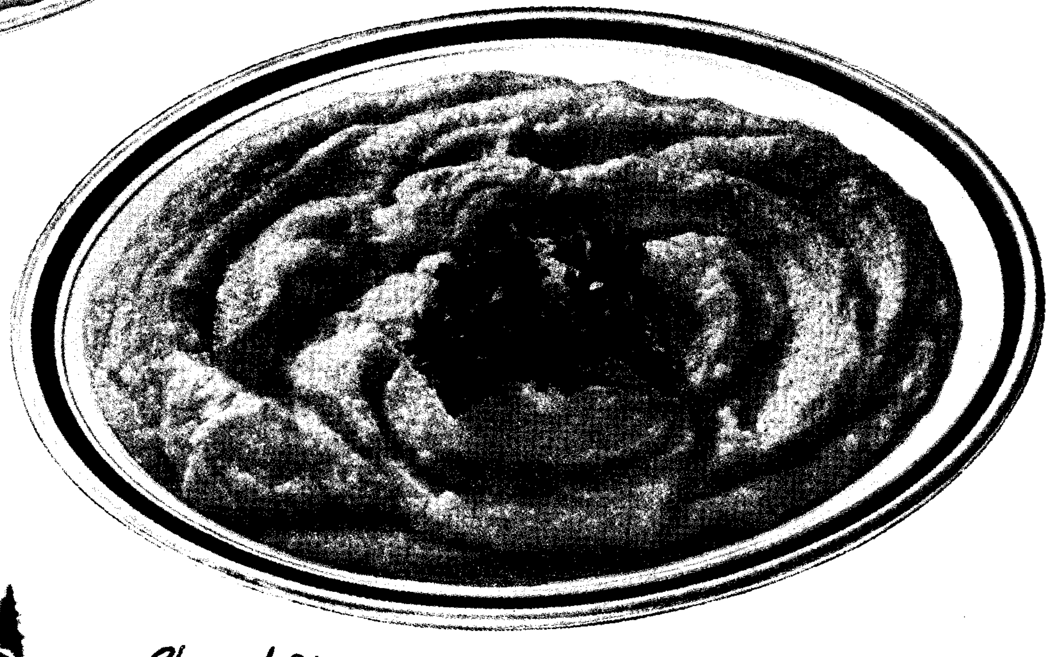
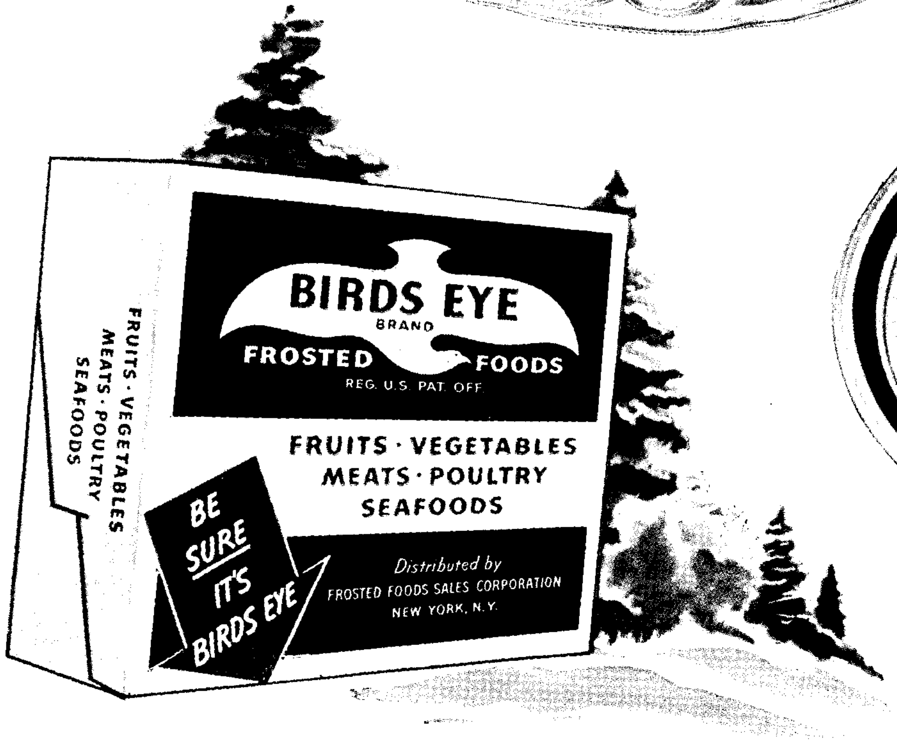
Cheer No. 2 **Birds Eye** Green Peas! (*Money-saving Special Dec. 14-26.*) Tenderly raised to peak goodness, the *sweetest, most garden-fresh* of these peas are selected and instantly *Quick-Frozen!* All that delicious freshness is captured!

Too, they're *shelled, washed, ready to cook* . . . box serves 4! NUTRITIOUS? They're *a-poppin'* with vitamins and good-for-you things!

Cheer No. 3 **Golden delicious** Squash! (Special—Dec. 14-26.) *Another* tempting Birds Eye treat! This *garden-fresh* Squash is perfectly *sun-ripened*—*washed—cooked—purèed—Quick-Frozen!* It's work-free! Just re-heat and serve! Grand as a vegetable, or in a pie! Its flavor will *get* you!

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GOLDEN SWEET Corn-on-Cob—a most unusual dish! And *dewy-fresh* French Beans—sliced lengthwise! Tender Broccoli—with even its *garden-green* color retained. Dessert? Cherry Pie! Made with *tree-ripened* red sour cherries, all pitted!

The Hunters

Continued from page 18

there's another chance at sunrise. . . . Better view, though, from the Congo side."

"You've been about a lot, haven't you, Michael?"

Only the use of his name was intimacy; her voice was gently impersonal. The voice she had for someone met at tea.

"Quite a bit. I've had time for it, you know. Sixteen years."

That sounded as if he wished to refer to old times and he said quickly, "But you'll see forest, on this trip to Portal. The fringe of one. A fine forest. There are places, farther in, that make your heart turn over, they're so lovely."

Why was he talking to her, seriously, of loveliness? That was the way he used to talk. Immediately her voice took on a greater intimacy. She said, "My heart hasn't turned over in a long while, Michael."

He had a tight smile for that. "Not since Winston died?"

She was silent. Then, "Do you have to say things like that?"

"No. That was stooping for a stone, I admit."

"He was a nice person, Michael. But —old."

"Ah, you have to take the sour with the sweet."

"I sound as if I were trying to make you sorry for me, don't I? . . . I think you ought to be a little. I was a very sorry girl when I—when I married."

"But it had to be, hadn't it?"

"Yes!" said Claire sharply. "You know—"

"I know. I always approved your sound sense even when it—irked." His voice was lazily detached. "We were a pair of young fools, of course, those days in England."

"Yes, we were . . . but we were happy fools," she said reflectively. "And that never comes again."

SHE sighed. Michael's ears were pricked for dramatization but they caught only honest confession in that sigh. . . . Well, why shouldn't it be honest? She had loved him. Not enough, in the end, but feverishly while it lasted.

"Nothing is ever the same again," he said cheerfully.

"No. That's why I never meant to see you out here."

"Didn't you expect you'd run into me?"

"Not in Uganda. I was startled to see you there. I thought you were in Tanganyika."

"Ah, you hadn't followed my—career?"

"All I ever heard," she said, her voice lightly amused, "was something about a scandal."

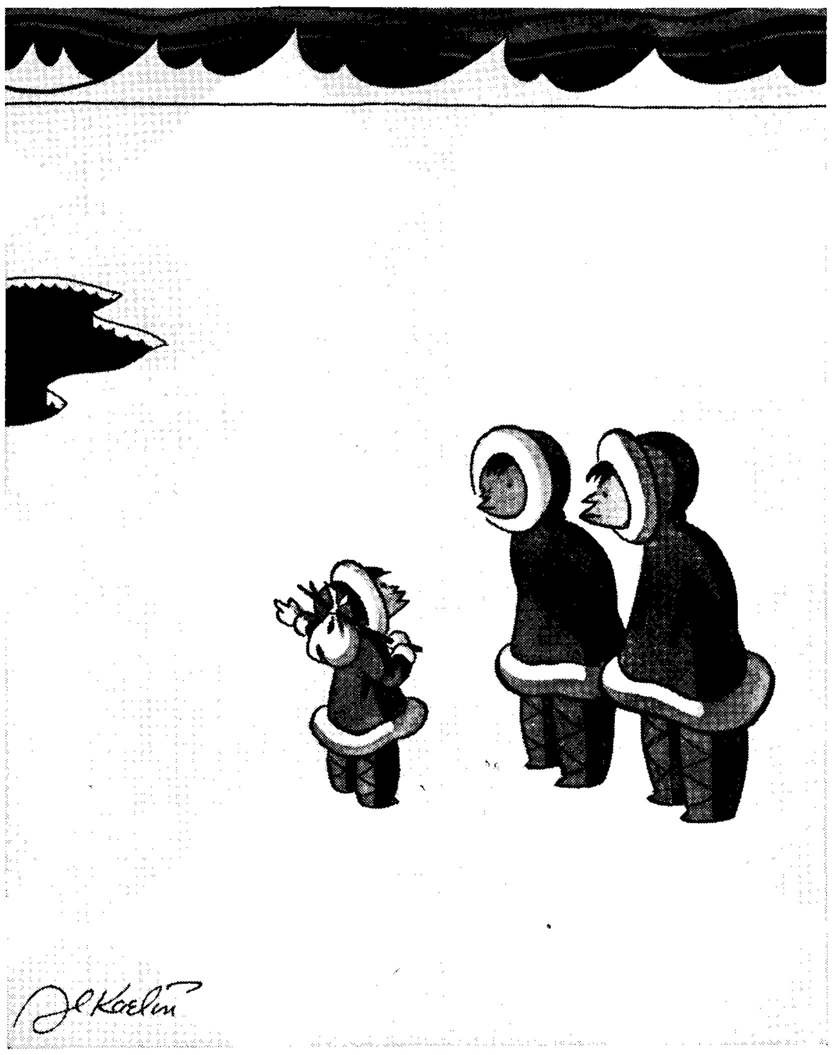
"Ha! The lovely Mrs. Roniff? . . . *That* got about at home?"

"A bit. Someone I knew met her at a country house and happened to tell me there was a story about her and a young A.D.C. in Africa—a Michael Garrick. After that I didn't hear anything more. I don't know your people, you know."

"There weren't many to know."

He had been at a canteen, behind the front, when the letters came telling him his father and mother had died of influenza. There was a little note his mother had written: "To my son on his twenty-first birthday."

That birthday was not for three weeks. It came, as it happened, just after the Armistice. His mother had thought him too young to enlist; she had wanted him to stay longer at Oxford.



COLLIER'S "Is this the right way to Santa Claus?" AL KAELIN

So he had come back, after the war, to an empty house and to empty pockets, for the death duties took most of the cash, leaving the house he could not sell but managed, finally, to let. He lived on the rental and on the sale of his father's library—his father had been a counselor at law; for three years he drifted from one haphazard occupation to another, then he tried desperately for something worth while, because by then he had met Claire and was in love with her. An uncle steered him into the training for a civil servant of the empire. After the empire discarded him the uncle had washed his hands of him, but not before he had sold the house. That money bought the coffee farm. Now the uncle was dead and the cousins were strangers.

Claire's voice recalled his thought: "You might have sent me a card when you married."

"I never thought of it."

He had thought of it incessantly. On his wedding day Claire had walked his heart like a ghost. He had got sodden drunk to lay that ghost. Ghosts were potent. More potent than reality.

"I should have been glad for you . . . she's sweet, Michael. Where did you meet her?"

"Cape Town." He was curt.

"What were you doing in Cape Town?"

"I'd gone down on the boat for the trip—to shake off fever."

"And why was she out there?"

"Visiting an uncle. And I married her before she had time to hear of my wicked reputation," he said, the corners of his mouth indenting mockingly.

"Isn't she quite young?"

"She's twenty-nine. She was twenty-two then."

He did not propose to talk to her about Tommy. He said, too quickly, "See that glistening stuff, like holly? That's coffee, in case no one has told you before. Bob McNare will tell you all about coffee. Robusta and Arabica. He dotes on it."

She, it appeared, was not going to talk about Bob McNare.

"Don't you?"

"Dote on it? No. I grow the stuff, among other things. I like the planter's life. You're a king in a small way."

"You always had royal ways, Michael."

Her eyes were smiling at him, blue as the bluest water, blue as a kingfisher's feather.

"Do you remember that fancy dress at Lady Burdon's where you went as King Charles and I as Nell Gwyn? And Mother thought it wasn't nice for me to go as Nell?"

"And you let your oranges roll out on the floor. And Toby Lamenter went down on them."

FOR a moment his voice was the voice of a younger Michael, eager, amused. Then he gave a harsh, dismissing laugh. "Well, I'm Charley over the Water now, in shirt and shorts."

"I expect Charley hasn't had such a bad time, over the water."

"Meaning Mrs. Roniff? . . . Oh, I've had fun."

"You certainly did not languish."

There was pique beneath her raillery and he laughed out. "I suffered all the appropriate pangs, *chérie,*" he said blandly.

Her voice grew confidential: "You've never told—?"

Ah, that was what she wanted to know! She wanted to be sure that Tommy could not give her away.

"Not a word."

"Not even to—her?"

"Never." That was confession of a sort. He said, lightly, "I'm not the chattering sort, you know."

"I know."

She was silent for a time. Then her sidelong glance found its way to him and there was laughter between her lashes. "This is rather fun—isn't it, Michael?"

He glanced about and their eyes met. There was mischief in her laughter and a flash of provocation. He remembered the inflection in her voice that night at the club when she had said, speaking of the trip, "It has—possibilities."

What was she up to? Stirring the embers—? Or could it be that she—no, she was merely piqued at his detachment, unable to resist trying to prick holes in it. But pique could be played on.

What would happen, he wondered, if he tried a game with her, if he were teasing, half indifferent, half seemingly beguiled—?

It would be something to do, something that made him alive again. Better than looking on.

His eyes flashed laughter back at hers. "Circe, Circe!" he mocked.

MICHAEL was in high spirits that night at dinner at the little hotel in Fort Portal, and very handsome in his fresh white drill; he and Mrs. Winston found a good deal to laugh at and Bob McNare was glad the trip was going so well. An expedition was a ticklish thing, at best, and with Michael you never knew, but Michael was certainly in good form.

They were out at dawn, next morning, out on the golf course where there was the best chance for a glimpse of the high snows, but the peaks remained exasperatingly veiled.

"It's like Mt. Everest," Mrs. Winston said.

She was hatless in the early sun, her hair shining. "The clouds *never* blow away the morning you go up Tiger Hill to watch. And *that's* a jaunt," she cried gaily at Michael, and McNare had suddenly a rueful feeling that she was talking much more to Michael than to him.

"Up at two, from Darjeeling," she went on, "and it's cold, cold, and you stand about, blue as indigo, and stare at each peak as it comes out, but it's never Everest. . . . The Kichenjunga Range is lovely, lovelier than Everest, but it's Everest you want to see."

"Oh, India!" said Michael, looking sidewise at her.

"Yes, India."

"That must have been jolly."

"Almost too jolly. Too many dinners and government house parties. My uncle was out there then and of course we had letters—"

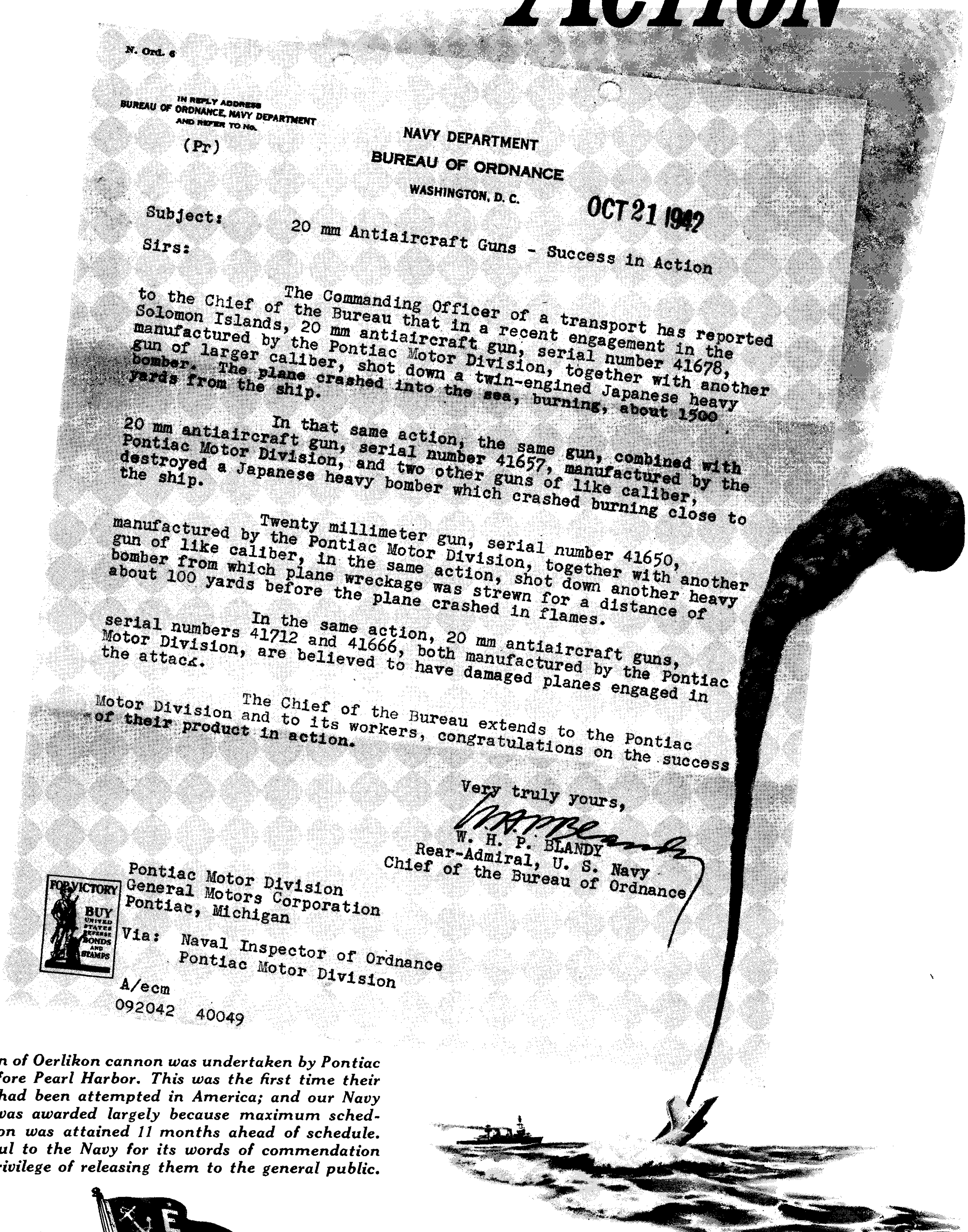
"And only nature was unkind."

He meant a reference to Everest, Bob supposed, yet his tone had an intimate raillery that struck Bob as odd. Mrs. Winston must have thought it odd, too, for after a swift look at Michael, she turned quickly, and caught McNare watching her. She smiled at him, that slow, deliberate smile that curved her lips enchantingly. She said, "I like your Africa better, Sir Robert."

Bob felt appeased. His unease vanished at her renewed attention.

But it returned. They motored south,

"SUCCESS IN ACTION"



N. Ord. 6

IN REPLY ADDRESS
BUREAU OF ORDNANCE, NAVY DEPARTMENT
AND REFER TO No.
(Pr)

NAVY DEPARTMENT
BUREAU OF ORDNANCE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

OCT 21 1942

Subject: 20 mm Antiaircraft Guns - Success in Action

Sirs:

The Commanding Officer of a transport has reported to the Chief of the Bureau that in a recent engagement in the Solomon Islands, 20 mm antiaircraft gun, serial number 41678, manufactured by the Pontiac Motor Division, together with another gun of larger caliber, shot down a twin-engined Japanese heavy bomber. The plane crashed into the sea, burning, about 1500 yards from the ship.

In that same action, the same gun, combined with 20 mm antiaircraft gun, serial number 41657, manufactured by the Pontiac Motor Division, and two other guns of like caliber, destroyed a Japanese heavy bomber which crashed burning close to the ship.

Twenty millimeter gun, serial number 41650, manufactured by the Pontiac Motor Division, together with another gun of like caliber, in the same action, shot down another heavy bomber from which plane wreckage was strewn for a distance of about 100 yards before the plane crashed in flames.

In the same action, 20 mm antiaircraft guns, serial numbers 41712 and 41666, both manufactured by the Pontiac Motor Division, are believed to have damaged planes engaged in the attack.

The Chief of the Bureau extends to the Pontiac Motor Division and to its workers, congratulations on the success of their product in action.

Very truly yours,

W. H. P. BLANDY
Rear-Admiral, U. S. Navy
Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance

Pontiac Motor Division
General Motors Corporation
Pontiac, Michigan

Via: Naval Inspector of Ordnance
Pontiac Motor Division

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across the Kazima Channel to Kabale, where the Union Jack was fluttering over green lawns and white houses, and Mrs. Winston protested, "Are we never to have done with civilization?" and Michael pointed to a road along the mountain side.

"By that road. I could take you an easier way, but there's a lake I want to show you."

"Kivu?"

"That's later. I'll tell you when we come to it." And then he said to Bob, "If you don't mind, I'd like to have Mrs. Winston change to my car before Kinaba Gap."

"I don't know where that is," said Bob a little stiffly.

"I'll be ahead and let you know."

SO AT a curve in the road, Michael's car was waiting, and Michael got out and said coolly, "Time to change." Tommy got out and climbed into Bob's car, with that little smile that tore at his heart for all his preoccupation with Claire Winston, and Claire slipped away with Michael. And Bob thought, with a resentment new to him, that Michael was giving himself the air of the leader of the party.

Then he had a more disturbing thought. Those old stories about Michael and women—Michael had a name for a gay dog. . . . They were past history now, but Michael had certainly spruced up last night. . . . And there was something in his manner. . . .

But Mrs. Winston! Not even Michael's audacity could dream of edging up to *her*. Michael was simply showing off his knowledge of the country, flattered at her courtesy and sweetness. . . . But, just the same, he might be too presuming. . . . It would be beastly to have Mrs. Winston embarrassed. Simply beastly.

He glanced about at Tommy. He wondered if she'd noticed anything, but he couldn't ask her that. Once they used to talk about whether Michael had noticed anything between *them*. . . . He did not like to think about that now, he did not like to think what Tommy might be feeling; he was sorry as a dog if he had hurt her, but there was a stubborn, defensive streak in him that said you could not help what you felt—he had not been able to help caring for her when, God knows, he had not meant to! She must know that a man could not go on loving hopelessly forever. Life went on. . . .

Michael stopped his car at Kinaba Gap and told Claire to look down. She looked and saw, far below, something in the greenness like a spread of quicksilver.

"Bunyoni," said Michael.

"Bunyoni—?"

"The only lake in the world where lotus and papyrus and bamboo meet. It is so lovely that all new married men take their brides there and the brides think all Africa is like that."

He had written: "When you come out—Oh, my darling, when you come out!—we'll go to Lake Bunyoni. Its edges are feathery with papyrus and rosy with lotus and there are clouds of white egrets, white and soft as your sweet throat."

Now he said, his look mischievous, "Not the best view—from the top. I meant you to have a more intimate one."

She remembered then. He saw her remembering. Her eyes came about to him and he leaned closer and said, "I looked forward, quite a bit, to kissing you at Bunyoni. This will have to do."

He bent and kissed her. Her lips were soft and at first still and then they stirred beneath his own and his mouth pressed hard, and when he let her go his heart was shaking him.

He had meant to kiss her lightly. He had been a fool, he thought angrily, to dream he could touch her and be unmoved. There was never a woman like her. Not for him. Perhaps there never had been a man like him for her.

Then he saw her glance back quickly. He could speak coolly now:

"They're too far back to see. I think of everything."

His tone was unshaken, though his heart still pounded.

The other car was coming up. Bob would expect him to change now. But he'd be damned if he would. His foot pressed down on the accelerator and the car jerked forward. "When did you cut your hair?" he asked in a taut voice.

Claire Winston stared; she looked confused and half protesting, and then, beginning to smile, she told him about her hair. She asked, "Do you like it this way?"

"It's the most beautiful hair in the world. And you are the most beautiful woman."

"Michael!" But she laughed softly. "You said you hadn't remembered I was so—so lovely."

"I hadn't. Or rather, I thought I'd dreamed it."

"But, I'm—older, Michael."

She said the word hesitantly and he felt a sudden pang of sympathy for the woman at war with time.

"I know. But that's nothing, nothing. Not yet. You need never own to more than twenty-five."

She laughed again. "That's a bit *too*—my passport says thirty."

It struck him that the reason she had not admitted knowing him was that it dated her. And then he thought, "Look out, Michael!" He put his foot sharply on the brake. Aloud, he said:

"Time out for Sir Robert."

She said, her voice falling, "Yes, I expect I'd better change."

Waiting, looking straight ahead of him, his lids shut down to the angles of his cheeks, Michael was thinking, "If I've a chance—! If I've a chance!"

Tommy would welcome it. Oh, Tommy would be glad to give him his freedom.

IT WAS hot, with the dry, burning, beating-down blaze of African midday, and the air above the plains quivered in the heat like curtains of sheer smoke. The safari followed a faint path through knee-high grass, the guide and four whites in the lead, the boys and the porters, with loads upon their heads, strung out in a long, curving line.

Tommy Garrick was thankful the safari had begun. The motoring, as far as she was concerned, had been a pretense of pleasure. She had been shifted from one car to the other, from one man to the other, and each man, she had known wryly, had preferred the company of Mrs. Winston, but now, on the march, she became a really important member of the party. She and Bob McNare looked after all the small daily things on which the well-being of a safari depended; Michael always delegated details.

But Michael had been wonderful at finding these plains. He had led them to the village where they had left the cars and truck; he had wangled porters out of the reluctant chief, already depleted of men by the requirements of Belgian roadwork, and he had struck across a tangle of hills and forest to these hidden game fields.

There was good hunting here; already they had glimpsed buffalo by the river, and antelope, cob and topi, on the plain, and last night they had heard a lion grunting out that hunting sound that seemed to begin half a mile away and ended behind your heels. Mrs. Winston had been excited and eager at hearing it.

Tommy had to admit to herself that Mrs. Winston had been a good sport; she had refused more than her share of time in the carrying chair, and she was swinging along now over the rough trail with every appearance of enjoying herself. "Of course I'm fit," she had told Tommy. "Dancing does it." She must have begun dancing quite soon after her husband died, thought Tommy, to be so fit.

She looked marvelous in breeches; Tommy had known she would. She had the slim hips, the long thighs, the desirable flatness in back which could afford to be displayed by trousers. Her skin kept its loveliness; she probably slathered it with cold cream, Tommy thought.

And Claire Winston had more than looks; she had charm which could be magic when she wanted it to be. She rarely bothered to turn it on Tommy, though she was always pleasant, smilingly appreciative, as toward a quite satisfactory chaperon.

Once or twice she had distinctly set herself to draw Tommy out. That had been sheer politeness on her part, for Mrs. Winston could not possibly be interested in Mrs. Michael Garrick, except for what might be contributed about Sir Robert McNare, yet Mrs. Winston had not referred to him; she had only questioned Tommy about herself.

FIVE WHO VANISHED

By George F. Worts

She was as seductive as an island breeze, and when Jason Amboy found her in his bedroom at midnight, he had but one thought: "This girl for hire." A witty and baffling mystery-thriller that cost several men their lives, and one his heart.

BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

WAS Cape Town lovely? Mr. Garrick said they'd been married there—it must be a sweet spot for a wedding. She hoped to see South Africa on her way back. Had they known each other long? Oh, married within a month of meeting—that *was* romantic! Had they children? No? A pity—though, perhaps, in Africa, as you say, children present problems.

"Have you children?" Tommy had countered, and Mrs. Winston had made a little negative gesture with her fair head and murmured, "My husband was much older."

Tommy did not melt to that wistful sadness, but Bob McNare would, she knew. Sir Robert McNare would be a young, vigorous husband. Sir Robert and Lady McNare could have children.

Those thoughts were hot needles under Tommy's breastbone, while Tommy's face was trying to produce a fairly sympathetic expression; after a moment Mrs. Winston had gone on to ask about her people at home. "The Grenvilles—not the Parrish-Grenvilles?" and when Tommy said not, the interest subsided. Tommy was soon documented, she felt.

Claire Winston made no effort to talk about herself, not in detail, but there was always the implication of a glamorous background, a house in London, trips to India and Ceylon.

Surely Bob must see, thought Tommy, trudging along in the hot sun, that this was never the woman for him. But the woman for a man is the one he wants.

THEY went down a slope, through tangled underbrush then deeper thickets, and the carrying chair took them, in turn, across a river, the porters scrambling waist-deep, clutching up their goatskins, holding to their sticks against the current, wailing their dismay at the depth of the ford. Then they climbed another slope, came through a clump of palms to the plain again. And this, said Michael, was the camping place.

It was a fine place, open and high, dotted here and there with thorn and acacia, fringed by woods. The little river curved about two sides of it, and, to the east, across the river, rose a bare cliff of sepia bright rock. There was an echo to that cliff; it flung back the loud, high calls of the boys to the porters.

There was hippo in the river, Michael said, and he made them camp away from the worn ruts of hippo trails where the beasts came out to feed at night. "Can't have them stumbling over your tent ropes, Mrs. Winston," he said blithely. "That would annoy them."

"Are they dangerous?" Claire asked.

Michael shrugged. "Not unless you're in a canoe and they're in a pugnacious mood. . . . Oh, I wouldn't advise you to go up to one, of course, and try to push it out the path!"

The tents were strung in a line with some little thorn trees, the Garricks' double tent, with the projecting fly for a mess tent, then Bob McNare's small tent, and, at a little distance, Mrs. Winston's. Farther, beyond the thickets, was the ladies' toilet tent, and *that,* thought Tommy, was a flourish for the Garricks! Behind the tents the boys were busy about the three-stone kitchen, sending the porters for firewood and water, and Tommy scurried about, unlocking boxes, handing out tins of provisions to the cook, while Bob sorted the last of the loads piled on the ground, dispatching boxes to the right tents.

Tommy felt gay and competent; she was smiling when she ran over to Bob to ask him to hunt up the box with the rice, and he smiled companionably back at her. She asked, "Do you think curried tongue for tiffin? Of course that makes two curries—chicken tonight—so maybe we'd better have it plain. What do you think?"

Bob thought plain.

"I brought on loads of fruit," Tommy declared. "We're going to be very, very swank!"

"That's fine."

His smile was inattentive now; he was looking toward Mrs. Winston and Michael who were stretched out in steamer chairs in the shade, smoking cigarettes. Their lowered voices had a laughing, intimate sound.

Tommy saw Bob's look, and she saw his boy seeing it, too. The boy did not grin before her, but she could very well imagine his grinning behind their backs. The boys knew what was happening.

At first she had been delighted that Michael and Mrs. Winston found so much to say to each other, for that left Bob more to her benefit; it was enhancing Mrs. Winston, and heaven knew she did not

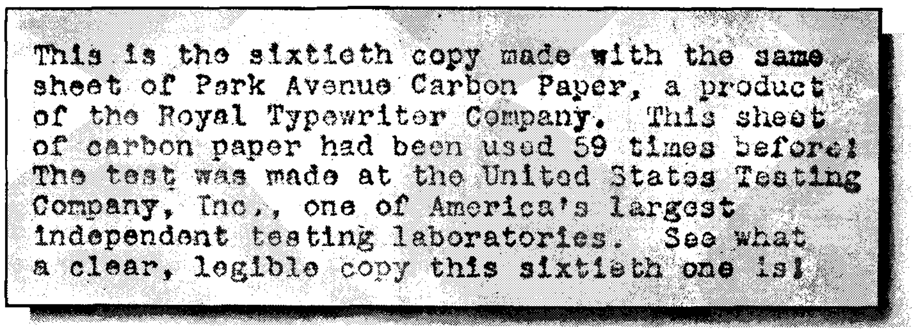
"Gee-whiz, Mabel—
you sure are a tightwad!"

OFFICE BOY: It's been a long time since you asked me to bring you some more carbon paper. What do you do . . . use one piece of carbon paper *forever?*

MABEL: *No, not quite! But I'm using Park Avenue — one of the carbon papers the Royal Typewriter people make — and I'm using it as it's supposed to be used!*

OFFICE BOY: How do you mean?

MABEL: *Why, I just keep remembering that one sheet of Park Avenue can be used up to 60 times, clearly and cleanly. No sense in throwing Park Avenue away after 20 copies or so! Look . . . here's a test copy that shows what I mean!*



This is the sixtieth copy made with the same sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper, a product of the Royal Typewriter Company. This sheet of carbon paper had been used 59 times before! The test was made at the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this sixtieth one is!

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OFFICE BOY: Smart stuff! No wonder you get so much extra work out of each sheet of Park Avenue!

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Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals

need enhancing. And Michael's air of leisure was exasperating at this moment; she knew, and Bob knew, that he was stretched out because he needed to rest, but Mrs. Winston didn't know that, and Tommy could see, in Bob's face, that he resented Michael's appearance of the *Bwana Mkubwa,* the Big Master, and his own role of capable henchman. There was a secret tension now between the men. Tommy was desperately afraid of what that might lead to.

This jealousy in Bob was a new thing to her. He had not been jealous of Michael in the old days—there was no reason, actually, for jealousy. He had often been angry at Michael, and indignant for her sake, but he had been secretly contrite, too, toward Michael, for he never forgot that she was Michael's wife and he was Michael's friend.

"Did you see the box with the flour?" Tommy asked quickly. "I'm going to have the *mpishi* bake bread this afternoon. I've opened a tin of biscuits for lunch."

Luncheon was ready at last; it was hot under the single canvas, and the whites had to keep their felt hats on, and the space was crowded, and the boys scraped against the canvas, waiting at table.

They talked plans. Already a native guide had found the print of a lion's pad in a path toward the river.

"We'll scout about the end of the afternoon," said Bob. "That's when lions start out to hunt. But the best chance to run into them is very early in the morning, when they're going home."

Mrs. Winston questioned, "You mean you just walk about and look?"

"That's the way of it."

"I thought you had beaters or something."

"Oh, if a lion is in a gully—yes. But you couldn't beat this open country."

"And you can't track them?"

BOB had a gentle smile for that. "Oh, no. With elephant and buffalo you can follow spoor, but with lion there's no trail. Oh, sometimes you can find tracks in a path or where there's mud or sand, that lead to where a lion is lying up, but that's sheer luck. You have to scout about."

Mrs. Winston yawned. "I don't think I'll scout very hard this afternoon."

Bob looked concerned. After a moment he said, quite earnestly, "It doesn't do to waste time."

Michael suggested, "You might go out, Bob, and see the lay of the land."

"I might," said Bob shortly.

Mrs. Winston's lashes stirred as her eyes went from one to the other. "Oh, I'm up to a small scout," she said. "After I get a nap. We'll go out, Sir Robert."

McNare's face cleared. "That's fine. It's all a matter of chance, and the more chances you give yourself, mathematically—"

"The more chances you have," finished Michael in a seriously instructive voice.

"I want a big one," said Mrs. Winston. "I want a big rug with a mounted head for people to stumble over, so I can tell them what a shot I was."

"Of course," said Bob, considering, "we could put out a bait to draw them in. But the sporting thing is to run into them."

"And the sure thing," said Michael, "is to sit up by your bait and pot them coming in."

"*Boma* hunting," said Bob disgustedly.

"Night hunting," said Michael.

"What is *boma* hunting?" Claire asked. "I thought a *boma* was the administrative house in a post."

"It is," said Tommy. "But in hunting, it somehow means a thorn shelter that you put up by a bait. I don't know why."

"Where the *Wazungu,* the foreigners, do business," said Michael.

"Like a *machan* for tigers? Only that's a platform," Claire said.

"Did you hunt tigers?"

"No. This is my first real shoot. Except birds, of course."

"Of course," said Michael. "I wonder—did you ever shoot at Lord Burdon's? I seem to remember he had quite good shooting. Though perhaps it was shot out by your day. He used to give vast parties."

"Oh, did you know the Burdons?" Claire's voice was faintly amused.

"Not at all well. Only—transiently."

"About this lion," said Bob resolutely.

"Lions," broke in Tommy. "I'm to have the second, you know."

"Right." Bob looked at her, quick recollection in his eyes. "You never had a chance at one in the open, did you? Only that time in your garden. Of course you're to have the second."

"I don't mind getting mine in a *boma,*" said Tommy, trying to be generous.

"We'll hold the *boma* in reserve."

"Not too long in reserve," said Michael. "We've got the moon, now."

"The moon will last. Several nights. We'll try scouting for a day or two." Bob looked directly at Mrs. Winston. "I suggest we have a try along the river this afternoon."

Michael gave him an ironic glance at the exclusion. "I'll have a go at antelope. Meat for the pot."

"I don't know about that. It isn't a good idea to have shooting near. Might scare the lion."

"Scare!" Michael was contemptuous. "Lions come in to bait on top of one that's just been killed. I've got three on a bait in one night, on the Ruindi."

Bob was stubborn: "We don't want to take chances."

Michael's eyes began to glitter. "I never heard of anything so asinine! No shooting—"

They never used to argue like this, thought Tommy. Now their nerves were on edge. So were her own. She thought, with Michael, that Bob's caution was ridiculous.

She interposed, "We'll go a long way off, Bob. Michael and I. And we do need meat—we promised the porters meat. And a steak for ourselves would be nice. Mrs. Winston must be tired of chicken curry."

Invoking Mrs. Winston's name to sanction a sensible shoot! She was suddenly so angry that when the others left the table and she found herself for a moment alone with Bob, she spoke hotly: "You're unreasonable, Bob. Only this morning you talked of putting out a target, this afternoon, for Mrs. Winston to try out her gun, and you'd be doing it, too, if she hadn't said she'd practiced at Kampala and was a good shot."

"That's not the same thing."

"Why isn't it the same?"

"I mean, if we go to shooting up the game—"

He was talking nonsense and he knew it, but that did not make him less defensive.

Tommy flashed, "You're crazy! You're so crazy about that—lion—"

She almost said, "Mrs. Winston." Her furious gray eyes were saying it.

"I took it on, you know," he said doggedly. "I have to see it through."

Her last shred of restraint snapped. "I'm glad you're so—dependable!"

HE CRIMSONED; as her words went home the color spread across his forehead, from which his hat was pushed back, to the roots of his hair. She was terrified at what she'd said; she tried to snatch it back, to cover it up:

"It's just that you seem riding Michael, somehow, and that worries me. You know he's been fine, so far, but—"

He stared past her. He said, in a hard voice, "I'm tired considering Michael."

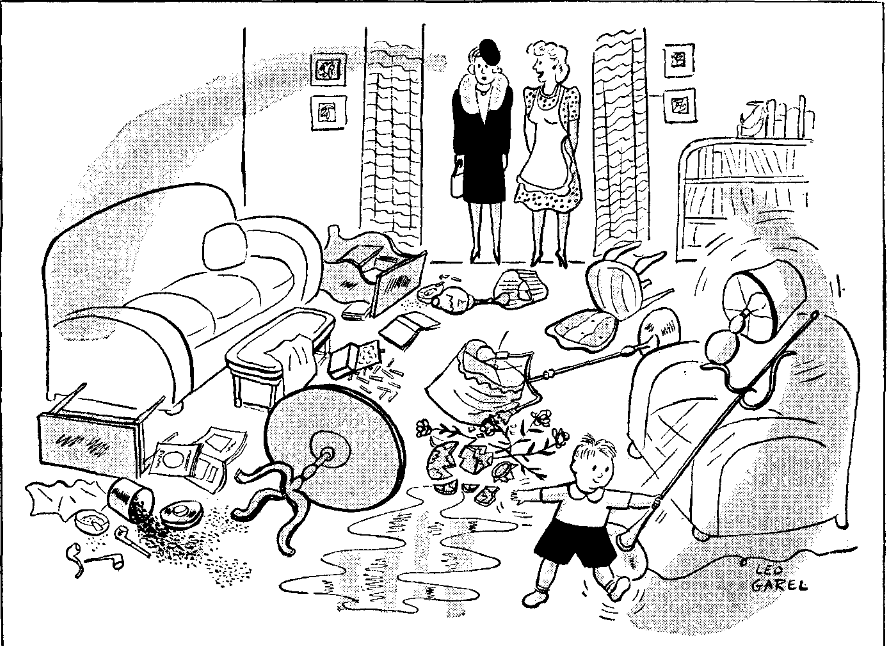
"Oh, I don't blame you!"

That soft repentant cry touched him; he looked quickly at her, then quickly down. His brown, blunt-tipped fingers moved a plate nearer another plate and pushed a cup farther from the edge of the table. He was full of a confused awareness of her unhappiness, and it made him wretched. He wanted to tell her that he was sorry, desperately sorry, that he had never meant to desert her like this, that he could not help himself, but he could not think of the right words—there are no right words, he thought mutely, to tell a woman you have ceased to love her. . . . He was so fond of her, too. . . . That was what hurt.

His only words were to himself: "This is awful." Life had been complicated enough before, but this was worse.

He used to have a way of putting his hand on her arm with a quick, reassuring touch and now his hand went out to her in the old way, then fell back. With an air of escaping from intolerable constraint he went out.

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "He hasn't quite learned to walk alone, yet" LEO GAREL

IN A GREAT MOVIE THEATRE, *an audience of thousands—carried out of their everyday lives—look, and listen, to the drama pouring from a strip of photographic film about one inch wide (the section shown here is actual size). Everything is on this—not only the living, moving scenes of the story, but on the tiny "sound track" at the left, the sound: whispered words of love . . . a terrified scream . . . the nerve-shattering roar of a dive bomber . . . an enchanting voice crooning a lullaby. Film carries it all.*

Most Hollywood movies are on film made by Kodak

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Kodak's original production of transparent roll film, the key to motion pictures . . . specialized negative and positive films . . . the production of high-speed panchromatic materials . . . the modern color phase, now rapidly expanding . . . these are important scenes in the advance from "the flickers" to today's work of art, in which Kodak has played a leading role. And there is another . . . The success of "sound" pictures hinged on making the spoken words, or music, or "sound effects," a basic part of the picture. That is what you have today, because . . .

Sound, too, is pictured

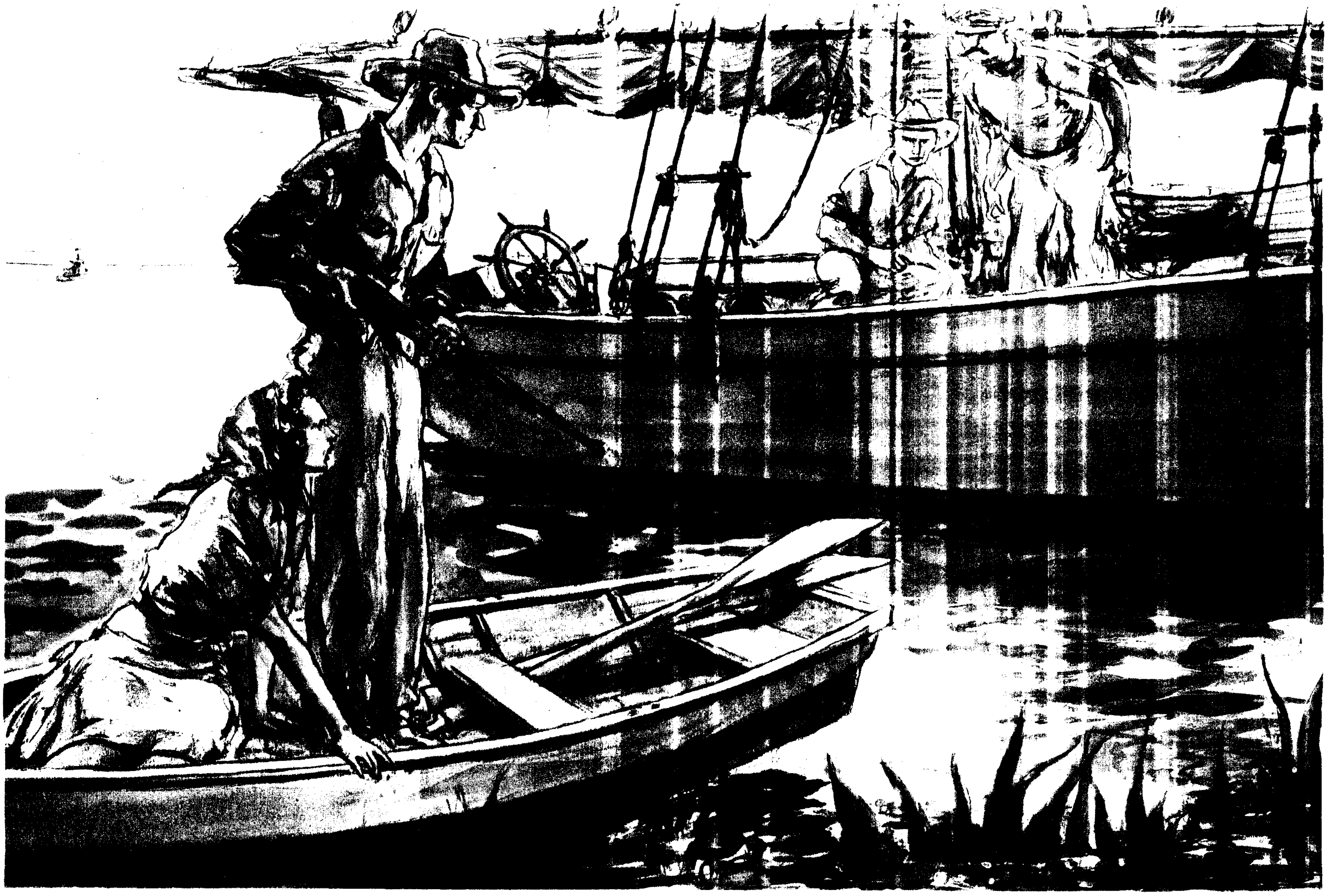
With special fine-grain emulsions, Kodak "sensitizes" film for sound recording. In effect, sound is changed into light, and this light is recorded on the film, simultaneously with the recording of the scenes. Lips move—a voice speaks. Yet the voice is also a "picture"—an effect of light on film. The voice changes from a whisper to an angry roar—each tone is a series of "light" pictures, different in quality.

As you sit in the theatre, the process is reversed—the "light pictures" on the sound track are changed back into sound . . . The "sound" newsreels are made in much the same way—those which bring the original sounds, not just the voice of a commentator.

Movies for everybody

For children, movies are education. For normal men and women they are the grandest form of entertainment, reaching almost everyone. For those distraught by worry or sorrow, they are wholesome escape. For our service men on ships or in distant camps, they are a little of everything that is needed to give a man a "lift". . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

SERVING HUMAN PROGRESS THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHY



"Open your yap again," Charlie told Big Joe, "and I'll give you the gad-dangedest case of lead poisoning you ever had"

The Pirate-in-Law

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

Charlie was a Texan who loved the sea and books about pirates. How should he know that naval things had changed? A resounding romance of Barataria Bay

CHARLIE SNODGRASS heard about the war on the Monday he put in to Bayou St. John with his little schooner, Dream of Joy; not much about the war but the fact that the United States was in it. He didn't talk about it, but during the two days in which he and Raoul Robichaux, his "crew," were unloading lumber, Charlie thought about it.

When they'd finished unloading, Charlie called Raoul to the cabin in the after-end of the boat. The cabin was small and tidy. The usable articles included a few cooking utensils, a gasoline stove, two bunks and an engine which supplied auxiliary power. Ornamentally, there was an old brass-barreled spyglass, a print of a forty-four-gun frigate, a .30-30 rifle, a drop-leaf plotting table and a shelf of books. The volumes included such titles as Treasure Island, Lafitte the Pirate, Captain Blood, The Adventures of Henry Morgan, and a ten-year-old nautical almanac. Reaching behind the books, Charlie took out a roll of carefully drawn plans and lifted the rifle from the rack.

"You clean and oil the rifle, Raoul," said Charlie. "I'm going down to the customhouse."

"Okay, Charlie," Raoul said. "We in trouble wit de customhouse, yes?"

"No. I've been thinking."

"Yeah, Charlie, I see you thinkin' since we come in New Orleans. Anybody owe fo' hunnert dollar to Big Joe Culuzzi got planty trouble. Me, I'm glad you ain't got customhouse trouble, too, me."

Charlie went to the office of the Coast Guard commander for the district and unrolled his papers. "Here's my boat," Charlie announced. "Forty-foot, two-masted schooner. She's underrigged. I freight lumber across Lake Pontchartrain. Now that we're in the war, I want letters of marque for the Gulf of Mexico. I'll have to borrow a piece of ordnance for my deck. I'm armed with only a .30-30."

The commander examined the plans Charlie had placed before him. "Looks like one of the old 1910 round-bottom naval tenders."

"She is," Charlie said. "I bought her all banged up, rebuilt her and put masts in."

"How in thunder do you make her sail?"

Charlie grinned slowly. "I put a four-by-twelve fin under her keel."

The commander handed the plans back. "What we will need," he said, "are fast, shallow-draft boats that can slip in and out of these marshy bays and bayous. The government hasn't issued letters of marque in more than a century, and if you ever got that tub out in the Gulf of Mexico in any kind of weather, she would pitch you over the moon."

"She's seaworthy."

"The boat would stand a sea," the commander admitted, "but a crew couldn't stand the boat. No, son, get back to your lumber freighting in that millpond."

Charlie returned to his boat. "Start the kicker, Raoul," he ordered, "while I cast off."

"We goin' someplace, hein, Charlie?"

"Back to Madisonville for a load of cypress."

Although Raoul had been crew with Charlie for nearly a year, he knew very little about the lanky skipper. He knew Charlie had come to New Orleans aboard a tramp snapper fisherman; had bought and built over the Dream of Joy and did a great deal of reading and thinking. Raoul was not enthusiastic about a sailboat. Many times he impatiently urged Charlie to start the engine. But working the lake on a lumber freighter enabled him to escape from Grand Isle, his native shrimping village. Raoul thoroughly hated shrimping.

Bit by bit the little Cajun was able to piece out a biography of his skipper and friend. Once, when they were lying becalmed in the middle of the lake, the sun blazing down, Raoul urged Charlie to, "Le's start de engine, Charlie, yes? Ain't no wind."

Charlie replied, "I was born under a windmill in Deaf Smith County, Texas."

Once when Charlie was shaping a piece of timber with an adz to repair a bulwark, he said, "They say my daddy was a pretty fair carpenter, but he learned to throw his voice and ran off with a carnival outfit as a ventriloquist."

Somewhat later when they were in their bunks waiting for a fog to lift so they could get into Manchac Pass, Charlie added, "So we moved to the Brazos

(Continued on page 48)

What have we got that they haven't got?

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Something to Take Across

Continued from page 14

of love into them—enough to last him through those days in some strange land, where life and death rubbed scuffed elbows, and the step from one to the other was a matter of small importance.

He passed several couples, hearing their low voices, seeing the single oblique shadows their bodies made in the starlight, and he wondered if Brownie thought about all the others as she thought about him. She had looked happy in the dining room, that is, forgetting the dark shadows under her eyes; but perhaps that was where she really belonged—secure in some safe, stiffly correct dining room, nursing her pet peeve against all men with a crowd of nice harmless people, the skinny young men and the skimpy-brained women who did nothing, and no one around like Mike Maloney to make her think about life and bring her breath up short in his shoulder when he kissed her good night and made her forget that she was grieving and thus could be human and fall in love again. And now it was all over.

How did the dreams dissolve into thin air? How could the fine things two people held dear between them disappear so suddenly? One day you were happy, the next you were miserable. But worse than that, why did he have to love a girl who refused to forget the past? He had stirred her deeply several times, but each time she had slipped back into her old routine; and finally, he had asked her to come down here with him and she had been offended, and before he could show her the ring and explain about his outfit leaving, she had told him not to bother about coming back. Maloney shook his head disgustedly and turned on the boardwalk, heading back for the hotel; it did no good to keep thinking about those things. That only made matters worse. He met a sergeant and returned the crisp salute with a slow smile, and the sergeant grinned back at him in the mellow gloom. When Maloney smiled it seemed that everyone had to smile with him; he was that way.

He walked along the midway with its bingo stands, dice games and shooting galleries, catching the sharp clack of bowling balls from the duckpin alley up ahead, and hearing above all these common sounds, the juke box inside the casino playing an old number revived by Harry James, something that went, "You made me love you . . . I didn't want to do it," and Maloney, going on up the walk toward the casino, thought bitterly, "You hit the right note there, Harry."

HE HAD five days and this was the second day, but he couldn't stay here at the same beach with Brownie, no matter if he had driven two hundred miles to be free for the last time. It was better to drive back to Fort Benning—maybe go on up the road to Atlanta.

He stepped into the casino and took a stool at the bar, watching the summer crowd drink and dance and play the two-bit dice game over in the corner under a green-shaded lamp; and running unforgettably across this moving pattern of life and noise was the same deep thought of Brownie. He downed his drink at a gulp, debating the possible value of getting tight as a means of forgetting her, but he knew this was no good. It was always worse after he sobered up. It might do him more good to dance if he could find someone willing and able.

A tall girl in a white dress came in and sat down on the stool beside Maloney. She had honey-colored hair that fell down to her shoulders, and a beautiful pair of legs. She scanned the crowd, the tables, and finally stared briefly at Maloney. "Scotch and water," she said to the bartender, and then under her breath so that only Maloney heard her, "Ah, what's the use!"

Maloney decided that misery must bring birds of a feather together, because this girl was no happier than he was. He chanced a few words, nothing original because he was too moody himself:

"Would you like to dance?"

She did not answer at once, but gave the room another critical search, more deliberate this time around, and Maloney catalogued her while she looked. Her clothes were good, her figure was straight from heaven, and her eyes were fresh and wide in the worried mask of a lovely face.

"Look," Maloney said, "if the guy does come in, I'm your cousin from Nebraska."

MALONEY'S grin was catching, for it made her mouth turn up just a little. Her voice was husky when she said, "All right, but I hope you can dance." She eyed the size of Maloney's glistening half boots.

"Paratroopers," Maloney answered solemnly, "are notoriously light on their feet, and how do I know you can dance? We both start from scratch, you know."

They went out on the floor and danced. Her eyes were almost level with Maloney's and her body was firm and amazingly light in his arms. And she could dance—how she could dance! After three numbers, Maloney wiped his face and surveyed her admiringly.

"The drinks are on me. You make me feel like a kid on stilts."

"Thanks," she said. "You aren't bad yourself—" She laughed up at him. "Well?"

"Mike."

"Sherry," said the tall girl, "and I'll take that drink, but the next round is on me."

Maloney caught her looking back at the whirling faces as he broke a path to the bar, and he watched her face cloud over with a hidden shower of regret. Over their drinks, elbows on the bar, he poked a thumb over his shoulder.

"Didn't come, did he?"

She drank and fished for the cherry, smiling bravely to hide the sudden quiver of her full lips. "No."

Maloney swirled the ice in his glass, regretting his words, and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, Sherry. I'm about as subtle as an elephant in a canebrake."

"Forget it," she said, eating the cherry and licking her fingers. She regarded him curiously. "How do you read my mind, Mike?"

Maloney waved his hands over his glass, weaving an unseen pattern. "Mystic Mike, that's me. Sees all, knows a little, cures nothing. Why don't you meet the guy halfway?"

"I'm over on his half now. How far should a girl lean—over backward?"

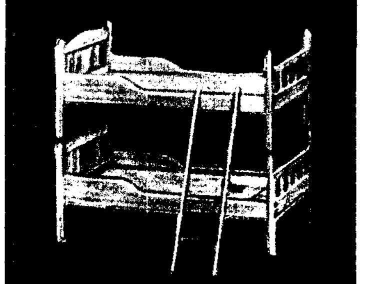
"Not quite that far," said Maloney. He grinned at her, his hot brown eyes steady and unblinking under sun-narrowed lids. "Better hunting," he said, waving his glass, and watched her face brighten under the warmness of his smile.

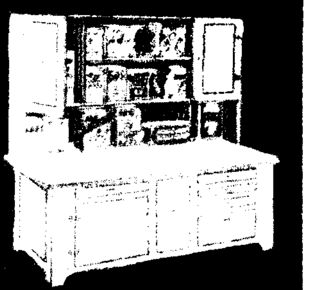
"Luck to you, Mike," she said.

"Thanks," Maloney said flatly, "but it's too late for that. I had it bad and she didn't believe me. Never again."

Sherry wheeled on her stool and put

Gifts FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY
MAR TOYS





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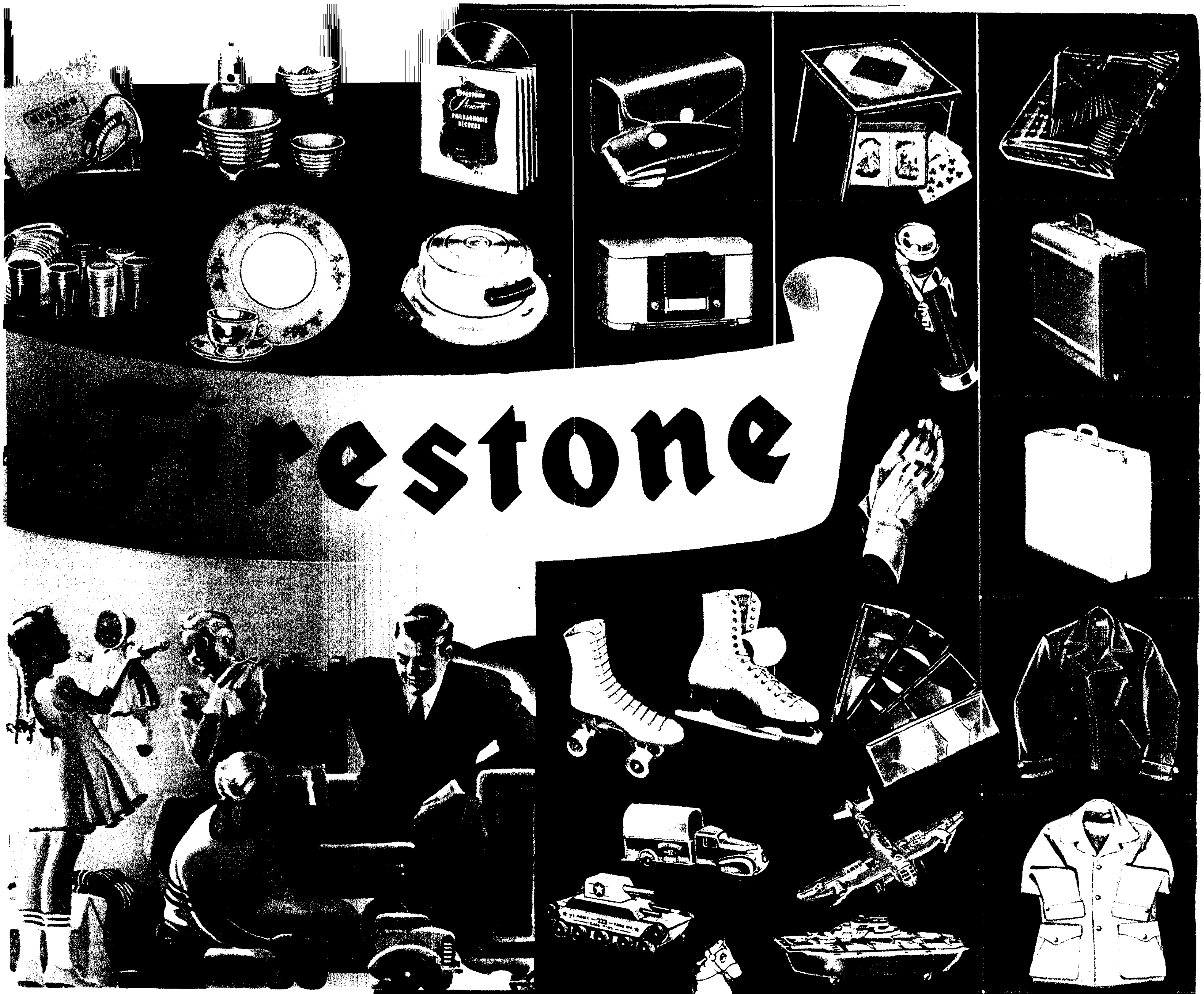

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her hand on his arm. "She must be crazy, Mike," she said. "What's the matter with you, if anything?"

"Plenty, but mostly I'm uncivilized; I've got a terrible temper. When I feel like socking 'em, I go ahead and sock."

"Listen, Mike, elaborate a little."

Maloney rubbed his nose absently. "Well, I asked her down here to spend these last five days with me. I'm leaving then with my outfit. She was insulted. She didn't let me finish. My intentions were honorable, even to the ring."

"So that was it."

"Not all of it. I got mad—I always do—and we said a lot of things."

"Mike, I like the common garden variety of men, but I love the bad-tempered ones." Her mouth, even in anger, was firm and full and had a sweet lift at the corners. She was a big girl, and a lovely one, and anger made her lovelier. She said, "Most of the time you bad-tempered guys are pretty grim, but when you smile I know that you mean it. Things that don't come very often mean a lot more to me, and you mean what you say, every time."

"Sherry," Maloney said, "that guy must be crazy. How could anyone miss the boat on you?"

"Is that a pass?" she said, her face a study in passiveness as the smile left her mouth.

"You know what I mean," Maloney said shortly.

VOICES grew louder as more people entered the casino, and Maloney looked around in the direction of the juke box. Brownie's crowd was clustered around the machine, pushing the buttons and selecting numbers, while Brownie stood in the center, pointing at the ones she wanted. Maloney took a deep breath and ordered two more drinks.

Sherry was watching him and she saw Maloney glance that way and meet Brownie's eyes. Brownie was staring full at him, her eyes angry and then flashing away. Maloney drained his glass fast and said, "Let's take a walk, Sherry."

They left the casino and strolled down the beach, silent for a long time, the only sound between them being the boom of the surf against the sand. Maloney knelt and took off her shoes and stockings, and she put one hand on his shoulder to balance herself. Maloney stuffed her stockings in her shoes and said, "You have nice legs, Sherry."

"Have you finally noticed them?"

Maloney stood up, holding the shoes, and shook his head. "Truthfully—no! I saw them the minute you hiked yourself up on that stool beside me."

She laughed and gave Maloney a little push, feeling good inside for the first time in weeks. They ran down to the water, feeling the hard sand grind between their toes, and both of them stopped, knee-deep in the cool water, and breathed deeply of the salt air. Maloney said, "What are you doing tomorrow, Sherry?"

"Nothing much."

"Let's take a swim. I was going back, but now I won't do it. I'll pick you up at ten."

"I'd love it, Mike."

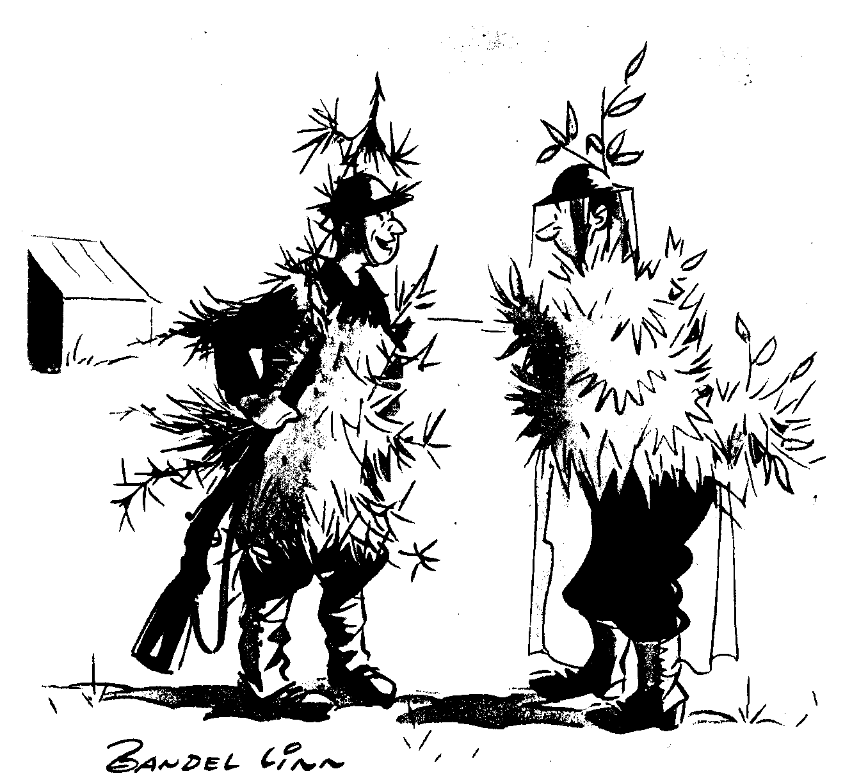
They ran back to the boardwalk and sat on the edge, dangling their legs while they slipped on their shoes. Halfway through his second boot, Maloney lit a cigarette, his face dark and sober in the brief red flare of the match. Then, suddenly, she said, "Cabin Eight. Good night, Mike," and left him. Maloney watched her stride rapidly down the boardwalk into the shimmering darkness of the lower beach. He held the lighted end of his cigarette over his watch; it was almost twelve.

All along the beach the cabins were lighted, radios were blaring, and voices drifted carelessly loud on the clear night air, mingling in a happy, foolish jumble of sound. Maloney decided that he needed some orange juice and walked over to the combination drugstore and grocery across the street. While he stood at the fountain drinking the orange juice, the skinny young man came in and ordered breakfast groceries. When he turned to go, his arms full of packages, he saw Maloney and nodded.

"Hi, there. You're Lieutenant Maloney, aren't you? Brownie said she knew you and I thought I'd seen you around Benning and Columbus. Paratrooper, aren't you? I'm Hubert Mason."

"Nice night," Maloney said evenly, and finished his orange juice. He started walking down the street toward his cabin, fast, but the skinny young man came trotting along beside him, his thin face peering over the packages.

"This is our cabin, Lieutenant," he said. "Come on in for a nightcap."



"I'm going home for the holidays. My folks want me to be the Christmas tree!"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

Maloney swallowed his antagonism and said, "Sorry, it's too late."

"Don't be like that," said Mason, getting behind him and pushing Maloney up the steps. "Look who I've found," he called loudly, pushing Maloney through the front door.

TWO of the girls were on the couch tuning a portable radio; the others were on the floor, shooting dice for quarters. Brownie was standing beside the table in a pair of green lounging pajamas. She was laughing, and then she turned and saw Maloney; it was then that the laughter deserted her face and her eyes grew black.

"You know Brownie," said the skinny young man, putting his groceries on the table. He waved an arm around the room. "Meet the crowd."

Maloney nodded his greeting, forgetting their names as quickly as they were introduced. One of them, the redheaded man, grinned up at Maloney and said tipsily, "Want in, Maloney? You can win a fortune."

"No thanks," Maloney said, cutting off the quiet, growing fury rising in his throat. "I won't be needing a fortune."

"On leave?" asked the redheaded man.

"Yes," Maloney said curtly.

Some shallow undercurrent of thought seemed to run across the room, and one of the girls said, "Let's go wading and call it a day." She caught the skinny young man by the arm and pulled him through the door, flashing a bright smile at Maloney as she passed him; and quite unexpectedly all of them were gone, their voices drifting back faintly and finally merging with the soft boom of the climbing surf. Maloney turned to go but Brownie went to the door and stood with her back against it.

"JUST a minute," she said, "I'd like to talk."

"About what?" Maloney said drily. "I'm sleepy." He lit a cigarette, grinning at her above the yellow flame of the match. It hurt her to see him grin, he knew. Above the flicker of the match, measuring the deep shadows under her eyes, he saw that she was tired and he knew she was spoiling for a good argument. This was how it had been between them toward the end, always with the ghost of the past as her weapon against his sincerity, until the last fight.

"On leave," she said scornfully, "and with a cheap blonde."

"My last five days," Maloney said wearily, not wanting to go on with this.

"Your last five days?" she said. "What do you mean? You didn't tell me that."

Maloney cleared his throat. "You didn't give me a chance to tell you much of anything. I'm moving out next week. We're going over."

She dropped her eyes and her face darkened. "Why did you come down here? You knew I'd be here, didn't you?"

That made Maloney mad, and his anger blazed into hot words: "I didn't know you'd be here, but I sure as hell would have given this place a wide berth if I had known."

"Well, we both can't stay here. I suggest—"

Maloney allowed his words to come out flatly, slapping her ears with their force. "You suggest," he said sarcastically, "that I leave! How about you taking off? This is my last freedom and I'm staying."

"Always the gentleman," Brownie said, her words stinging hot. Her eyes narrowed. "By the way, who is this latest girl?"

Maloney forced a grin to cover the emptiness in his stomach. "What do you care?" he said brutally. "She's uncivilized, she is like me, and you wouldn't understand that if I drew you a chart." He walked toward her and stopped, inches from her face, and he ceased to smile and his mouth thinned out and grew hard as all the things he had wanted to say welled up in his throat and demanded their liberty.

"Shut up," Maloney said softly, "and let me say a few words. Remember all the things I told you, about wearing that ring on your right hand and hating the rest of the world because someone did you dirt a long time ago. You wear that ring and you won't give me a chance; you say I don't mean it when I tell you how I feel. You're a coward, Brownie, and you know it. You sit here in the smug shell of pity and sorrow you've built around yourself, and you won't let anyone break it with something honest and clean. You've told me that you still love this other man. All right, if you do, why don't you go get him instead of playing the field and breaking my heart? And if you don't feel that way, throw that infernal ring away, so that whoever finally gets you won't be reminded of the past every time he holds your hand."

Maloney paused and threw his cigarette away. "There's no knowing if I'll ever see you again, but I want you to know this—I love you more than you deserve to be loved by anyone, and when I asked you to come down here, I did it because I loved you. Only five days, but I wanted you so badly, needed you so much, that I was willing and eager to take the leap. I even bought a ring. Well, I'll toss it in the gulf on the last day; it isn't good for much else."

He shouldered past her and walked to his cabin in silence, conscious only of the hurt that gnawed at his heart; it was a clear night but he did not see the stars.

SHERRY came out to meet him when Maloney pulled up before her cabin at ten. She was wearing a snow-white two-piece suit that caused Maloney to whistle and say cheerfully, "You shouldn't wear that and you know why."

She made a face and got in beside him. "Flatterer," she said, lighting a cigarette and passing it to him. "Where to, Mike?"

"Thanks," he said, inhaling deeply. "I'm tired of this place. Let's go where it's quiet and do some heavy resting."

"I need some peace and quiet," she said. "It'll take a big cut of that stuff to help me find my mistake."

"You mean, not finding him?"

"That's the whole thing, Mike. I don't have much time left—a day or so at the most—and then I'll have to go back on the job."

Maloney said, "Tell me about it," and drove west on the Pensacola Highway away from the cars and people and closely knitted rows of multicolored cabins.

Sherry slid down in the seat and closed her eyes, and Maloney said, "Here is a towel—that sun's hot." She put it over her face and said, "Thanks, Mike," and then, after a mile or two, suddenly, "We used to dance together. We were pretty good."

"The way I feel about this guy of yours," Maloney said, "I could crucify him, but I don't know all the facts."

"He isn't that bad. We grew up together back home in Pittsburgh, and won amateur contests, and then we had a little job, and then we started up the ladder. Then the draft came along and he wanted to marry me before they called him, but I wouldn't. I wanted to wait until he did

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his year; we were all blind back there a year ago. I can't explain it because I don't understand it myself. Anyway, he got mad and we split up."

"Go on," Maloney said.

"The war started and I discovered that being sure of anything in the future was an illusion. I want him. I want him if only for a few days. Someone told me he was down here waiting for his number to come up—it's due—and I thought he'd be at the Beach Hotel. We played a job here two years ago, just before we split up. I asked about him. He's here all right, but I haven't seen him, and I don't want to look for him. I'm too proud, I guess."

"Why don't you have someone bring him someplace, and then you just pop up?"

"I don't want it that way, Mike. It can't be a put-up job. No, we've just got to see each other around some night, and if he saw me and I saw him, we would both understand. Does that make any sense to you?"

"Enough," Maloney said. "What's his name?"

"Johnny O'Rourke. An Irishman, stubborn and unruly as you, Mike."

"Hummph!" Maloney grunted, secretly pleased. He passed a deserted stretch of beach and pulled off the road. They found a palm tree that offered some good moving shade with the sun, and they fell asleep for an hour or so until the sun sneaked around and warmed them awake. After that they swam and dunked each other and ran up and down the beach, having a good time, and then it was long past noon. Maloney went back to the car and returned with a big basket.

"Let's eat," he said. "I'm starved."

Sherry gave him a long look. "You think of a lot of little things for an uncivilized man, Mike."

AFTER the last bottle of beer and chicken leg, they lay back against the palm tree and rested. Maloney closed his eyes and sighed deeply, a big man in the throes of contentment, while Sherry turned over on her stomach and looked out across the gulf at the horizon, her eyes a little sad. Maloney sneaked a look once as she was going over the whole thing from beginning to end, and he sensed that she was beating herself to death over it.

Finally she sat up and slapped her hands together. "All right," she said, half to herself, "I'll stay tonight and tomorrow. I can do that, but it is my best and my last. I can always remember that—that I did my best."

"More than your best."

She leaned over on one elbow and smiled at Maloney. "You're a swell guy to have around, Mike. You know how I feel, don't you? She worked you over and left you on your back, too, didn't she?"

"I never had a chance, Sherry."

She shook her head. "Wrong there, Mike. I saw her last night in the casino when she looked at you. She wasn't enjoying herself, and she was jealous when she saw me with you."

"For a jealous woman she was having a good time and doing a good job of laughing."

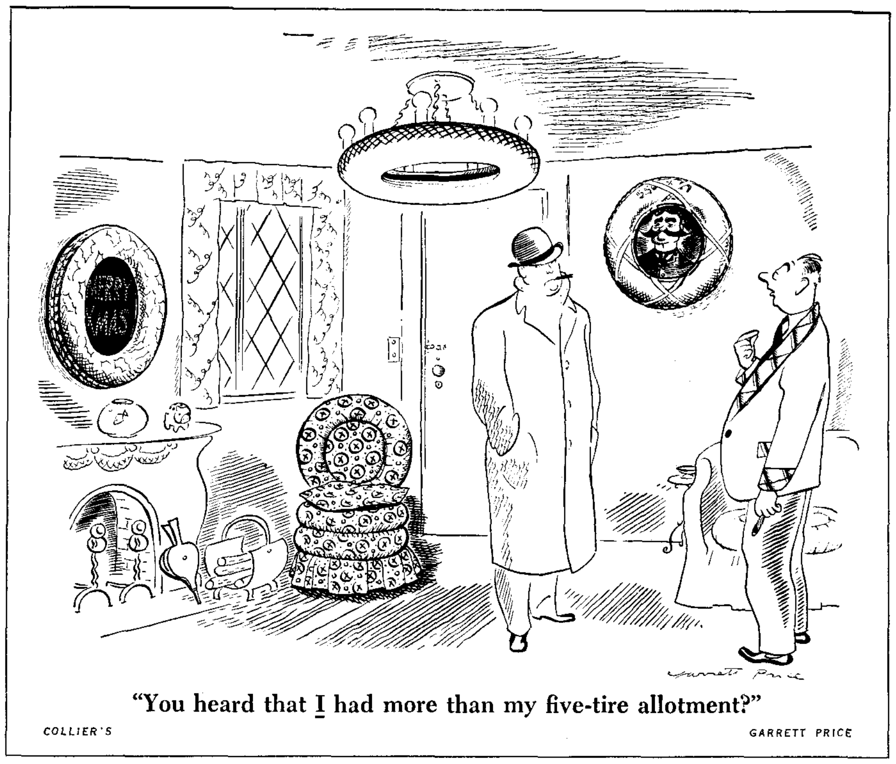
"But she quit suddenly when she saw us, Mike. It wasn't anything caught in her throat, or a run in her stocking, I can tell you that. She was mad enough to crown me with a bottle."

"Only she doesn't go in for that stuff."

"She was waiting for you to do something."

"Something uncivilized," Maloney said sourly. "Oh, no."

"I think," Sherry said, "that she could use a little rough stuff. And I'll tell you something else."



"You heard that I had more than my five-tire allotment?"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

"What?"

"She probably never knew how much you cared about her, and she wanted to find out."

"She knows," Maloney said, thinking of last night.

"Mike," Sherry said, "you stick to your guns. Don't let her or anyone like her change you. I saw her and I saw her crowd, and I saw how she was and also how she could be if she were away from them, and if she doesn't change she'll never be good enough for you. I know why she treats you like she does. She's afraid of your honesty, your ideas about life and love, like coming down here for the last few days you may ever have with her. Why, Mike, I'd go away with you for the rest of my life, and no questions asked, if I were that girl, and I've only known you two days. I'd go because I know a man like you loves just once; and until she sees it, she just isn't good enough."

Maloney sat up and looked at her flushed, angry face, at the sweet upward turn of her lips. "Thanks, Sherry," he said, and reached over and kissed her. He knew he shouldn't have, but he felt good about it. She smiled and he said, "I'm sorry, but I had to do it."

"So she gave that up," Sherry said, touching her mouth softly with a sandy forefinger. She turned her head and looked at the water, and Maloney knew she was thinking of the other man and the war, which was with them in their every move.

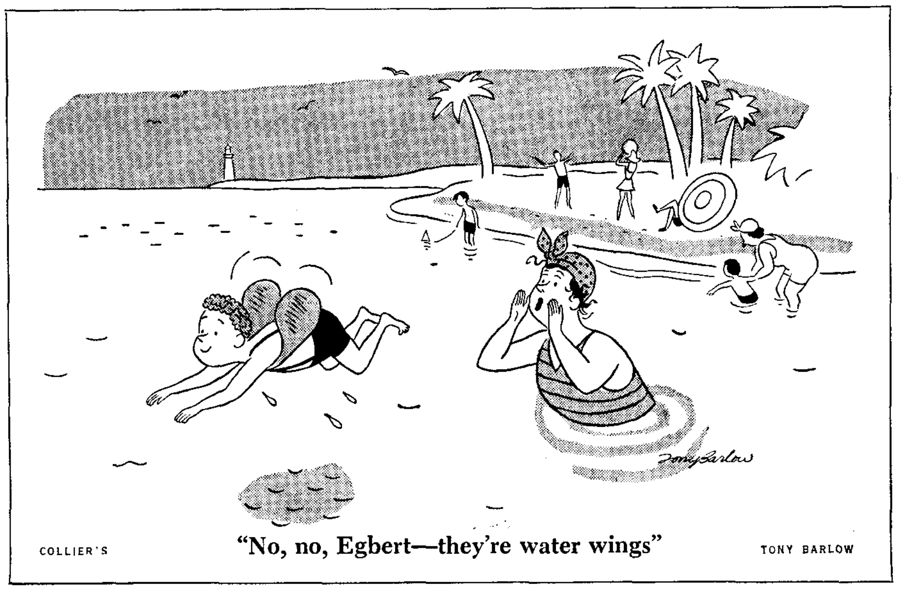
He got up and took her hand and they went back to the car and drove to the hotel. They were silent during the drive, and when they pulled in beside the hotel she said, "Stop here, Mike. I need some stuff." He stopped the car and when she got out she turned and smiled at him. "Thanks, Mike," she said, and went into the hotel.

BROWNIE and her friends were coming down the steps at this moment, all laughing and talking, their arms full of souvenirs. When she saw him she flushed and the freckles on her nose turned a golden brown against the hot color of her cheeks. She could be such a quiet girl and a gentle one if she wanted to be, Maloney thought bitterly. As he watched her, the smile faded and all the laughter and happiness went out of her, and Maloney felt sorry for her and for her stilted, mixed-up outlook on life.

He had an idea then and he walked past her and into the hotel. At the desk he asked about a Johnny O'Rourke and got the room number; it was upstairs in the hotel proper.

He went upstairs and found the room, and when he knocked on the door a deep voice called, "Come in."

Maloney went in and looked around. The room was mussed up and bottles were standing on the table. The fan was going and the shades were down. Johnny O'Rourke got up off the bed and grinned at Maloney. He was as tall but not as heavy as Maloney, and he had good eyes and thick black hair. He looked like a good boy, except that he had been hitting the bottle pretty heavy.



COLLIER'S "No, no, Egbert—they're water wings" TONY BARLOW

"Sorry," he said, "my number isn't up yet, but will you have a drink and then tell me why the hell you busted in here. I gave orders not to be disturbed."

"Never mind the drink," Maloney said. "My name is Maloney and I don't know you, but I've heard a lot about you. From a girl named Sherry."

"Yes," the boy said, and his eyes grew bright and round. "And what are you doing with my girl?"

Maloney smiled and shook his head. "Nothing except trying to help a couple of stubborn young fools get together. Look, she's down here and she wants you, but you won't come out and she won't come in. She's too proud. Tonight you go down to the casino bar and stay on a stool. She'll be in. And listen, if you love this girl you be there. Understand?"

The boy sat down on the bed and ran his hands through his hair. He looked up and Maloney saw the clear light of happiness shining in his face. He said, "I'll be there. And thanks, Maloney. I don't know why you've done this, or how I can thank you, but—"

"Skip it," Maloney said gruffly.

He went downstairs and called Cabin Eight on the house phone, and when Sherry answered he said, "This is Mike. Meet me in the bar for a drink after dinner tonight." She hesitated a moment and then said, "All right, Mike, I'll see you."

Maloney went to his cabin and got a fresh towel, feeling a little silly over the whole thing. He ran down to the water and swam far out beyond the last safety rope and then allowed the waves to bring him in, tired and cold and hungry. He stretched out on the sand and stayed in the sun until it was time to leave the beach—the new safety limit was seven o'clock; and all this time he thought of Brownie and of the minutes flying by. He had to face it: swimming, running, even kissing another girl, she was always in his mind, deep in his heart. He fought himself all the way to his cabin and through a shower; and he could not lose the dull, empty ache of her while dressing and on the way to dinner.

HE WAS starting on his dessert when they came in and sat down at the next table, and he knew he would have felt her presence had she entered the room behind him. He left his dessert half finished and went out to the lobby and bought the evening paper. He found the chair beside the fan and read the paper all the way through, not seeing the words his eyes read; and finally he said, "All right, so you're licked, Mike," and threw the paper on the floor and went outside.

He took his time walking over to the casino, and when he looked in he kept back away from the door. Sherry would be in there, drinking and thinking, and he hoped someone else would come along and make things happen. He had just about decided he'd better go in and see her when Johnny O'Rourke brushed past him and went inside, and then Maloney felt so good he could have shouted with joy. He walked away and shot a rifle at a string of moving ducks for fifteen minutes, and right in the middle of the string of shots he looked around and saw Sherry and O'Rourke walk by, and Maloney saw how soft and full of hope her face was, and he dropped the rifle and walked away.

He went to the desk and said, "I'm checking out," and paid his bill, seeing no one, hearing nothing and caring

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*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS less. Walking to the cabin he thought, "You win, Brownie."

He was tired all over with the pain that comes from thought and worry. He packed his bags and carried them out to the car, and then he went back to check over and make sure he had everything. When he came back into the living room she was standing beside the door. Maloney was surprised and he wondered why she had come here, but he was glad she had because he wanted to say goodby. He was licked and he knew it, but he had wanted to see her once more.

"You win," he said. "I'll give you the beach and get out. I guess we won't see each other again, so I'll say goodby."

"Thank you," she said, "for thinking about my feelings."

She had twitted him before about being considerate when he had known he wasn't, and this was rubbing salt in an open wound. He slammed the door behind him and the walls shook, and the blood in his head started running hot, as it always did when he got mad.

"Brownie," he said, "don't you know when to quit? Don't you know it hurts?"

"You aren't very smart, are you, Mike?" she said.

Maloney lit a cigarette to hide the quivering of his lips. Dragging deep, he exhaled and said, "No, I guess I'm not. It is finished between us because you wanted it that way, and now I'm getting out, but I still love you, and I mean all the way."

She took a small step forward until her head was directly under the light, and he saw the doubt on her face change to a wondering regret. "No," she said, "all you ever did was laugh."

"A laugh can hide a lot of things."

"But if you had only been more understanding for a few minutes," she said. "You laughed at me because I couldn't forget the past."

"And I'm still laughing at you," Maloney said doggedly, "and that's the way I stay. You are a fool and you know it."

"Very well, Mike," she said. "Very well."

"Very well," Maloney repeated, breathing deeply. "So we are all washed up. You'll never see me again, so go on back to Georgia and pick out some nice safe draft-exempt gentleman and marry him and be very happy in your smug, bored, civilized way. I guess—"

SOMEONE knocked on the front door, and then the skinny young man came in, his sallow face screwed up in a worried mask, something like the wrinkled expression of a small chow dog. "I heard you talking, Brownie," he said, "and I thought you might need me. If this gentleman is bothering you, I will be glad to assist you."

"Thank you, Hubert," Brownie said. "It isn't that bad."

"Get out," Maloney said quietly.

"Oh," said the skinny young man, "don't you talk to me that way. Now see here—" He took a step forward and shook his finger. "You apologize at once," he said petulantly.

Maloney felt himself going and he knew she would hate him for it, but he couldn't stand this. He reached out and grabbed the skinny young man and pulled him forward until their faces almost touched. Maloney was mad, so mad his face turned white under the thick tan. His eyes were black and his mouth barely moved when he said softly, "If ever you see me again, you get out of my way or I'll half kill you and wish I could do more." Then, taking a good grip on seat and shoulders, he threw the skinny young man through the screen door into the street. Half to himself he said, "Apologize to that little—"

"Mike," Brownie said, and then he remembered her.

"Well," he said, still angry, "what do you want?"

"Are you leaving, Mike?"

"Yes," Maloney said slowly, exaggerating the words, "I'm leaving. Now will you please collect that thing on the way out and quit tearing my heart up in little pieces."

"Mike," Brownie said, "this is the first time I was ever certain about how you feel."

"Cut the talking in circles," Maloney said. "We've got no more to say."

The worry and bitterness and tiredness had left her face; it was like a door being opened into a gloomy room to let the sun shine in. She said, "I wondered if you really loved me, Mike, and I guess I was afraid to believe you. I was afraid to believe anybody for so long." She held out her right hand and he looked down and saw that the engagement ring was gone. "I threw it away, Mike, into the gulf. I couldn't wear it, not after you talked to me last night. I thought you were fooling a week ago. I thought you just wanted me down here for— Ah, Mike, why didn't I let you tell me then that you weren't fooling? I know you aren't now. It may be too late to say this, but I love you, Mike."

Maloney drew a deep breath and searched for words he could not find. Finally he said, "This is crazy, this isn't right, and I shouldn't ask for it, but will you marry me right now? We've got three days and then I'll have to go, but I love you and I want you. And who wants to be logical right now?"

He saw her eyes widen and grow wet as she allowed him to come into her heart and stay. She said, "I will, Mike, and I'll never be as I was before."

"The hell you won't," Maloney said heavily, and took her in his arms. But he smiled and his face smoothed out as though ironed from within by some pleasant memory. She was slender and shaking in his arms, and he kissed her once, long and hard, and the kiss healed everything and brought them together as it had been those few times in the past. Maloney knew he would never feel lonely again, and it was a wonderful feeling to have in his heart.

He was standing there, holding her close, thinking and wondering where he could find a minister, when she stepped back and looked up at him. "Mike," she said, "tell me just one thing. Where did you find that blond girl I saw you with?"

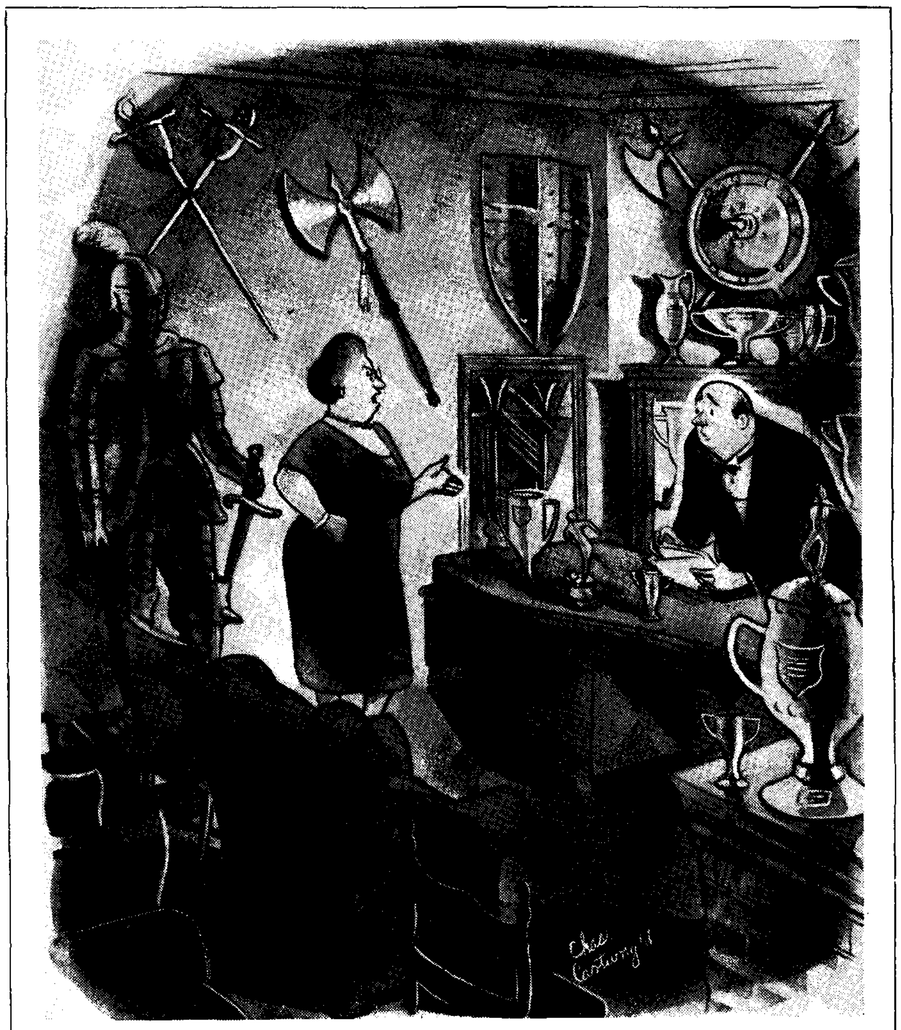
MALONEY did not hesitate; he pulled her back in the shelter of his arms and turned her chin up. "Look," he said, "I'm trying to decide where we'll be married within the next half-hour, because I can't stand this much longer, and you want to argue about something I can't remember. Shut up!"

"Yes, Mike," she said, and leaned her head against his chest, hiding the quick, sudden tears of happiness that filled her eyes. "Think hard, Mike, will you? I can't stay like this all night either."

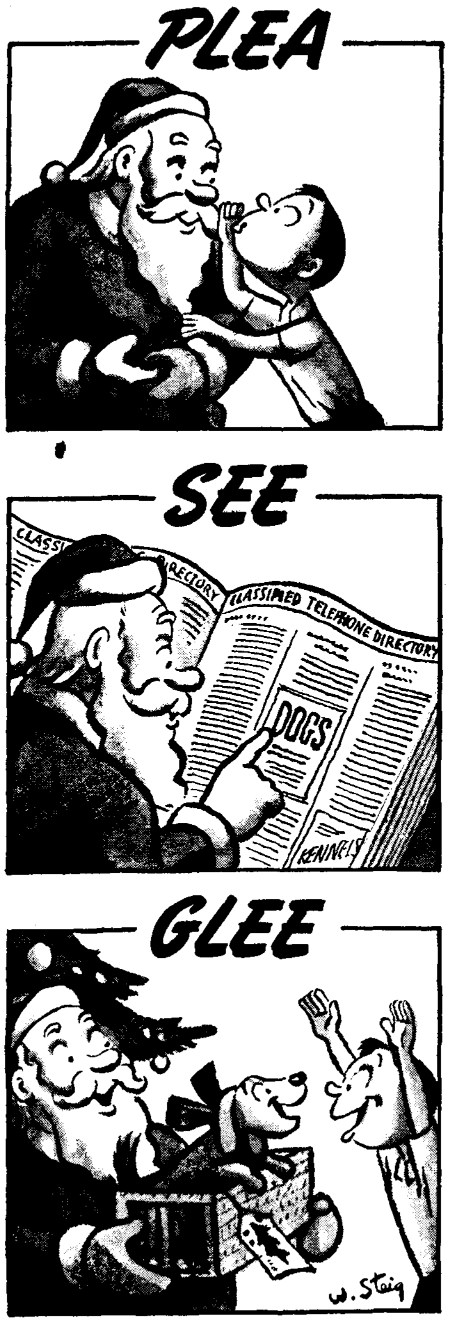
"You won't," Maloney said, picking her up suddenly and carrying her out across the threshold. He grinned at some thought as he put her in the car. "Come to think of it," he said, "I did that backward, that carrying business. But the minister won't mind. We've done a lot of things backward, you and Maloney, but we finally found the right road. And listen, you"—he leaned over her, suddenly serious—"remember this three days from now. I'll never forget you and I'll never lose you again. Now let's go find that minister."

The night was the same as last night; but on this night, driving, her head on his shoulder, Maloney could see the stars. They were bright.

THE END


"You're just asking for it, having your salvage committee meeting in here!"

COLLIER'S CHAS. CARTWRIGHT



MORAL: *Solve your gift problems at Yuletide with the Classified.*

This season many of the useful gifts you may be thinking about will be "hard to find."

That's why the Classified section of your Telephone Directory will be more helpful than ever. It lists the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of your local tradespeople according to products and services.

Before you go shopping look in the Classified for the things you want. Save time, tires and gas. And use the Classified the year around, too!

Make the Classified your buying guide
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BELL SYSTEM
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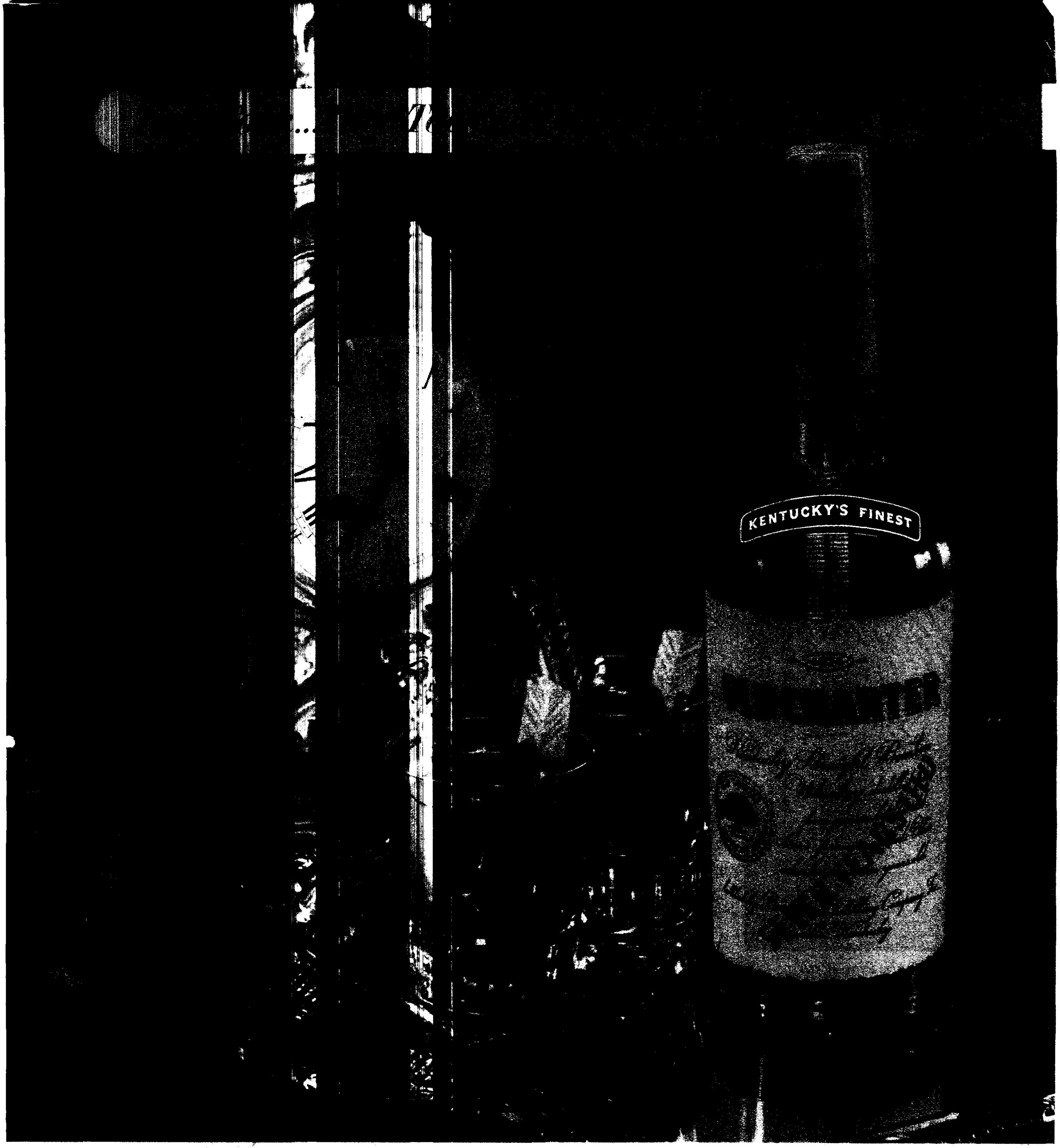


SOME DAY a drink will be put in your hand, and you'll take a sip . . . and pause in your talk while you take another, thoughtfully. And then you'll ask a question and the answer will be "That? . . . *That's Old Charter!*" And *you* will have made a friend for life . . . *For when we started with whiskey this noble by nature, then waited seven years while Time made it mellow and ripe . . . we were bound to wind up, as we have in Old Charter, with a whiskey that would get asked about . . . and remembered!*

THIS WHISKEY IS 7 YEARS OLD, 90 PROOF • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

This Christmas Give

OLD CHARTER

OLD CHARTER
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
7 Years Old

A SUPERB AMERICAN
WHISKEY MATURED TO
7-YEAR PERFECTION

The Pirate-in-Law

Continued from page 38

River country to live with my grandpop."

"Yeah," Raoul said politely. "Den what you do?"

"Me and my uncle built a boat," Charlie said. "Grandpop must have been a better joiner than a designer, but we figured she was good enough to make the snapper banks if we could get enough money to provision her with ice and grub."

"She was good for snapper, yes?" asked Raoul.

"No. Too thin at the bow to rise to a sea and not enough run. She went down with all hands on her first trip to the banks."

Raoul laughed. "So you and you uncle drown, hein, Charlie?"

"No," Charlie said solemnly. "Me and my uncle gathered a cargo of cattle bones in the marshes of the Bernard River and sailed them to Galveston. We sold the bones to a fertilizer company for enough money to provision with, but my uncle got drunk and spent the money and sold the boat to a Greek. My uncle spent that money and shipped out as crew for the Greek. He got drowned. I went to school."

"She good you don't get drown, Charlie, fo' true," Raoul laughed. "My Eyetalian brud'n-in-law, he get drown. He sell eight bar'l shrimp in de market one time. So he get drunk and fall off de boat. Ooh, I bet he have planty money when he get drown, too. Eight bar'l shrimp, is some shrimp, I bet me, yes!"

"Did they ever find the body?" Charlie asked.

"Yeah. Dem Eye-talian at De la Croix find him. Float right back home, already. But when my sister she went to get de body she find a Eye-talian woman. He have two wife, my Eye-talian brud'n-law, dat son of a gun, him!"

Charlie blinked. "What did your sister do?"

"Who, her? My sister, she come home and try to find another husband. Say, Charlie, why'n you marry my sister, hein, Charlie? She fine girl. I bet you she marry you quick!"

Charlie's Adam's apple bobbed rapidly. "What's her name?"

"Mary," said Raoul. "She fine girl. She make you fine wife. What you say, hein, brud'n-law?"

A FEW weeks later, when a bad nor'-wester began to build over the lake, Charlie tied his boat up the bayou. "Let's go to Grand Isle, Raoul," he suggested.

"You goin' to court my sister, yes?" asked Raoul.

"Might," said Charlie. "But mainly I want to get a look at the stamping grounds of the pirates. I might change my plans and live down there if all things turn out right."

Skipper and crew caught a bus and rode a hundred miles along the bayous and through the marshes of south Louisiana. The island itself pleased Charlie. Scarcely more than a sandspit tossed out of the gulf by the seasonal hurricanes, a clump of low, gnarled live oak in the center shielded the cottages of the native fishermen. In the lee of the island spread the wide shallow bays of Barataria and Camanada, through which the shrimpers drag their little nets. And in the narrow pass between island and mainland were the shadows of the old pirate ships of Almonte, Dominique You and Jean Lafitte. Charlie absorbed it all with a silent surge of emotion.

"Me, I swear I never smell shrimp no mo'," Raoul greeted his sister. "But Charlie, he come down to look at you. He might marry you, hein, brud'n-law?"

"Me, I'm particular who I marry, me," Mary declared with spirit. "Come in and shut de screen before de mosquito get in de house."

Charlie silently observed the "lines" of the little bayou maid. Big, flashing black eyes, trim bodied and shipshape, Mary appealed to him on sight.

"Charlie he don't do much talkin', him," Raoul explained. "But he do a lot of thinkin' wit his head, hein, Charlie? All time he thinkin' wit his head, him."

Charlie cleared his throat. He was embarrassed at the directness with which he had been thrust into a courtship which, after all, was none of his doing. "Well, the way things are," he said in his slow Texan way, "I don't know if I can afford a wife and a boat, too. I had to borrow some money from Big Joe Culuzzi to finish my boat."

"Dat's bad to be in debt to Big Joe, dat dirty crook," Mary said.

"And what with one thing and another, unless I can change my plans considerably," Charlie ended vaguely.

Mary looked long at Charlie. A tall blond man was a novelty in her fishing village where Latin blood predominated. "I don't cost nothin', to keep, me," she told Charlie. "I can pick shrimp good as any man on de bayou, me. Ain't no man got to support me for nothin'."

Charlie swallowed. "I don't trawl for shrimp. I freight lumber on Lake Pontchartrain."

"Me, I don't know about lumber," Mary Robichaux said.

Charlie spent several days walking about the island and questioning the fishermen about their boats. He made Raoul go along on a shrimp-trawling expedition on Papa Robichaux' boat, Miss America. He was not much impressed with the boats, which were scarcely more than flat-bottom skiffs with worn-out automobile engines, and he shared Raoul's dislike for shrimp. But he learned there was some repair work he could do for pay, and that by dividing the revenue from a single day's trawling between the boat, Raoul and himself, he had netted six dollars for a disagreeable but not too hard day's work. Knowing boats, Charlie could understand why the people trawled only in good weather with the type of boat used. And knowing fisher folk, he saw why they trawled in good weather only when the need for money was urgent.

WHEN he was ready to return to the city, Charlie said to Mary, "If you ever get up to New Orleans, I'll give you a ride on a sailboat."

"Me, I don't go much to New Orleans," Mary said, "and I ain't never been on a sailboat."

On their way back to the city, Charlie confided to Raoul: "I like your sister. If I didn't owe Big Joe four hundred dollars at fifteen per cent and if the Dream of Joy was as comfortable as she is worthy in a sea way and if there wasn't a war going on, I'd marry her and take her snapper fishing. Might do it anyway, in three-four years, if I can pay off Big Joe and the war stops and I can sell my boat for enough to build a real seagoing snapper schooner. Yep, I might."

"Ooh, Charlie, dat's a long time, hein? We waitin' three year to marry my sister. What people say about me wit a sister like Mary dat ain't married? People ain't goin' to talk nice about me, no."

Charlie rode in silence for a long time. He was, Raoul knew, thinking with his head. Presently Charlie muttered, "No market."

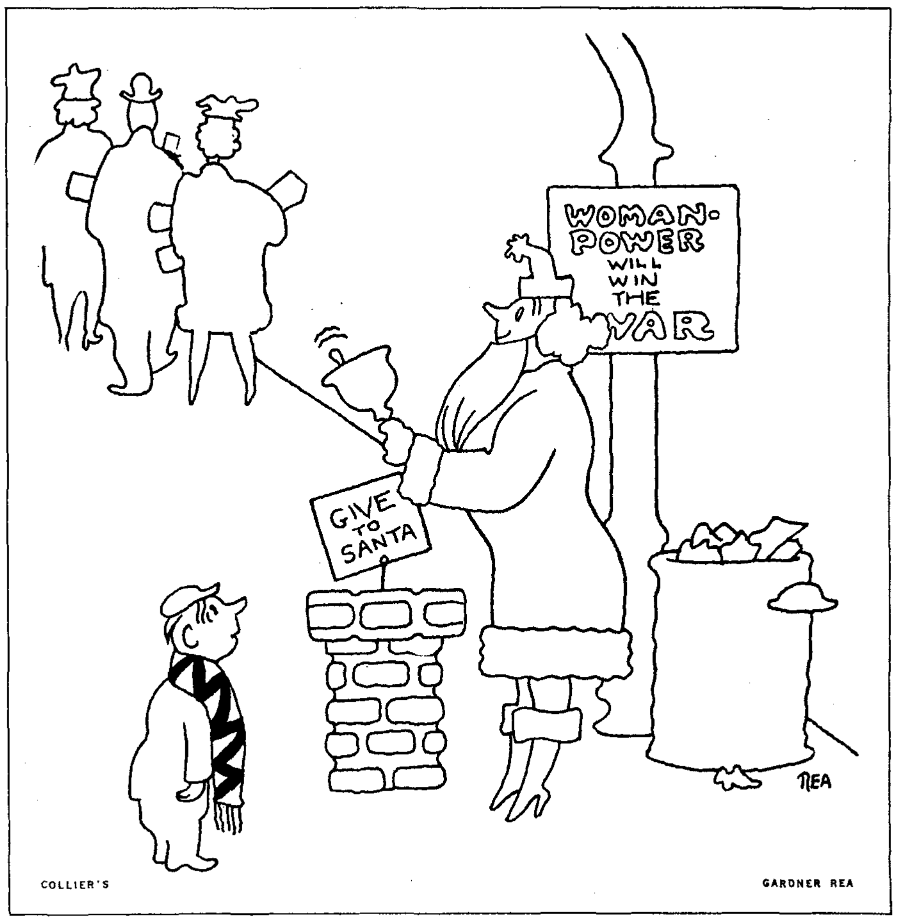
"For what?" asked Raoul.

"The Dream of Joy," Charlie said.

"You thinkin' you sell de boat?"

"Under consideration," said Charlie, "but she's too deep and too big for inland, and too little and light for outside." He sank back into silence.

But when they returned to the boat, they had a surprise waiting. Big Joe



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ROYAL DUKE'S NEW "Virgin"
IMPORTED BRIAR $3.50
Reveals all the beauty of the natural grain
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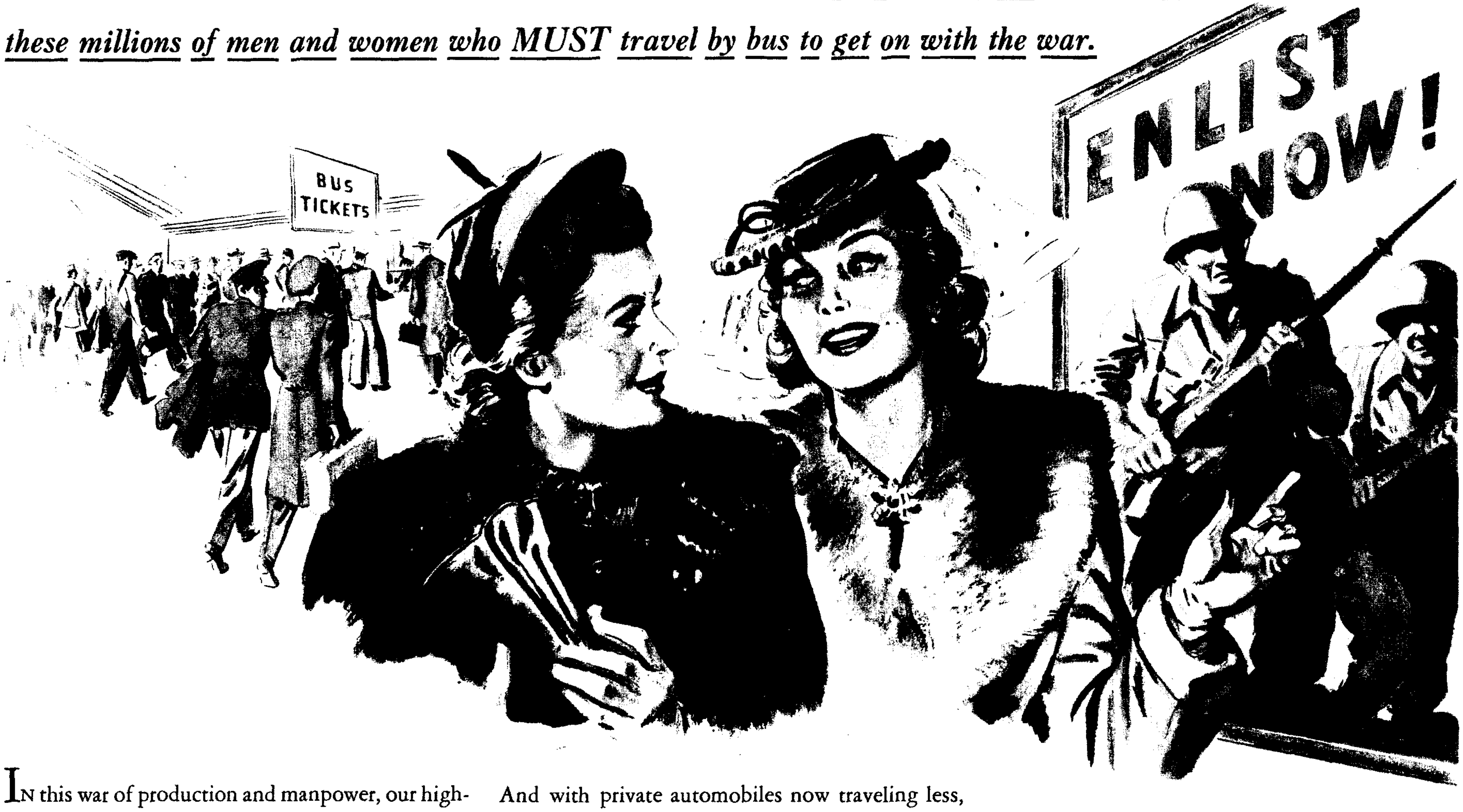
Every Royal Duke Pipe is equipped with a PUR-O-MATIC bit, specially designed to trap impurities. It combines a filter and exclusive condensation chamber that cools, dries and cleans the smoke. As a result, Royal Duke Pipes smoke 23% cooler, 17% drier, with 238 milligrams *nicotine* and tarry residue per pipeful removed. On sale at best counters —or remit to Continental Briar Pipe Co., Inc., York and Adams Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Maybe we can't carry rifles—*but we can help win the Battle of Transportation*"

Making available equipment meet the demands of wartime travel . . . that's the Battle of Transportation! And today this battle is critical—urgent. With present facilities already taxed to near-capacity, intercity bus lines must carry additional millions of essential travelers who will be in industry or uniform in 1943. This means that every loyal American has one more patriotic job to do—eliminate all unnecessary trips—make room for these millions of men and women who MUST travel by bus to get on with the war.



In this war of production and manpower, our highways must continue to "bring up the men"! And that's the job of the intercity bus lines—carrying war workers, soldiers, sailors and marines, selectees, farmers—an ever-growing number of *all* the people who must move back and forth to win the war.

Specializing in transporting manpower, intercity buses are carrying passengers at the incredible rate of 750 million per year. And millions of these can travel in no other way. For buses provide irreplaceable transportation to all of our factories, camps, farms and homes *along more than 330,000 miles of highway*. Thousands of communities, in all parts of America, have no other means of public travel! And with private automobiles now traveling less, due to wartime restrictions, there are more and more essential travelers who must "take the bus."

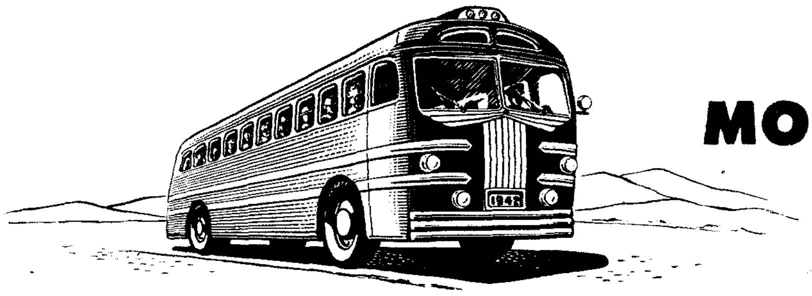
This growing job for intercity buses cannot be shared by any other transportation. It's a job that must be done on the *highways*—a job that calls for flexibility of movement—the ability to go anywhere, anytime, over any route—*a job that only buses can do!*

And though carrying capacity has been greatly reduced by lower speed limits, by tire rationing, and by shortage of equipment, the bus lines are making every conceivable effort to key their service to the job. Many changes have been made, but bus travel still offers *all the comfort and convenience that possibly can be mustered under wartime regulations.*

The Battle of Transportation *must be won!* And your help is vitally important. Avoid holiday and week-end travel — eliminate all unnecessary trips . . . by doing so, you'll help *keep the highways at work for victory!*

* * * *

ADOPT THIS FOUR-POINT VICTORY PROGRAM NOW!
1. Buy War Bonds. 2. Take part in Civilian Defense. 3. Keep the scrap rolling in. 4. Don't waste transportation!



MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Toast to Our Boys

. . . *wherever they are*

Let's drink a toast to the widening host—
Of Americans serving the nation—
To those millions of lads (and their brothers and dads)
Who are saving our civilization.
To the men from the mills and the farms and the hills
And the cities and mountains and plains—
To the workers and miners and airplane designers,
And crews on the ships and the trains.
Wherever they are—be it near, be it far,
On the land, in the air, on the sea—
With a stoutness of heart they are doing their part
To keep this—"the land of the free."
So good luck and God speed them—may nothing impede them
Nor make them delay nor digress—
May Christmastime find them with power behind them
To roll up a final success.

Seagram-Distillers Corp., Chrysler Building, New York

Only the Finest is Fine Enough For Christmas

Seagram's
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and delicate flavor—smooth and mellow
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA
Seagram's
SEVEN 7 CROWN
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY
A whiskey of distinctive character smooth, rich, full-flavored without a trace of heaviness
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC.
LAWRENCEBURG, IND.
Ancient Bottle
Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
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V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY

A favorite Christmas gift in the famous Host bottle, Seagram's 5 Crown is lighter, finer, better-tasting because Seagram keeps the toughness out, blends extra pleasure in. The perfect whiskey for highball, Manhattan, or Old Fashioned. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY

Seagram's finest American offering . . . rich and robust—yet without a trace of heaviness! Most pleasing to the palate—least taxing to the taste. A magnificent whiskey. Makes a delicious highball, Christmas eggnog, or punch. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN

This Naturally Golden Gin is made by a slow, secret process that makes it extra mellow, extra smooth . . . mild as a vintage sauterne . . . and gives it a taste so pleasant you can even enjoy this exquisite gin straight! Distilled from Grain. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY

Canadian whisky at its glorious best . . . for those at the top of your gift list . . . for all your holiday guests. Graciously mellowed by Men Who Think of Tomorrow—so you may enjoy "the world's lightest highball". A blend of Rare Selected Whiskies. Six Years Old. 86.8 Proof.

Say Seagram's and be

Culuzzi was pacing up and down the deck of the Dream of Joy. As usual, Big Joe knew what he wanted. "How much stuff can dis tub haul?" Big Joe asked without preliminaries.

"She's rated at six tons," Charlie told him.

"What kind engine you got in her?"

"Two-cylinder, two-cycle; rated at eight horse at a thousand, but she won't do better'n seven hundred," Charlie said. "Why?"

"Look, Charlie," Big Joe spoke swiftly. "I got a eighty-five-horse job I sell you cheap on credit."

"Wouldn't have it as a gift," Charlie said. "Don't like engines much anyway. Wouldn't have my little eight-horse aboard, only I can't tack up and down the bayous."

Big Joe wasn't used to having people refuse him. "Look, you," he said now. "I own a piece of dis boat and if I want a eighty-five in her, I put it in, see?"

"I'll be gad-danged if you will," Charlie said with some heat. "I pay interest and cut principal on the dot and you don't own even a little piece of this boat."

"I'm goin' to put dat engine in," Big Joe said firmly.

"If I look at you through the sights of my .30-30," Charlie suggested quietly, "you'll change your mind about what you'll do with my boat."

"Yeah, yeah, Charlie," said Big Joe, changing tactics. "I'm big man, do big things all time and I talk fast. I got big job for you wid dat big engine."

"I got a job that suits me," Charlie said.

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Freight lumber for nothin' and starvin' to death. I got big quick money for you. I like you, see? So me and you go in business, Charlie."

"Doing what?"

"Freighting groceries."

"The luggers freight all the groceries they need in the marshes," Charlie reminded him.

"Yeah, yeah, but they got to keep to the bayous," Big Joe explained, "and we might want to get outside. And me and you got the only boat can get out. Maybe out the Rigolets and through Borgne and around the sound, see?"

CHARLIE said no. Big Joe knew he meant it. "Look, Charlie, you want to sell dis boat?" Big Joe said, coming to a swift decision.

"Might. What'll you give me?"

"Me, I do business quick," Big Joe took a fat roll of bills from his pocket. "What you take, cash?"

Charlie had always disliked Big Joe, and the present vulgar display of money didn't change Charlie's feelings. He decided to put the price so high Big Joe would have to backtrack. "A thousand dollars, cash on the barrelhead."

Big Joe began to count money. "You owe me four hundred," he said. "Here's six. Now, get your stuff off my boat."

"No hurry," Charlie reminded him. "It takes a few days. You have to go to the customhouse and have the registry changed—"

"Yeah, yeah, Charlie," Big Joe interrupted. "I know how to buy boats. Here's six hundred. Get your stuff off and beat it so I can start gettin' dat engine in."

When Charlie and Raoul, carrying their personal belongings, were once more on their way to Grand Isle, Raoul suddenly burst into laughter. "You smart, Charlie, yes!" he exclaimed. "I feel sorry because you owe money to Big Joe, and all time you thinkin' in you head how you fix him, hein, Charlie? T'ousand dollar for dat old boat. You done him one fo' true, hein, brud'n-law? Maybe you build snapper boat, yes?"

"Feel around in there good—there oughta be another one!"

COLLIER'S ED GRAHAM

Charlie studied it over. "I calculate it'll take considerably more than that."

At Golden Meadow they got off the bus. Charlie went to the bank and deposited the six hundred dollars.

"Son of a gun!" Raoul exclaimed. "Got money in de bank, hein, brud'n-law?"

Charlie and Raoul, on Grand Isle, set up residence in an abandoned oyster camp that stood on ten-foot pilings. Charlie established himself and spent a day soliciting repair jobs on the fishermen's boats. Another day, he and Raoul trawled on Papa Robichaux' Miss America.

HAVING insured a living for himself, over and above his bank account, he conducted Mary Robichaux to the wave-swept beach on an evening when the tropical moonlight was playing tricks with the surf.

"Raoul thinks we ought to get married," Charlie said in his slow drawl. "Now that I've got things twisted around so I can afford it, I think maybe he's right. What do you say?"

"Charlie, you all right," Mary said. "Me, I like you. But, Charlie, you ain't got no boat. Me, I wouldn't marry a man wit no boat. You go and sell your boat, Charlie."

"I've got the money in the bank."

"True enough," Mary admitted, and added: "But you can't tie money up at de wharf for people to see like a boat, yes? Whyn' you buy you a boat, hein, Charlie?"

"I'm going to build a boat," Charlie told her. "A big real seagoing snapper schooner. It will take a couple of years and more than that six hundred dollars—"

"Ooh, Charlie," Mary put in, "you ain't goin' in debt wit Big Joe, dat dirty crook, hein, Charlie?"

"Nope."

"Me, I'm glad. I married a Eye-talian one time, but he got another wife. Me, I don't know dat until he get drown. People say a girl must be hard up for marrying when she got to marry a man dat already got a wife. Me, I don't like dat."

"Doesn't sound good," said Charlie consolingly, "but I know how it was."

"And now, if I marry wit a man ain't got no boat, but people goin' to talk, fo' true."

Charlie swallowed with emotion. "I never knew a boat could be so important to a woman. It makes me love you all the more."

"Me, I love you too," Mary said. "So I think about marrying you and you think about buyin' a boat, hein, Charlie?"

Charlie and Raoul quickly adapted themselves to the life of the island. Raoul made cast nets and repaired snagged trawl seines. Charlie spent long days bent over his drawing board, making lines he hoped some day to translate into a snapper schooner. He occasionally relaxed with his telescope, studying the buoys and landmarks.

One day, Charlie turned excitedly to Raoul. "I see it now!" he exclaimed. Forthwith he outlined the scheme the pirates and smugglers had used when they built the Grand Terre sugar mill—not to grind the local sugar cane but to make it possible to haul all the sugar of the West Indies to New Orleans, duty free, pretending it was the product of the Grand Terre mill.

Raoul showed no interest. "I'll bet you don't even know who Jean Lafitte was," Charlie said, exasperated.

Looking up from his nets, Raoul said, "What you bet?"

"A day's shrimping, next time we run short of eating cash."

"Jean Lafitte," Raoul said in a bored tone, "was my *grandpère's* uncle. But he no good, him. He don't get married and have no kids. All time he jus' make money. But my *grandpère's père*, dat Pierre Lafitte! He get married and he have planty kids. Say, Charlie, when you marry my sister, hein, brud'n-law?"

CHARLIE didn't hear the question. Suddenly finding himself in the presence of a descendant of the great Gulf pirate was all the rangy Texan could stand.

"You sure you're not making that up?" Charlie demanded. "You really are the great-grandnephew of Jean Lafitte? The buccaneer who raided the coast from Tampa to Tampico?"

Raoul shrugged. "Why not?"

"That'll make Mary his great-grandniece," Charlie figured. "And if I marry her, I'll be the great-grandnephew-in-law of old Jean Lafitte! By golly, I'm going to marry her, right now. Come on, brother-in-law!"

Raoul was calm enough. "Not today, Charlie," he pointed out. "Dat take time, no? When my sister she marry her Eyetalian husband, dey mus' go before de doctor to get de pape', and den dey go to de courthouse in Gretna to get some pape', and den at de priest's house. You can't do dat in one day, no."

"I'll get started today," Charlie stated. "I'll commandeer your papa's boat, the Miss America, while you lure her aboard. Once we are at sea, I'll do a little gallant bulldozing and make the great-grandniece of Jean Lafitte marry me, even if it will be on a stinking shrimp trawler in a shallow mud-bottomed slough they call a bay!"

Raoul grinned. "Ooh, Charlie, dat sound fine," he said. "You been think a lot about dat, hein, brud'n-law?"

"Begone, you!" Charlie ordered. "Get the lady aboard while I make ready to sail. Tell her anything or nothing, but get her aboard!" He reached for his rifle and spyglass.

"You no shoot her, hein, Charlie?"

"No, but I might get a shot at a marsh hen, along Dupre's Canal," Charlie said. "And I'll take my glass just to make it look like a real rip-snorting kidnaping."

It wasn't difficult to get Mary on the Miss America. Raoul said, "Me and Charlie goin' up to New Orleans. If you put on de Sunday dress and come aboard before he done gassin' up, you can come, too."

"Okay," Mary said. "But you tie de skiff on. Dat bay she shoal up fast and we maybe run aground. I don't spend all day tryin' to push off. Me, I want to take out de anchor and get off, quick."

Raoul tied the skiff to the boat's stern, Charlie started the engine and Mary took the wheel—to Charlie's gulping admiration. Under way, Charlie told her, "Since we are going to be in the city," he said shyly, "might as well get the license and get married."

Mary shrugged. "Might as well, no?"

CHARLIE'S Adam's apple trembled. When a man's proposal is accepted, certain emotions are aroused. "I haven't my boat," he sparred.

"You don't owe no money to Big Joe Culuzzi, dat dirty crook," Mary said. "Raoul say you get ahead of Big Joe when you sell de boat. Dat take a smart man, Charlie, and Big Joe ain't no fool."

"I got considerably more than the boat was worth," Charlie admitted, modestly.

"Why he want to buy de boat, Charlie?" Mary asked. "Big Joe, dat dirty crook, he know boats, but he ain't no fool, him."

"I hadn't thought about it," said Charlie, puzzled.

"I bet he buy it for somethin' crooked," Mary said.

"He want a boat can go outside, too," Raoul recalled. "Ooh, I bet if it was in pro'bition I bet he is goin' to be a bootlegger, him! Wit a big boat like Charlie's he can go outside and get liquor off a ship like my Uncle Felix done wit de Half Moon."

"*It ain't in pro'bition, now,*" Mary pointed out. "Big Joe, dat dirty crook, can't make no money meetin' no ship outside."

Charlie began to blink and his Adam's apple danced. Raoul watched him with interest. "Sh-h-h," Raoul warned, "Charlie, he's thinkin' wit de head, him."

"Submarines!" Charlie exclaimed. "Enemy submarines—they're in the Gulf!"

"Fo' true?" Mary asked. "You think he bringin' in submarines—Big Joe, dat dirty crook?"

"That boat is so well known in these waters, nobody will suspect her and—and—that boat is still registered in my name!"

"No good, hein?" Mary said.

"If my boat gets caught running contraband to the enemy," Charlie said, his honest blue eyes wide, "I'll be swung from the yardarm for a traitor! Raoul, kick that engine up as high as she'll go—we've got to get to New Orleans, fast!"

When Raoul had the throttle opened

"THEY'RE NOT RATIONING THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT!"
SANTA'S JEEP

This year, gifts carry a *special* significance! That's why you'll be so proud when you present TruVal Shirts–tailored, as always, in the TruVal tradition of fine quality–featuring styles that are right and patterns that are a delight. Yet the prices are light on any gift-budget! This Christmas, as always, TruVals are America's greatest shirt values! • At selected stores.

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"Dear Dad"

Dear Dad: I won't be home this year
To celebrate with you
We men here in the A.E.F.
Have got a job to do—
But when on Christmas morning
You are poking 'round the tree
You'll find a pound of Edgeworth there
That's marked "to Dad from me."

I'm sure that Mother won't forget,
I wrote a note to say:
"Please buy some Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed
For Dad on Christmas Day."
So here's a Merry Christmas, Pop,
Hold on till I get back
And we'll smoke a pipe together
From that famous true blue pack.

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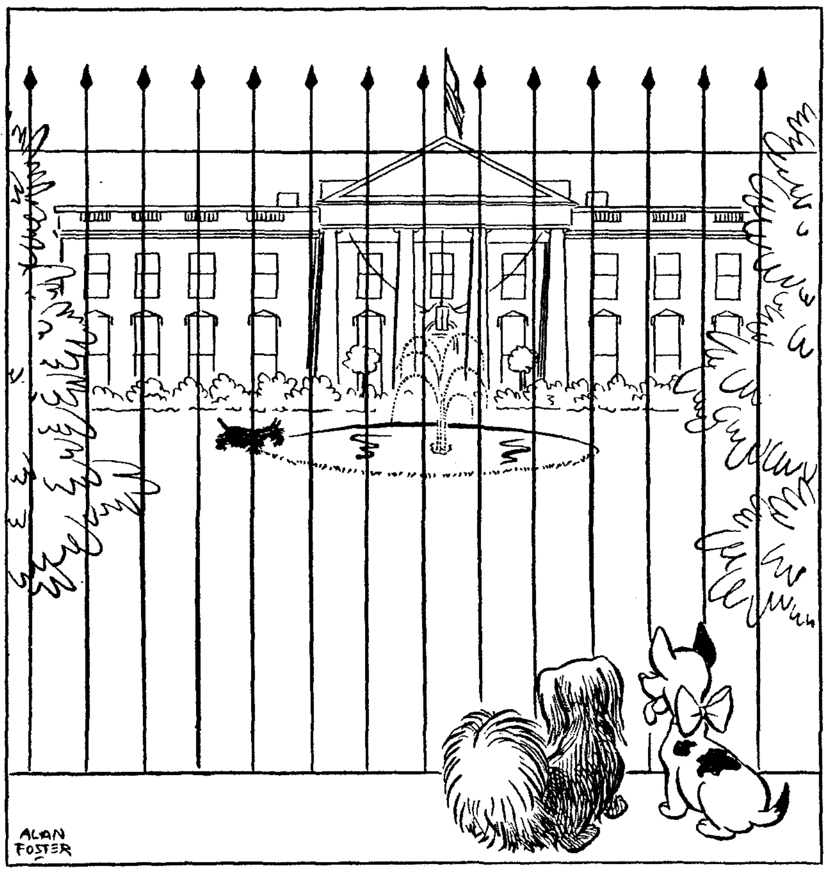
MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by **ALAN FOSTER**



"If you ask me, he's Washington's most eligible bachelor!"

COLLIER'S

full the Miss America was doing at least five knots. "Me, I hope we don't run aground," Mary said. "It's planty shoal along here and some time I ain't in de channel. If we was over in Grand Terre channel we got a good five foot at low tide, all de time."

"Let's get over there," Charlie said.

Mary's expertness at the wheel brought the little trawler across the shallows safely. "Longer dis way," Mary exclaimed, "but you don't run aground. Wintertime, de big oyster luggers use de channel but it ain't winter, now."

Raoul looked around the horizon of Barataria Bay. Pointing, he said, "Look like a boat using de channel and she ain't no oyster lugger."

Charlie looked through the bright light and reached for his spyglass. "That's her, that's the Dream of Joy!" he exclaimed. "Heading down this channel, and fast, too. He's got the sails furled tight and coming under power. Big Joe put that big engine in her. Must have." He laid down the spyglass and picked up the rifle. "I'm going to stop him," Charlie said, cool as Texas.

"You don't shoot him, Charlie," Mary said. "Big Joe, dat dirty crook, I don't like, but you shoot a man and—"

"Obey orders," Charlie said. He was rapidly turning into something between a buccaneer and an admiral. "Bring her about and go half speed along the channel's edge. I'll lay out of his range and shell him with my .30-30 until I ground him."

Mary looked at her brother. Raoul shrugged. "Okay, Charlie," she said. She turned the boat while Raoul reduced speed.

The Dream of Joy, with her powerful engine turning the propeller, gained rapidly on the Miss America. Charlie loaded the magazine of his rifle and stood on the stern of the little trawler. When the big boat came within earshot, he called out, "Heave to, Dream of Joy, or I'll blast you out of the water."

Big Joe Culuzzi turned the wheel over to his partner and ran forward. "Get out of my way or I'll ram you," he yelled. "Get dat dirty boat out de channel!"

"Heave her to," Charlie repeated, bringing the rifle to his shoulder.

"Hey, Tony, kick up the engine!" Big Joe yelled and ran back to take the wheel. "I'll sink you, you crazy—"

Charlie's first bullet spattered against the main boom, two feet above Big Joe's head. "Heave her to," Charlie said once more.

"Full speed," Big Joe shouted. "Full speed and then some. Me, I knock dis baby out the bay!"

"Hang on the channel's edge," Charlie told Mary quietly. "Get in shallow water."

THE big boat bore down on the little trawler, though not for long. While the Miss America merely churned muddy water, the Dream of Joy's keel slid into the soft mud edge of the channel and stopped.

Charlie called out, "Tell your partner to kill the engine and come on deck with his hands in the air, or I'll pitch a slug in you!"

"Look, Charlie," Big Joe pleaded, "me and you friends. I pay you good money to put dat gun up and forget you see me, while we back off bottom. I got things cookin' and I got to get goin'."

"You and Tony sit on the cabin trunk and do as I say or I'll keelhaul the both of you," Charlie said. Big Joe made a move and Charlie sent a bullet through the forepeak of Big Joe's cap. "The next time I have to shoot," Charlie promised, "I'll aim six inches lower."

Big Joe and his man sat in glum silence. Charlie untied the skiff, stepped into it and dropped a small anchor. To Raoul he said, "You and Mary hightail it back to the island and telephone the Coast Guard in New Orleans that I've overhauled an enemy blockade runner and am holding her under my guns until they get here."

"Ooh, Charlie," Mary said, "if you stay in de skiff, me, I stay wit you," and climbed down. Raoul started off in the trawler.

"What's cookin', Charlie?" Big Joe called. "Where dat dumb Cajun goin' wit dat boat?"

"For the Coast Guard," Charlie said frankly.

For some moments, Big Joe said nothing. "Say, Charlie," he called out at length, "I do business fast." He pulled out a great deal of money. "You got me 'cross a barrel, Charlie. I give you a hundred dollar to let me get goin'."

"You've got six tons of contraband aboard that boat," Charlie said accusingly.

"So okay. So I got a load of groceries. So I give you a thousand."

"You do something crooked, you dirty crook," Mary put in, "or you don't give nobody no thousand dollar."

"Okay. So I'm doin' what I don't want everybody to know my business," Big Joe said. "I got eighteen hundred and fifty bucks in the roll. I give you all and you put down dat gun and forget you see me."

Charlie took a long breath. Eighteen hundred dollars with what he had in the bank would just about build that snapper schooner. It would be too easy to tell the Coast Guard the boat got away.

"Not for eighteen million dollars," Charlie said.

"Nyah!" Mary yelled. "Me and Charlie don't want your money, you dirty crook!"

IT WOULD take an hour, Charlie figured, for Raoul to get back to the island to telephone. Mary said, "Ooh, Charlie, it's good to have a boat like you want but not good to get mix up wit a dirty crook like Big Joe, no."

When, presently, a gray-painted seaplane came over, circled and sailed off, Big Joe called out, "I give you eighteen hundred on the barrelhead and note for another grand."

"Open your yap again," Charlie informed him, "and I'll give you the gaddangest case of lead poisoning you ever had!"

A long silence followed. Mary showed evidences of growing nervousness. "If the Coast Guard doesn't come by sundown," Charlie promised, "I'll shoot those sea gulls and row back to the island."

"Ooh, Charlie," Mary said admiringly, "jus' like dat and dey ain't doin' you nothin'?"

"We're in a war," Charlie said, "and they're trying to help the other side."

"You mean Big Joe, dat dirty crook, ain't on our side?" Mary was horrified. "Gimme dat gun! Me, I shoot right now—"

"Wait," Charlie said. "Even the enemy has some rights, up to a certain point."

"Ooh, Charlie, I don't know what you was doin' all de time. I think maybe you mad wit Big Joe, yes. But he be against our war—ooh, Charlie, he might try to kill you, dat dirty crook!"

"If he could get his hands on a gun, no doubt he would."

Mary smiled proudly. "Ooh, Charlie, you smart and I bet me you got sense too, hein, Charlie?"

Before Charlie could answer, his ear caught the distant muffled roar of motors. Far toward the head of the bay, he could make out the dim outline of a covey of Coast Guard speedboats racing down the channel. Big Joe heard and saw, too.

"Start dat engine, Tony!" Big Joe shouted. "I take care of Charlie."

As Tony started for the hatch, Big Joe dived overboard. Charlie fired only once. Tony sat back down. Big Joe screamed just before he hit the water. When he came to the surface, he was bleeding at the shoulder.

"Don't shoot no more, please, Charlie," Big Joe pleaded. "Pull me out before I get drowned!"

"Climb aboard your boat," Charlie ordered, "or I'll blast the top of your head off."

As the Coast Guard boats came up, Big Joe flopped on the deck, moaning in pain and nursing a limp arm. Charlie explained to a young ensign while one of the Coast Guardsmen bandaged Big Joe's wound. The ensign inspected the cargo, arrested Big Joe and his helper, and then turned to Charlie.

Mentioning his patriotism, his judgment and his courage, the young officer concluded: "Running that boat aground, showed the seamanship of a Farragut; and holding her there with a rifle took the devil-may-care boldness of old Jean Lafitte and the cool bravery of a Sam Houston!"

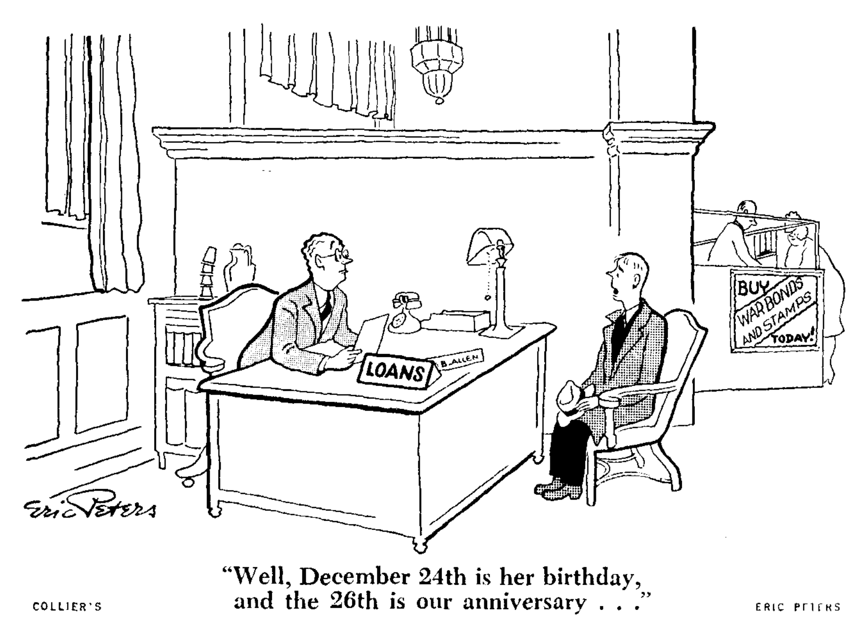
Charlie swallowed painfully. Mary said proudly, "Dat good, hein, Charlie?"

"We'll take the prisoners and the boat back to New Orleans," the ensign said, "but I'll have your skiff put across a speedboat and drop it and you at the island, if you like."

"Maybe you take us to town?" Mary asked. "Me and Charlie, we got business at de courthouse, hein, Charlie?"

"You betcha," Charlie said stoutly, from behind a calm and collected Adam's apple.

THE END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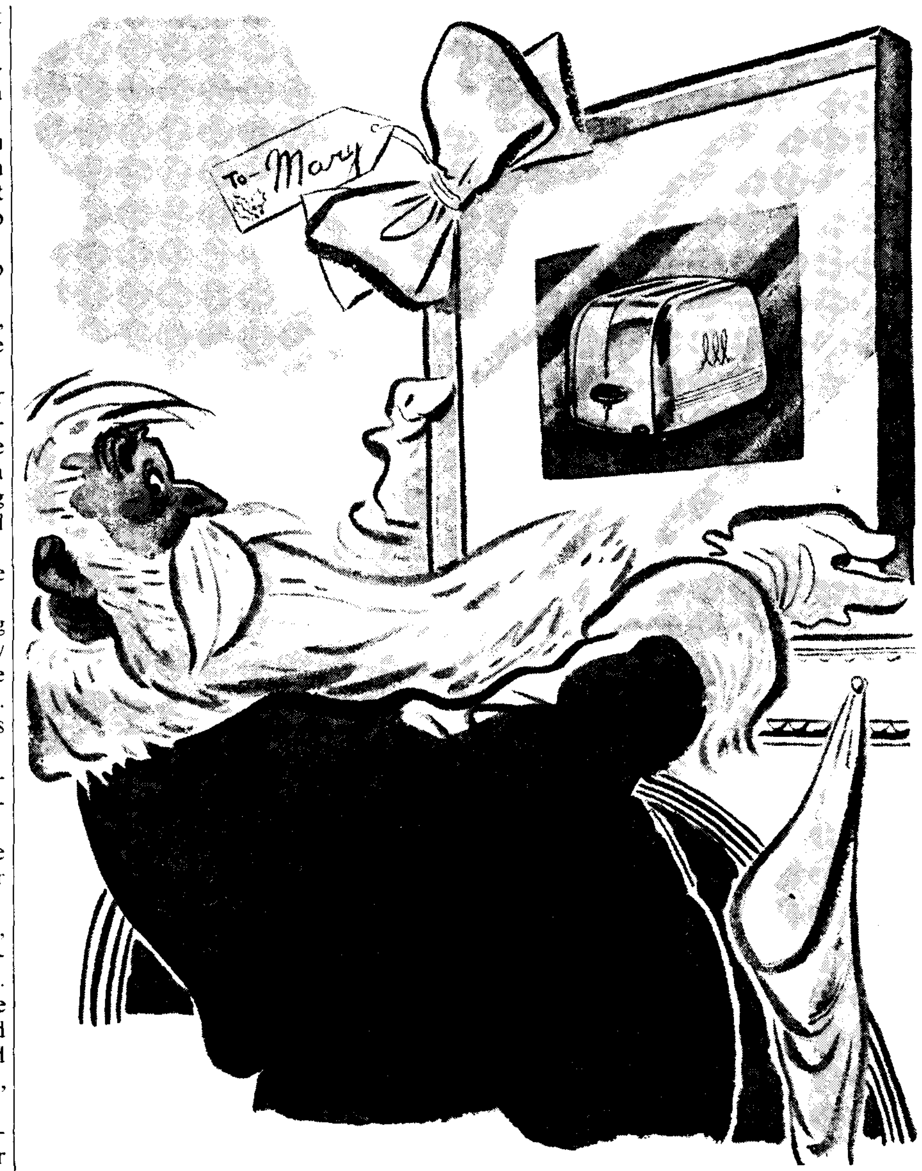
Eric Peters

"Well, December 24th is her birthday, and the 26th is our anniversary . . ."

COLLIER'S ERIC PETERS



"AT THAT, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT"

And *another* way to solve the problem this Christmas is to give her a bright new War Bond, and write on the card, "For that *Toastmaster* toaster you've set your heart on . . . when it's over, over there."

Of course she wants one! There's no other name in toasting that brings such pride of possession. There's no more magical way of enjoying perfect toast every time than letting a *Toastmaster* toaster pop it up, piping hot and delicious . . . nourishing bread in its most digestible form, toasted *your* way and never burnt.

By the by, there's *still* a chance that some appliance dealer around your way may have a stunning new *Toastmaster* toaster lurking in the background, as a prize for some lucky giver. No harm in looking!

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If you *are* a fortunate owner, thank your stars and remember that even a long-lived *Toastmaster** toaster lasts longer if well treated. Remove crumbs frequently. Don't pry around inside with a fork—you might damage the heating elements. And oil occasionally, unless it is one of our latest models. Repairs? Better see your dealer.

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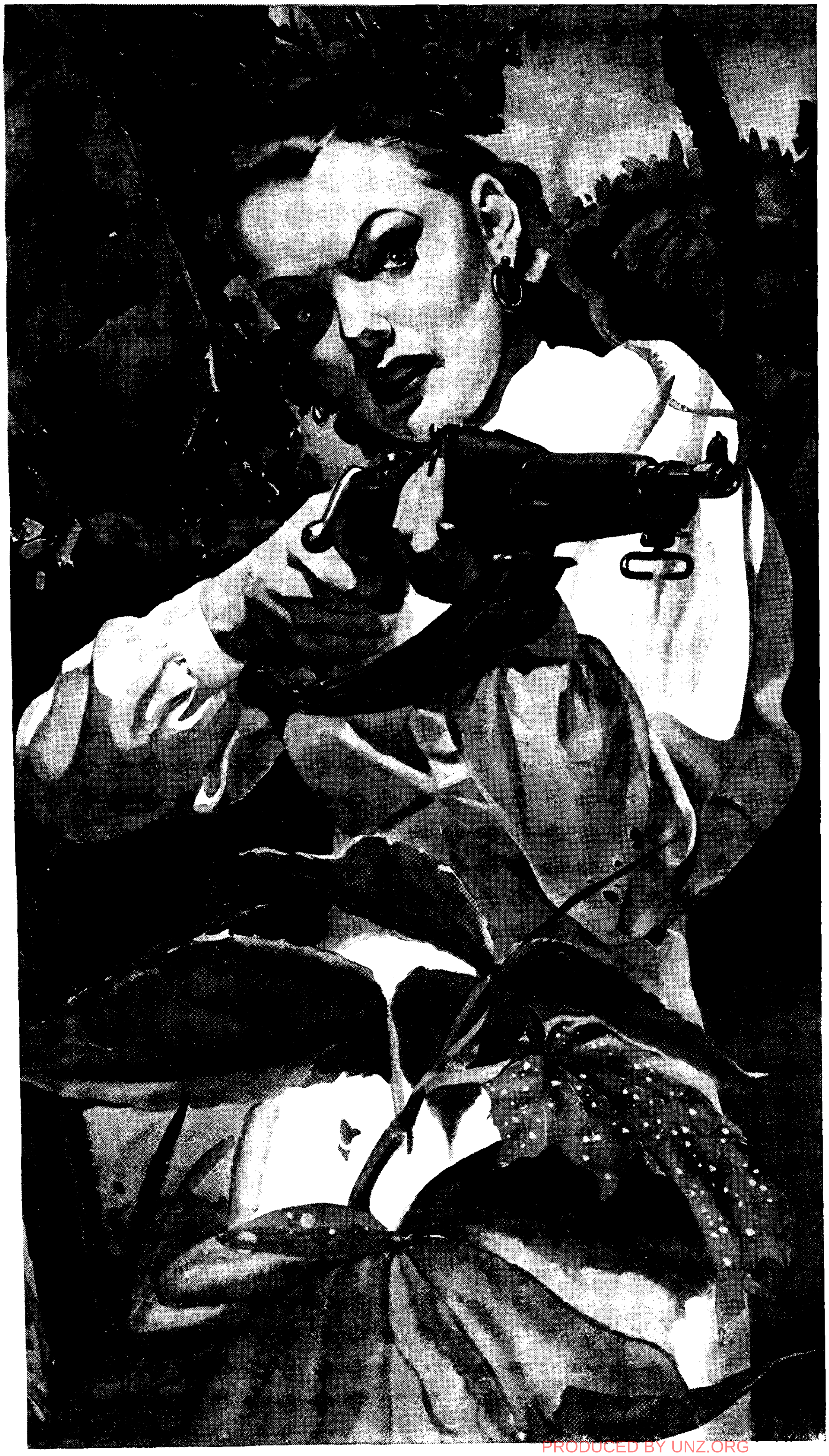
YEAR OF WRATH

By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



"I am braver than you know," said Madame Vooren, and she shot and then watched, sick, as he staggered

The Story Thus Far:

GREGORY COGSWELL, a noted news broadcaster who is secretly aiding the Japanese, goes to Manila to report on American activities there. Before he sails, he hires a young American journalist—Nicholas ("Nick") Griggs—to carry on for him at his Shanghai headquarters.

Going to work, Nick soon discovers that, because of the Japanese censorship, he can give the outside world no news of any importance. . . . Among the Frenchmen living in Shanghai is a prominent De Gaullist: Henri Gaspard, with whose daughter, Betty, Nick is in love. A short time before Pearl Harbor is attacked, Gaspard is kidnaped by the Vichy people, spirited away to Saigon and imprisoned there.

Realizing that her father is in real peril, Betty decides to go to Saigon and do what she can to protect him. When she sails (on a ship bound for Manila and Saigon) Nick accompanies her—Cogswell, instructed by the Japanese secret service, has ordered him to come to Manila.

Nick does not reach Manila—the ship that he and Betty have taken goes direct to Saigon. There, in that Japanese-dominated city, the two young people have a series of encounters with Japanese spies; but they succeed in enabling Gaspard to escape from prison and join him on a boat bound for Singapore.

While they are still at sea, Pearl Harbor is bombed, and America declares war on Japan. Then, as they reach their destination, Nick is arrested by the British authorities—Cogswell has informed them, by cable, that Nicholas Griggs is in the pay of the Japanese!

Madame Manis Vooren, who is in love with Cogswell, is in Singapore. Convinced that Nick is innocent, she co-operates with Betty, helps to obtain Nick's release. . . .

Freed, Nick encounters a strict censorship—he finds it impossible to broadcast the true story of what is going on near Singapore. So, after Betty and Madame Vooren have sailed for Batavia, he follows.

In Batavia, he goes to the American consulate. Just before he enters the building, he hears a familiar voice: Cogswell's! (By this time, of course, Nick knows that Cogswell has betrayed him.) Then a young man, a clerk, greets him, takes his card. "You may come in," says the clerk.

Conclusion

COGSWELL met him at the door, his hand outstretched. "This is Nicholas Griggs," he told the consul. "By George, I'm relieved to see him here!" He turned to Nick. "You can't imagine the torment I've gone through since I learned that I acted on inaccurate information."

Neat, thought Nick, very neat. Of all the things I thought might happen when I saw him, I never figured on this approach.

Aloud he said: "What inaccurate information?"

"It's a long story," Cogswell replied. "It was just too deuced bad that by the time I found it wasn't true, I had no means of communication. Completely cut off." He spoke again to the consul general: "I expect we've really taken all the time you can spare just now."

The consul said gratefully, "Any time I can do anything for either of you, don't hesitate to call on me."

On the porch, Cogswell said heartily, "Really, Nick, I expect we both had our experiences. You were shabbily treated by the censor, and I was literally isolated from the world."

Nick stalled for time, saying, "They told me you said you were lost about six weeks."

"It was longer," said Cogswell. "I trust I'll never have to endure anything like that again."

"Well, where were you?"

"First, the plane made a forced landing in Palawan, and then, after weeks of delay, I got over to Mindanao," he said chattily. "In fact, it was another month before I got passage over here."

Nick said, "I had a hunch you might go to Davao. It's sort of the Tokyo of the Philippines, isn't it?"

"Capital guess," Cogswell said imperturbably. "I wanted to find out what the Japs might be up to over there. In my opinion, it was a mistake ever to let them get a foothold in that region."

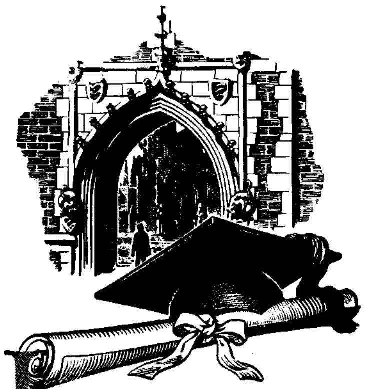
"Well, I guess you didn't run across Yagi and Makita at Davao," Nick said.

Cogswell, as usual, had a hired limousine. He did not answer Nick until they had seated themselves and he had instructed the driver to return to the hotel.

"Yagi and Makita," Cogswell repeated. "I wonder what's become of them. I expect they're still in Shanghai."

"They were pretty busy in Saigon when I was there," Nick said. "So I figured out one of them tipped you off about my going to Singapore."

"Really?" said Cogswell. *(Continued on page 78)*



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AN EDUCATION MONEY COULDN'T BUY!

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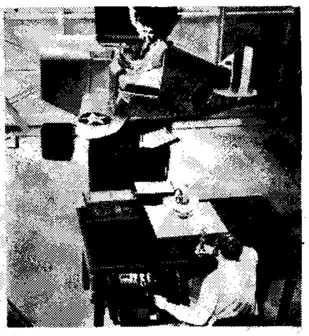

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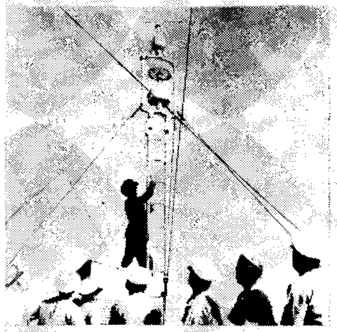

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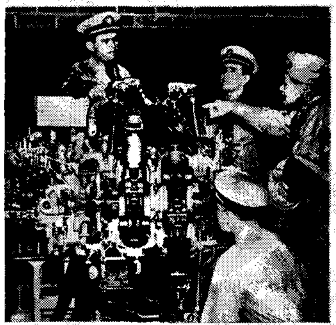

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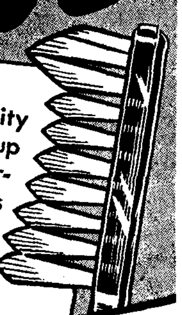

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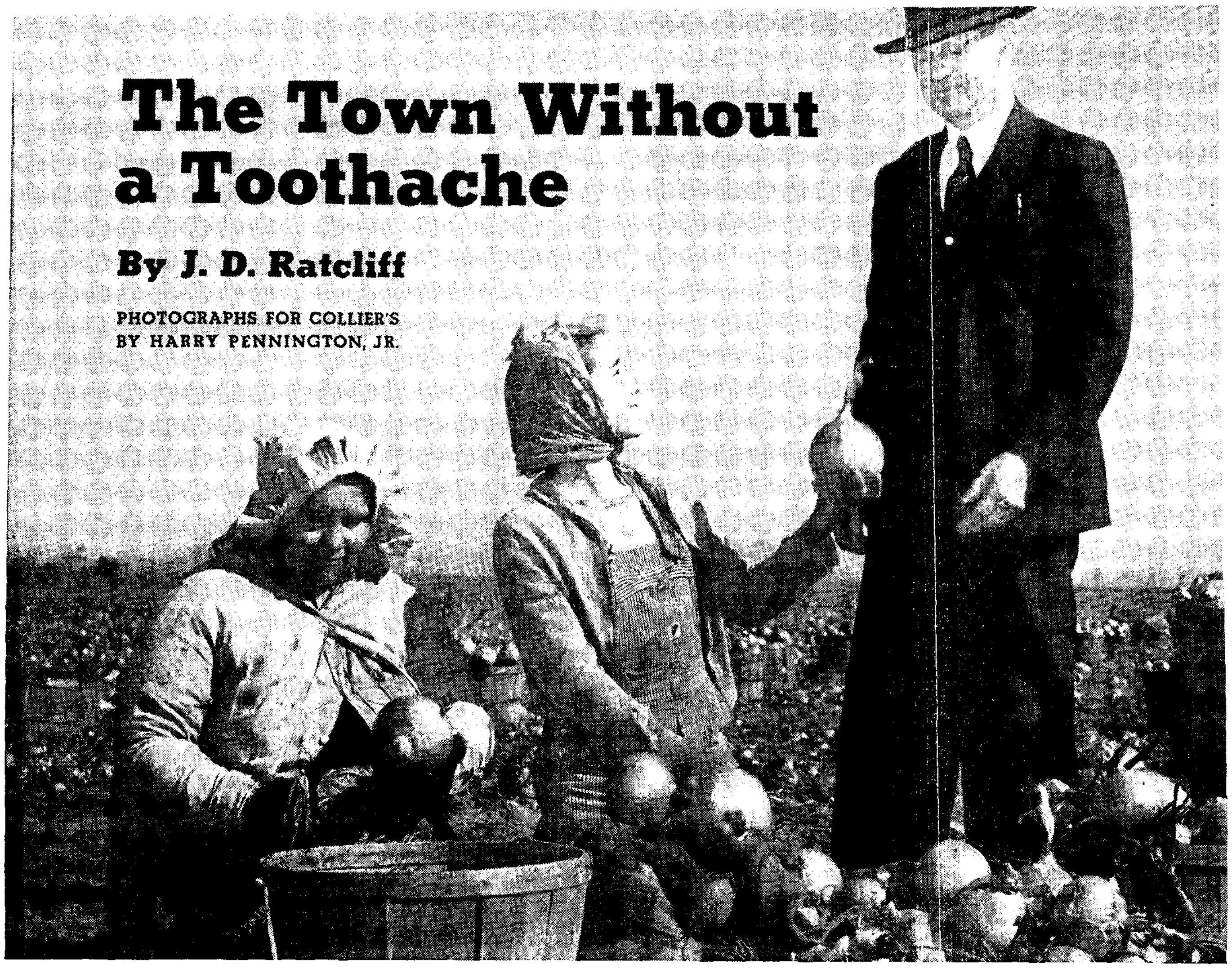
The Town Without a Toothache

By J. D. Ratcliff

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.



Lush crops of phosphorus-rich vegetables like these onions may be one answer to the almost complete lack of dental caries in Deaf Smith County, Texas. Above is 75-year-old Dr. George W. Heard, who first investigated the phenomenon

Mention toothache, and the residents of Hereford would not know what you were talking about. Even their aged horses boast a full set of teeth. The town may possibly contain the answer to your own dental difficulties

SOMEHOW we expect great medical discoveries to come from laboratories. This one came from a walk-up office equipped with saggy wicker chairs and dog-eared magazines—the office of a small-town dentist in the Texas cow country. But the work may rank with the great medical research of all time.

It provides the most hopeful approach yet made toward cause and cure of the most prevalent of all human ailments—dental decay.

The man who pointed the way to all this is Dr. George W. Heard, a shy, sprightly little man, 75 years old. He has practically no scientific background—but he has shrewd, observing eyes.

He was born on an Alabama farm; he taught school to get money to go to dental college, then married. He was 49 when his wife's lung trouble made him decide to move west. The town he selected was Hereford, seat of Deaf Smith County, Texas. The county was named for Sam Houston's chief scout in the Texas Revolution.

Dr. Heard rented offices in a two-story building and settled down to practicing dentistry. Almost from the start he noticed one striking fact: There was virtually no tooth decay in the county—among old residents, that is. New settlers needed an occasional filling. Gum and bone infections would sometimes necessitate an extraction or platework, but there were none of the fillings that make up the bulk of the average dentist's work.

This absence of decay puzzled Doctor Heard; it worried him. He questioned old residents.

"Nope," they said. "Never thought about it."

Funny thing about cattle, though, they added. You could bring spindly fishbone cattle up from Mexico, graze them for a while, and they'd turn into fine, big-boned animals. And about horses: Horses in the county had fine teeth. Even the dogs had good teeth, the old-timers said. There was one old dog around town, 16 years old, and he still had all his teeth.

For years Doctor Heard went along looking for decay—and hardly ever finding it. Occasionally at a district dental meeting he'd edge up to a group and start telling them about this strange business he had been watching for so many years. They would be a little patronizing. Pretty soon they would excuse themselves and wander off. This went on for twenty-four years.

In the end he found someone who was interested—Dr. Edward Taylor, able, hard-driving state dental officer. Heard buttonholed Taylor at a district dental meeting at Amarillo and went through his routine again. Taylor said he was pretty busy, but he would certainly look into this thing. Curiously enough, he didn't forget the conversation. Several months later he showed up in Hereford.

He got a schoolteacher and NYA worker to drive him through the county. He picked houses at random, introduced himself, and asked if he could examine the family's teeth. He called on 56 people. Out of this group, 43 were native-born, continuous residents. Their ages ran from 2 to past 60. Dr. Taylor couldn't find a single cavity in the whole lot of them. He was incredulous.

He hurried back to state headquarters in Austin, told his story and asked for help. Then he went back to Hereford and started a large-scale examination of school children. This survey covered 810 youngsters. Each child was graded on a basis of decayed, missing or filled teeth—DMF in dental parlance. Well over half the group had no decay whatsoever. Average figures showed less than one half a DMF per child.

A more thorough examination followed. This time, Taylor and his helpers used every tool of the dental trade to search for hidden cavities. They used explorers—that is the steel pick your dentist uses—and X-rays. This complete examination hoisted the average figure to 1 DMF per child. Even so, this was the lowest figure ever recorded in the civilized world. Elsewhere, this would have been from five to ten per child.

Another striking fact turned up. It was evident that decay avoided natives of the county. What about newcomers? Doctor Taylor started examining people who have moved to Deaf Smith County in the course of the last half-dozen years. In their mouths he found evidence of old decay but the process had stopped. In a great many cases the floors of old cavities had acquired a hard, glazed surface.

The problem was to find why decay was the exception rather than the rule in Deaf Smith County. What was needed was a scientific assault. The first step was to delimit the area involved.

The research men went west to the mountains of New Mexico—and saw the decay rate rise the farther they got away from Hereford. The same to the east—in the region of Palo Duro Canyon—and north and south. Low decay was something peculiar to a very small region in and around Hereford.

Once the area was blocked out, they got down to the tedious business of scientific fact finding. A natural place to start was in the investigation of fluorides in drinking water. Fluorine is a gas very much like chlorine—but more powerful.

Water analysis at Hereford showed 2.5 parts of fluorides per million parts of water. Dr. Taylor searched for another Texas town with exactly the same concentration of fluorides and found it—Gatesville, in the center of the state. Checks were conducted here on children's teeth. The decay rate was low, but

Practically perfect teeth are the rule among Dr. Heard's patients. Mrs. Robert Barrett, above, is 25, and has never needed dental repairs of any kind

An octogenarian with sound teeth is eighty-four-year-old cattleman J. H. Head, who has lived in Deaf Smith County, Texas, for more than forty years

till more than twice the rate at Hereord. So fluorine alone didn't explain hings.

Chemists at Texas Technological Colege agreed to set aside a special laboraory to analyze foods. Field men at ereford began gathering samples of eat, milk, wheat and vegetables.

Almost at the outset, one fact stood ut clearly. Foods grown in Deaf Smith ounty were astonishingly high in phoshorus. Carrots contained 50 per cent nore phosphorus than usual. Turnip reens were 30 per cent higher; cabbage 0 per cent; lettuce 60 per cent. Meat nd milk were similarly high. Wheat, the hief food product, ran 600 per cent bove normal. Calcium was also high.

Whether phosphorus alone is responible for the unusual condition in Deaf Smith County, no one is yet prepared to say. But this work does tie in nicely with observations made elsewhere. Phosphorus is probably the most vital of all soil minerals. Over large areas of the earth, bad farming has mined the earth of this mineral. It has been removed by crops, shipped away and not replaced by fertilizers.

The result of this procedure is soil exhaustion. Cattle grazed on such land fail to mature properly. Human beings living on food from such land became sterile. It seems possible that tooth decay is merely the first outcropping of phosphorus deficiency. This is pure theorizing, yet it fits observed fact.

Research men have noted that rats fed a high phosphorus diet have unusually good teeth. Fish is one of the richest sources of phosphorus, and anthropologists have found that among primitive, fish-eating people — Eskimos, Polynesians, Finns—decay is rare.

So far no one has definitely ascertained where foods grown in Deaf Smith County obtain their superabundance of phosphorus. But the answer probably lies in the strata of soft, porous *caliche* rock which underlies the area. Roots dip down into this spongy rock for mineral nourishment.

Doctor Taylor isn't yet ready to say that phosphorus alone accounts for the low decay rate in Deaf Smith County. He is more inclined to ascribe it to a combination of factors. He thinks that fluorides play a part; and sunshine, calcium and phosphorus as well. Evaluating the part which each one plays will be a job of considerable proportions. Dr. Taylor would welcome outside help with the task. As he sees it, the problem belongs to a trained research group, armed with money and talent—rather than to a state public health agency which has other jobs to do.

Forward-thinking dentists realize their inability to cope with the problem of decay. People don't have enough money to buy the dental care they need, and if they did, there wouldn't be enough dentists to supply it. What is needed is more fundamental work on the cause of decay —the most common degenerative disease of civilized man. The work in Deaf Smith County has opened the door for such an approach.

THE END

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When you have your oil checked, ask the attendant to wipe your "dip stick" on an AC Oil Test Pad. If the spot is grimy and black, it's time to replace the filter element (or have a filter installed).

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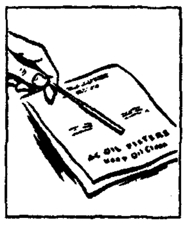

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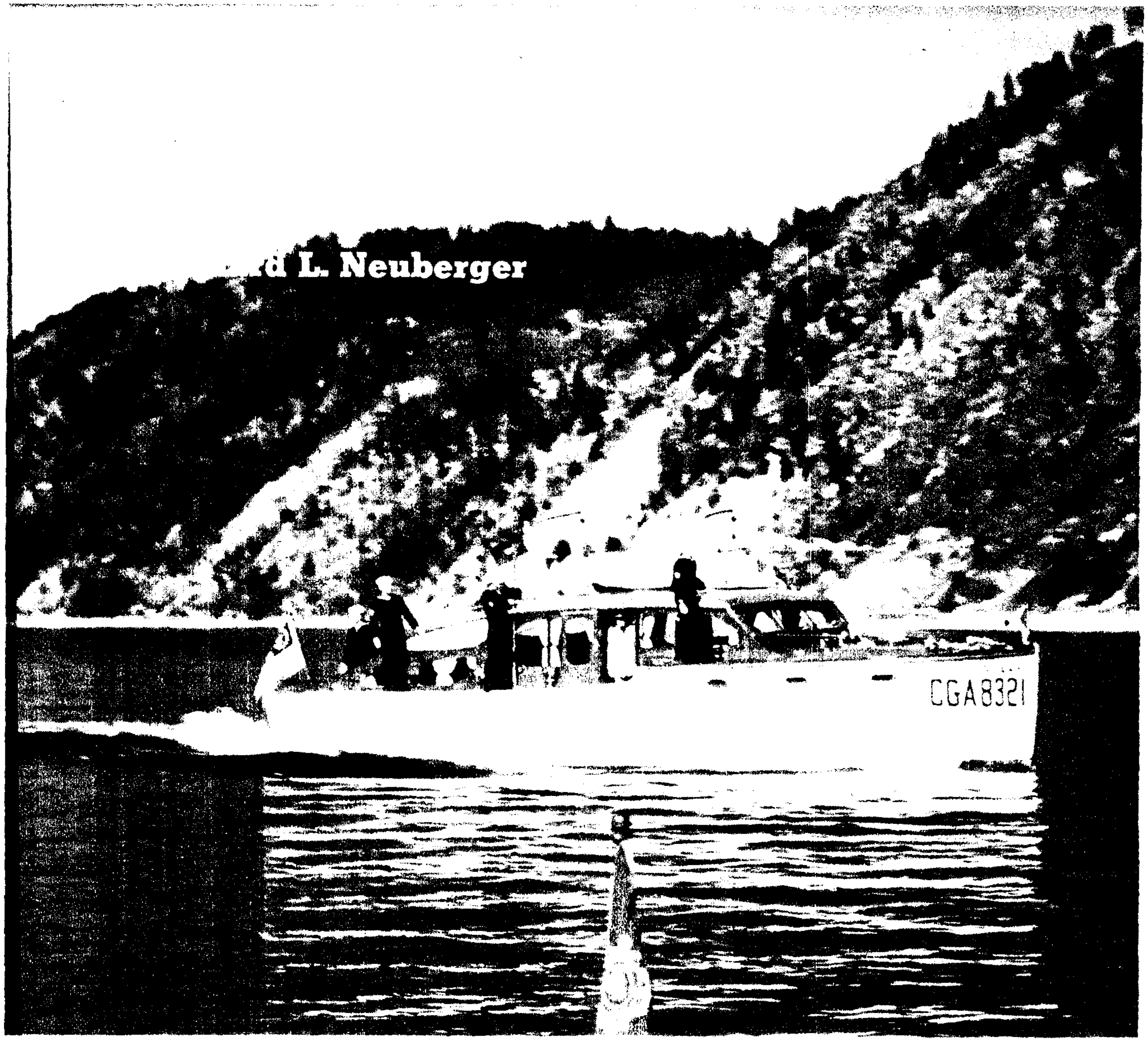


Launches and whaleboats that hold 50 sailors each will be the main craft of Uncle Sam's alpine flotilla. In the meantime, yachtsmen who own boats on Lake Pend Oreille see to it that Farragut's sailors keep their sea legs

That old joke about the Swiss navy may not be so funny after all. Uncle Sam has a naval training station far from seashore or sea level, in the mountain fastnesses of Idaho. The water they use is as fresh as the whole idea

WHEN the news first came through from the far-off national capital, folks in Idaho's mountain fastnesses refused to believe it. The Associated Press and United Press received queries from Idaho newspapers asking if a teletype operator had mistakenly tapped out the word "Navy" instead of "Army" in the dispatch. Don Moore, editor of Sandpoint's Northern Idaho News, scratched his head perplexedly. The state had been attempting for a long time to get an Army cantonment, but what was this about a naval base? Jim Ryan, tall supervisor of the Kaniksu National Forest, rushed a call to regional headquarters to find out who had confused Sandpoint, Idaho, with Sandpoint, Washington, a Seattle suburb 485 miles westward over on the seacoast.

D. Worth Clark and John Thomas, the senators from Idaho, had just exultantly announced that the United States Navy was going to build a $31,000,000 training station on Lake Pend Oreille (pronounced *Ponderay),* where the Cabinet and Selkirk and Bitterroot ranges converge in a sprawling jumble of granite peaks and pine forests. People in Kootenai and Bonner counties were a little breath-taken. Not only did the cost of the station exceed the combined assessed valuation of both counties, but in their wildest fantasies they had not dreamed of a great naval undertaking in these outlying ramparts of the Rocky Mountains.

Yet there it stands today—Farragut Naval Training Station, Farragut, Idaho, on the wilderness shores of the largest lake in the Pacific Northwest. Before Christmas 30,000 apprentice seamen will be quartered at Farragut at one time. And in a single year, despite the alpine setting, which makes it unique among the naval training stations of the world, it will turn out nearly 150,000 sailors ready to man America's ships of war.

Because they never visioned their lofty lake, 37 miles long and from 6 to 15 miles wide, as the site of a vast school for gobs, the men and women of northern Idaho may have lacked imagination, but the President and someone in the Navy Department certainly did not. Few maritime projects ever have been constructed so far from either sea level or seashore. Indeed, the location of Farragut demonstrates that there could be such an institution as the Swiss navy, after all.

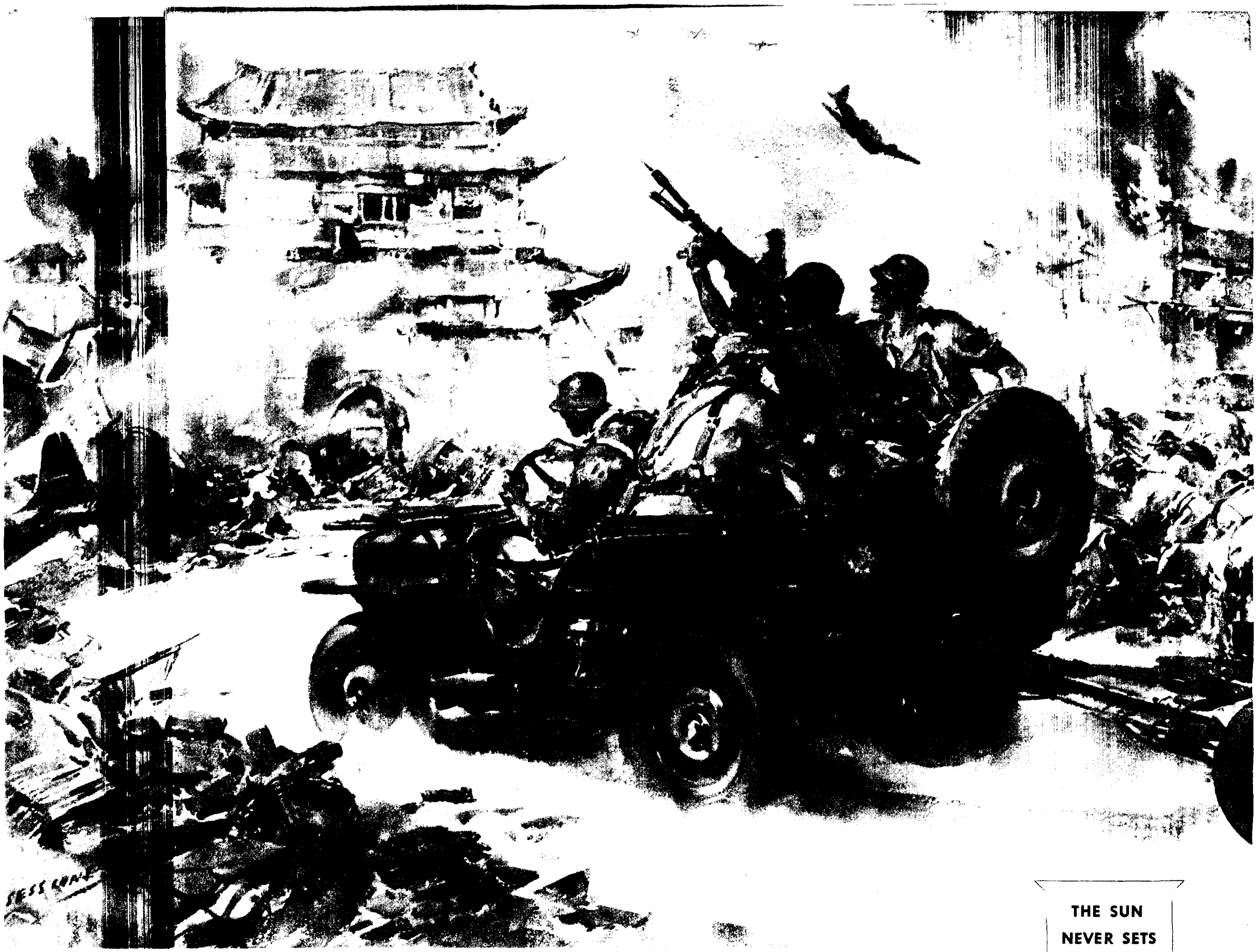
Sailors in the Hills

At either end of the lake, which is shaped like a big, shimmering question mark, dark green forests slope gently down to the blue water. Along the east shore, the cliffs of the Cabinet Range stand up from Pend Oreille as stiff as fortress walls. Off in the distance, wherever crags do not intervene, the Selkirks and Bitterroots are faint, challenging battlements on the horizon. A boat can hug the bank for miles and see no sign of habitation except Forest Service lookout towers on Pack Saddle, North Snow, Bernard and other peaks high above. It is a wilderness scene, the sort of place where one would expect to meet mountaineers and ski troops rather than the apprentice crews of destroyers, aircraft carriers and submarines.

After he had glimpsed his first Navy officers, natty in their khaki summer uniforms with blue epaulets, grizzled Gene Best from near-by Coeur d'Alene shifted his weight on his pinto pony and observed, "Well, maybe a real battleship'll come steaming up the Clark Fork through Z Canyon. Wouldn't that be a sight to jar your eyeteeth?"

As a matter of fact, Lake Pend Oreille is both deep enough and large enough to float any dreadnought ever commissioned. Soundings have plumbed to 2,800 feet, and its 180 square miles of surface make it one of the biggest bodies of fresh water entirely within the boundaries of the United States. The "boots," which is Navy parlance for apprentice seamen, who learn seamanship on its glacier-fed bays and inlets swing their oars in whaleboats that hold fifty sailors each. These are the main craft of Uncle Sam's alpine flotilla. There also are launches and patrol boats and tugs, all brought into the mountains on railroad flatcars, for the streams that drain Lake Pend Oreille into the Columbia River 105 miles away drop over lava ledges and surge through rocky chasms and thus are unnavigable. So the only battleships are the detailed small-scale models used by Navy instructors in the classrooms.

Thirty thousand men are too many to train efficiently in one group. Farragut is divided into six separate units or camps. Each camp can accommodate 5,000 boots and is practically a separate



THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE FIGHTING JEEP

AVENGING JEEPS BLAST JAPS FROM CHINESE VILLAGE!

BLAZING the way in fierce counter-attacks—tough, fast, hard-hitting Jeeps, manned by courageous Chinese fighting men, have inspired the recapture of many vital positions for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

In China, and on every other flaming front of this war, the Jeep is doing *its* job magnificently—and with smashing results.

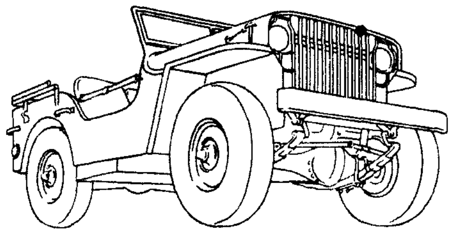
No assignment is too tough for the Jeep. No weather is too hot or too cold, or too wet; no terrain is too deep with mud or snow—too dangerously strewn with rocks and ruts.

Set it down anywhere in the world. Point its aggressive nose at the job to be done—and the *willing* Jeep *gives its best, every time.*

On every fighting front the Jeep, by its spectacular performance and ability to stand the gaff, is proving itself a worthy weapon for our fighting soldiers, sailors, marines and our allies.

We on the home front must give the same loyal, unquestioning, all-out service to our Government and our country, that our fighting men and the Jeeps are giving, if we hope to win this war. That way, and that way *alone,* lies Victory and the preservation of our priceless liberty.

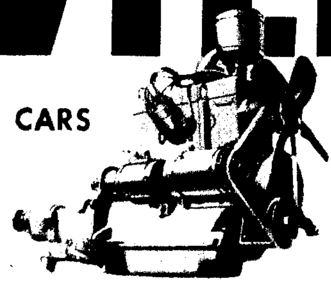
We are proud of the Willys-Overland engineers who assisted the U. S. Quartermaster Corps in designing the Jeep. And it is to their credit that the Willys-designed "Go-Devil" Engine drives *all* Jeeps being built for the U. S. Army and our allies. Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.

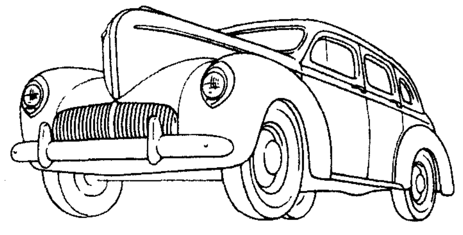


U. S. ARMY JEEP

WILLYS

MOTOR CARS **TRUCKS AND JEEPS**





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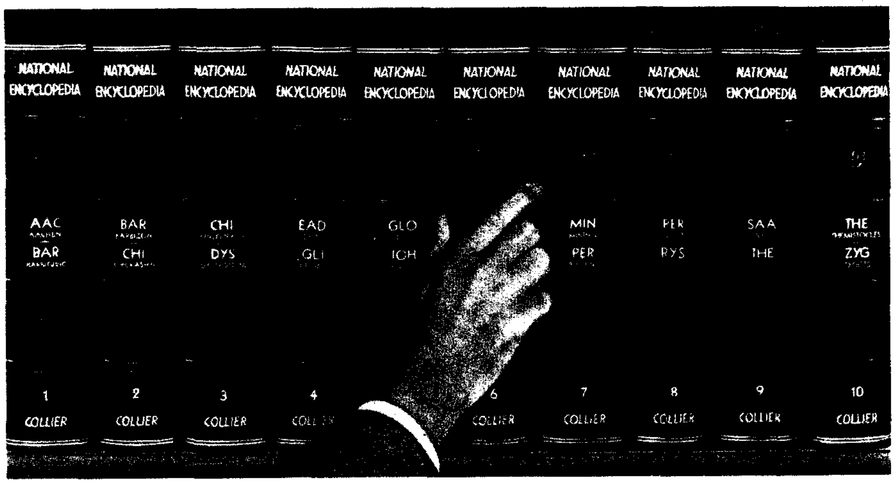

THE BOOK OF THE HOUR IN THESE CRITICAL TIMES

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unit. It has at least twenty barracks and its own mess hall, administration building, parade grounds, recreation building and, believe it or not, swimming pool. The pool is necessary because America's seamen must learn their crawl and backstroke before they brave the chilly depths of Lake Pend Oreille. In addition, there is a general administrative area where headquarters, service buildings and warehouses are located.

Like the amoeba, the divisions of the Navy's alpine training station are subdivided too. Men in each unit will be at three stages of their apprentice careers. Approximately 1,250 will be in the preliminary three-week detention period when they are inoculated, acclimated and generally introduced to naval routine and custom; another 2,500 will be undergoing the basic course of six weeks which prepares men to go to sea; and the remaining 1,250 will be trying for higher ratings as electricians, radio operators, machinists and yeomen.

Camps in the Wilderness

The Navy is using the Idaho wilderness to keep apart the station's six units. Each unit occupies a separate clearing in the thick pine and hemlock forests. From the lookout towers on the summits half a mile above, the clearings look like huge brown football stadiums scooped out of the green mantle that covers the Northwest. This is a pioneering frontier task, the only one of its sort ever undertaken in the American wilderness by our Navy, which usually hugs the seacoasts or the Great Lakes with its bases and shore establishments.

Telephone lines have been strung through the upland fastnesses. With orders to work in rain, snow or shine, Idaho road crews constructed a four-lane highway along the roadbed of an abandoned logging railway, and a spur is being built from the main line of the Northern Pacific at Athol. Fast freights which never slowed down at Athol now stop to sidetrack scores of cars.

Farragut is being constructed principally from lumber hauled out of the surrounding solitudes. This calls for carpenters, and in Idaho's tall timber where men build their own ranches, churches and stores, virtually everyone knows how to handle studs and joists. Foresters, loggers, trappers, Indians and hunters joined the crews. This backwoods assortment worked so fast that a ponderosa pine one day was a roof or rafters by the following sunset.

The foundation for a mess hall was dug on a Thursday morning. On the next Tuesday the smell of the construction workers' beef stew mingled with the

Beverly Hills has nothing on Farragut, with each of its six camp areas boasting a 25-by-25-yard swimming pool. *Here America's seamen learn their backstroke and crawl*

Farragut's chiefs, above: Captains I. C. Sowell, left, and J. G. Atkins. The shaping-up process for "boots" (new recruits), below, begins with the "shakedown," which deprives them of ink, hair tonic, medicine, anything that might break in their seabags. Chief Signalman W. J. Hipple officiates

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY V. H. JORGENSEN, JR.

Captain I. C. Sowell, Farragut's commanding officer, inspects progress on the new sewage-disposal plant. Those circular concrete constructions are settling tanks

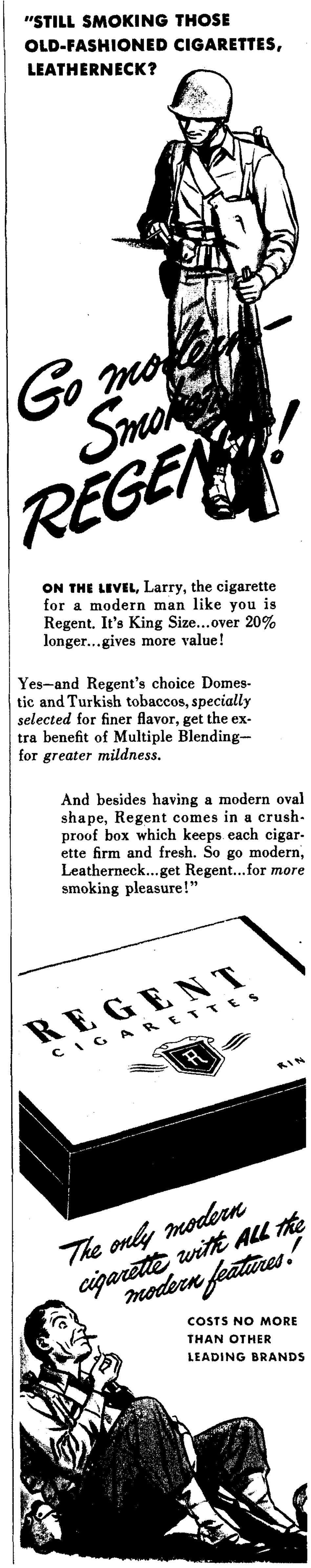
pungent odor of pitch and new boards. There will be more than one hundred separate barracks at Farragut. Flat-roofed with broad porches, even in their frame forms they look like hunting lodges or National Park inns. The Navy is maintaining this esthetic touch by leaving a few evergreens standing in each clearing. These shade the barracks. When they are completely finished the barracks, which will house 150,000 future American seamen annually, will be, in both architecture and setting, genuine wilderness hotels. "I can tell you," said Gene Best proudly, "they're the slickest buildings ever put up hereabouts."

Exactly why the Navy selected this forest and mountain frontier for its big training station is military information. Of course, it is far from the potential bombing raids that Secretary of War Stimson forecast for the Pacific Coast and which already have rocked Alaska's Aleutian Islands. But other reasons are equally obvious. Boys from anywhere in the land will find Farragut a recreational paradise. Lake Pend Oreille is chock-full of Kootenai rainbows, cut throats, steelheads and landlocked blueback salmon. Some of the steelheads, migrating from the Columbia River, weigh 30 pounds. The woods and uplands are full of elk, deer and all kinds of game birds. Sharpshooters can test their marksmanship on pheasants, mallards and blue grouse. Winter's snows turn the slopes into ski runs. In the summer the lake is dotted with boats, although civilian craft have to stay away from the Navy's end of the lake, which is at the base of the big question mark.

Kootenai and Bonner counties will never be the same again. Their combined population is 37,950, their combined valuation $22,344,465. The population of Farragut's ample acres, which sprawl almost on the line between the counties, will be 30,000 apprentice seamen and another 10,000 people in instructors, doctors, nurses, cooks, stenographers, warehousemen and extra Navy personnel. The $46,000,000 cost of the project is resulting in the region's biggest boom, and soon the robust appetites of thousands of young Americans will tax the capacity of the dairies, cattle ranches, vegetable gardens and orchards in the adjacent Idaho-Montana-Washington area. Near-by farmers are turning to growing corn, potatoes and peas. The rivers are being gauged for additional irrigation possibilities.

"This is the biggest thing that ever happened in this part of the U. S. A.," said Jim Ryan, the forest supervisor, "but I've still got to pinch myself to make sure I'm not seeing things when I run into Navy uniforms way up in these mountains." After recovering from the first surprise of having an immense naval station thrust into their peak-barricaded solitudes, the people of Kootenai and Bonner counties are agreed that the changes being wrought are unanimously for the better. They are particularly certain of this when they contemplate the job that Farragut's stalwart inhabitants will shortly be learning to do.

THE END



"STILL SMOKING THOSE OLD-FASHIONED CIGARETTES, LEATHERNECK?

Go modern—Smoke REGENT!

ON THE LEVEL, Larry, the cigarette for a modern man like you is Regent. It's King Size...over 20% longer...gives more value!

Yes—and Regent's choice Domestic and Turkish tobaccos, *specially selected* for finer flavor, get the extra benefit of Multiple Blending—for *greater mildness.*

And besides having a modern oval shape, Regent comes in a crush-proof box which keeps each cigarette firm and fresh. So go modern, Leatherneck...get Regent...for *more* smoking pleasure!"

COSTS NO MORE THAN OTHER LEADING BRANDS

Burgundy or Golden Sauterne with the Christmas turkey

If you haven't tried well-roasted tender turkey in company with California's red Burgundy or golden Sauterne, you've a treat in store. If you choose a white table wine like Sauterne serve it well chilled. The red table wines are best when served at cool room temperature

FOR VICTORY
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Wine—for friendliness this Christmas time

This year try the old warm-hearted custom of serving wine with your Christmas turkey. You'll find, when you do, that there's much in what famous cooks say—*that food is actually better when served with wine.*

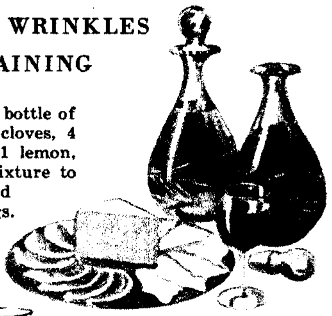
More important, you'll discover that over good food and wine people draw closer together—find it easier to be good companions.

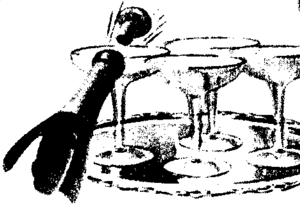
When wine becomes part of dinner, folks have an opportunity to ease up in a moderate way and enjoy themselves. In fact that is what wine is made for—to help us all toward quiet friendliness, and group enjoyment of days like Christmas.

Connoisseurs will tell you that excellent wines are now grown in our own land. At your wine merchant's many of these sound, well-developed wines now await you. They cost surprisingly little. Your dealer will be glad to help you select among them. Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

HERE ARE THREE SMART WRINKLES IN HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING

1. Hot spiced Wine: To one bottle of Burgundy or Claret add 8 cloves, 4 tablespoons sugar, rind of 1 lemon, dash of cinnamon. Heat mixture to near boil, strain at once and serve in thick glasses or mugs. This serves 6 to 8 people





2. Champagne: For memorable occasions—either at dinner or in the evening. Bring Champagne to your table well chilled. A bottle of California Champagne costs surprisingly little and contains 6 to 8 servings

3. Port and Sherry with Buffet Suppers: Just set out on the buffet table a tray of small glasses and a bottle or decanter each of California Sherry and Port. Then let your guests serve themselves

The Longest Way Round

Continued from page 30

southwest. Somewhere on the other side of those peaks was the British army. And, somehow or other, they had to get across, without being killed or captured first.

"Had you planned your route?" Purvis asked.

"No," Barry answered, wishing that the waves of dizziness wouldn't keep recurring. "Just south. That's where the army is, ain't it?' '

"True. I suggest, however, that we go west first and then south."

"That's out of our way. Straight south it's not more than thirty miles to the evacuation beaches."

"We won't be in time for the evacuation in any case. According to plan, it will start today."

Barry glanced down at the Englishman. "Plan!" he sneered. "Don't tell me you Britishers ever had a plan!"

"THE main road to the south," Purvis continued unperturbably, "runs through the valley of the Xeropotamos. The country along it is open as far as Daphnes. We'd be a mark for every patrol or plane. After that the land rises. But the passes along it will be guarded. We'd never get through."

"You seem to know the country."

"Yes," Purvis said, not troubling to explain to this colonial that some ten years before this, when the idea of war was as yet unthinkable, he'd done a sketching tour through Crete. "Since we can't travel that route," he went on, "I suggest we strike due west across that narrow valley to the hills around Tylissos—and get there before the sun rises. Then we can work south and west to the country around Ida. It's pretty well inaccessible. We can hide there."

"And after that?"

Purvis shrugged his shoulders. "Have a try for the southern beaches and a boat, I suppose."

"It'll be tough going," Barry observed thoughtfully.

"True, but the Greeks will help us."

"Why they should is beyond me."

"The point is that they will," Purvis observed dryly.

The tone and the manner nettled Barry. Common sense, however, told him that, under the circumstances, the staff officer was right. "Okay," he said with a totally unnecessary fierceness. "Better travel."

Barry tried to hurry, but he had already discovered that, under the stress of movement, his head wound, which was a slight concussion, if he had known it, was so troublesome that it took all his determination not to show any weakness before the Englishman, to keep going. He found himself staggering a little.

"Damn the Heinies!" he muttered. "Damn the English! Damn everything!"

And then as they reached the top of the gully, straight ahead among the hills but at some distance from them, there was a sudden violent popping of motorcycles. Barry stopped. So did Purvis. "That," he said, "will be the Germans in Tylissos."

"Heinie don't lose much time, does he?"

"No." Purvis glanced back at the plain. "South," he said, trying to visualize the terrain between themselves and Mount Ida. "We'll turn south. Keep to the hills. And hurry, my lad."

The two men veered left, crossed a low hill, plunged into a deep ravine and picked up a path which zigzagged up the opposite slope. Halfway up the hill Barry checked so abruptly that Purvis almost bumped into him. The Englishman listened. He didn't hear anything except the distant popping of the motorcycles. But the Australian ducked to the right and, bending double, sneaked to a patch of vines on an outcrop of soil above the path. Purvis followed him. No sooner was he settled than he heard what the Aussie had heard—the scrape of boots on rock. An instant later two Nazi scouts came into view around the sharp turn in the path, one on either side of it, and began to work down toward them.

Purvis and Barry crouched close under the vines. The scout on the other side of the path went by. The one on their side paused just above where they were. The Aussie's rifle was ready, and Purvis felt him grow tense. Just then the main body of the Nazis came around the turn in the path. One of them shouted something to the scout. He answered and went past the patch of vines with only a casual glance at it.

But the main force had still to go by, six men in all, two with tommy guns, one carrying a light machine gun and the other three with rifles. They were, in all probability, Purvis decided, a night patrol returning to their post in the plain. He held his breath as the Germans began to file past almost within arm's length but some five feet below them. The patrol was marching with the ease of men whose job is done and who are looking forward to breakfast. One of them told a joke. Another laughed. Not one of them looked up; the last man passed by. Purvis drew a deep breath. They were safe.

And then, suddenly, at his side the Australian was on his feet, a Mills bomb in his hand.

"Share that among you," he shouted and tossed it after the Nazis.

Purvis clutched ground and felt the Australian hit the earth beside him. The flat explosion of the bomb crashed out and before the echo of the explosion had died away Barry was up on one knee, firing. Purvis followed his example, seeing in one split-second view that three of the Nazis were out and that the Aussie had already shot a fourth. But the other two were stout soldiers and a machine gun was already hosing bullets in their direction, while the remaining rifleman was flat on the ground to the side of the path, aiming at them.

AS BARRY drilled the man with the machine gun, Purvis sighted on the rifleman and pressed the trigger. Nothing happened. He realized that he had forgotten to thumb back the safety catch. By the time he had corrected his error the Aussie had leaped down into the path and, at point-blank range, had shot the man. Then, wheeling, Barry flung a few bullets after the two scouts, who were streaking down the hillside like startled goats.

Purvis got up. He was a little ashamed of his part in the action. But he was also coldly and furiously angry.

"I hope you're satisfied with the bloody mess you've made," he said.

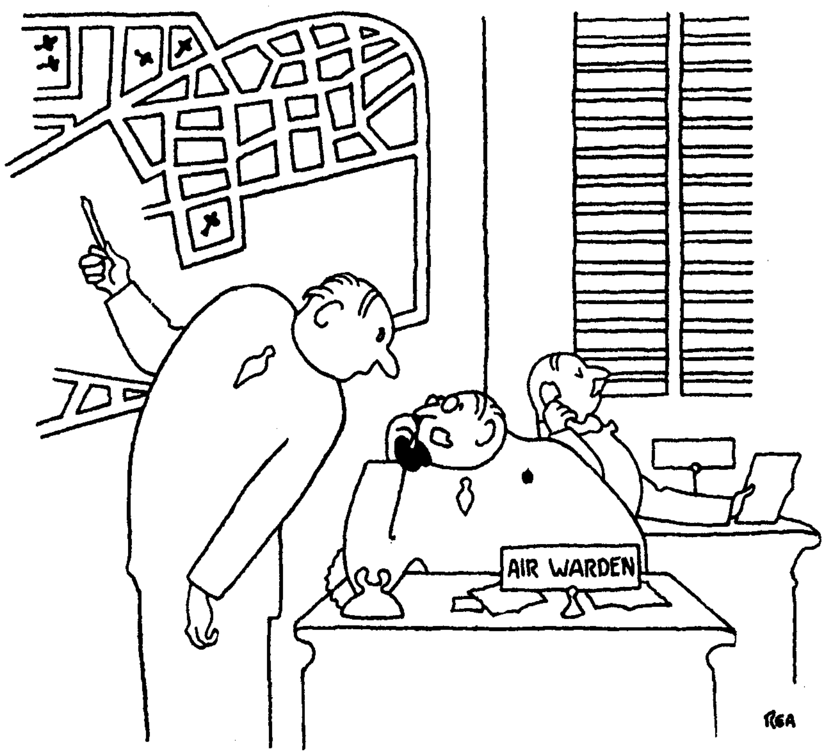
The Australian looked at him.

"Our job is to get away, not to fight," Purvis went on, spacing each word carefully. "Now, thanks to this row and those scouts, we'll have every German in the vicinity after us." He paused. "Haven't you any brains, man?" he asked witheringly.

Barry refilled the magazine of his rifle, made certain that there was a round in the chamber and that the rifle was cocked and put on the safety catch. He knew that, in a way, the Englishman was right. But he still saw Dick and what the Heinies had done to him. Slinging his rifle on his shoulder, he tilted his helmet to a rakish angle.

"When we Aussies fight, we fight," he told Purvis, staring at him with a level gaze. "Let's travel."

By midafternoon the fugitives, after a half-dozen narrow escapes, had reached the more inaccessible country west of Rhaukos. They began to feel safe. With



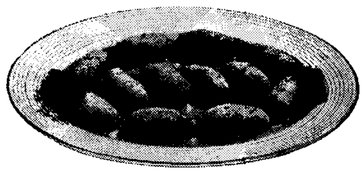
"It's your wife. She's just spotted eight two-motored planes or two eight-motored planes. She's not sure which. And bring home a pound of butter"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

WARTIME COOKERY

Don't let *Meatless Days* mean *Flavorless Meals*

MEN LOVE CHEESE. Men love A•1 Sauce. Add them together, and your man won't miss his meat. Here's a dish with tantalizing aroma that brings appetites to the table on the double-quick:



HOT CHEESE BLIMPS

½ lb. grated American Cheese
2 cups soft bread crumbs
3 eggs well beaten
⅛ tsp. salt
Dash of Cayenne
2 tsp. A•1 Sauce

Mix all ingredients, form into 12 balls. Dip into 1 egg slightly beaten with 2 tbsp. cold water, then roll in fine, dry bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat (390°) until light brown. Serve in a sauce of two cups of hot tomatoes, spiced with 2 tbsp. of A•1.

•

The rare imported spices in A•1 Sauce give chef's flavor to thrifty foods. If you want to go Boston one better, just add a teaspoonful of A•1 to baked beans. *Zingo!*

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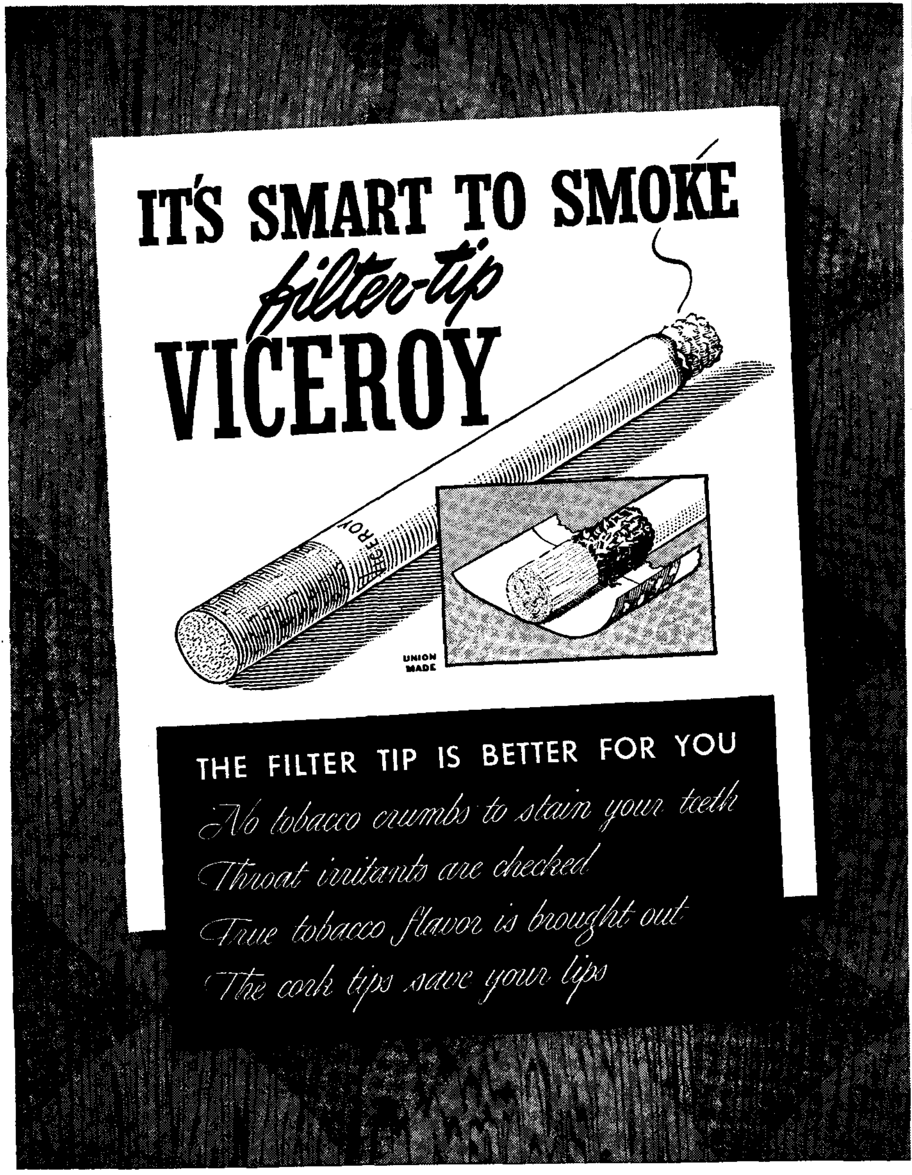

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relaxation came the realization that they were famished. They began to look around for a place to stop. Breasting a steep rise they came on a semicircular plateau not much bigger than a good-sized glade and dotted with clumps of cypresses and tamarisks and a few low-lying bushes. Behind it the summit of the hill rose in a cliff of bare rock. A path zigzagged around its left shoulder. On the right the cliff ended in a sheer precipice.

Barry's head wound, added to eight days and nights of almost ceaseless fighting, had drawn heavily upon the last of his physical reserves; and he flopped down. "I'm eating," he announced.

Purvis made no objection. He seated himself. Barry passed over a doughnut-shaped loaf of coarse bread, a slab of goat's cheese and a bottle of wine, and they ate silently, their thoughts a wall of separation between them.

Barry, the sharp edge of his first hunger gone, felt his eyes fill with tears. He brushed them away with the back of his hand and bit savagely into the coarse bread. His head was clearing. As it cleared, bitterness was flowing back into him.

He swallowed a mouthful of bread and cheese, almost choked on it and turned his head to stare at the Englishman. The very air of impeccability which, in spite of their rough journey, still clung to the staff officer, offended him. So did the finicky daintiness with which he ate. A wave of anger surged through the Aussie, setting his head to throbbing again. He tried to fight down his temper. At that moment, Purvis, having finished his meal, observed idly in an effort to be sociable, "How's that head of yours?"

"Okay."

"Was it a very tough show?"

There was, so Barry thought, a note in the staff officer's tone as if he were talking down to a child.

"Tough?" he sneered. "Sure it was tough. What the hell do you chaps on the staff know about it?"

Purvis stood up abruptly. "Look here, my man. Better get one thing clear."

"What?"

"I'm not insisting on my rank," Purvis said. "Under the circumstances that would be absurd. But you must keep a civil tongue in your head."

"Must I?"

"Yes. We have a job to do—to get to the south and find a boat. That will take some doing. Well, either we agree to co-operate in a civil fashion, or we're better apart."

BARRY realized that once more this trim, compact, little man with the black hair and the impassive face was speaking sense. But his temper was up. He opened his mouth to tell Purvis he could go to hell, and a bullet splashed into the trunk of a cypress beside him. Both men dug for the ground. A volley cut the space where they had stood. Behind them, a small Greek boy, who had been watching with intense interest these alien characters who spoke in an unknown tongue, dived to cover in a laurel bush.

Down below in the ravine the Nazi patrol which had come up the winding path unnoticed and, seeing the men stand up, had fired on them, began to swing into disciplined action, one group fanning out into extended line, another bringing a machine gun to bear in order to cover the intended advance. Barry cursed and dragged his rifle forward. Purvis clutched his arm.

"No. Back and up the path."

The Englishman began to squirm back on his belly. Barry tossed a couple of bullets at the Nazis and followed his example. As soon as the rim of the plateau screened them from view both men ran through the trees and scrub to the track which led upward around the left shoulder of the cliff. Then they checked. Some distance up that path another section of Germans was working downward.

Both men realized this at the same instant. They looked at each other. Barry gave a short laugh. "Us arguing about getting to the south!"

Purvis shrugged his shoulders. Walking over to a rock he sat down, pulled out his pipe and began to fill it. "Might as well be comfortable," he said, tamping down the tobacco with his thumb. Barry stared at him. "Going to surrender?"

"What else is there to do?"

BARRY pressed his lips together. Slipping a couple more rounds into his rifle he took a step toward the rim of the plateau. The Englishman paused in the act of lighting a match.

"Precisely what do you intend to do?" he asked.

"No damn' Heinie's going to march me in like a tame steer. I'm an Aussie, not an Englishman."

Purvis let the match go out. "Be reasonable, man."

Barry said a couple of short, succinct words, and turned toward the rim of the plateau again. Purvis got up with a sigh.

"More likely spot back there against the cliff," he remarked, putting his pipe away.

Barry stopped to look at him.

"Two parties of the enemy," Purvis explained, unslinging his rifle. "Can't let ourselves be surrounded, you know."

Barry gaped. The Englishman walked through the trees toward the precipitous face of the cliff. Barry followed, admitting to himself reluctantly that at least the fellow had guts. The Greek boy, who had been crouched in the laurel bush all this time, still as a quail's chick, made up his mind. He slipped out in front of Purvis.

"Angloi?" he asked.

Barry, whose rifle had swung automatically to cover the lad, stared at him. Purvis answered coolly, *"Malista."*

The youngster—he was no more than ten—grinned all over his face and pointed to the cliff, speaking rapidly. Purvis asked a sharp question. The boy nodded and ran to a spot near the base of the stony wall where the ground was lower and parted the cornel bushes. A narrow opening, low down, was revealed. The boy dived in. Purvis followed. Barry heard the Germans raise a shout. The opening was a tight fit. But he made it just as the Germans came charging over the rim of the plateau. The cornel bushes whipped to behind him. Barry squeezed forward, realizing that this was the shallow and dried-up bed of a watercourse.

Some fifteen minutes later they were on the other side of the cliff. To their left the hill soared upward. On their right the precipice plunged down. They stood on a dizzying path between the two, Barry collecting his faculties and Purvis chatting with the boy. Barry watched them. The lad was eager, enthusiastic, nodding his head occasionally and pointing as he answered the Englishman's questions. Purvis chuckled once, then laughed outright. A little later he became very grave and sympathetic. He certainly had a way with youngsters, Barry admitted to himself, and wished that he knew more Greek than the few ordinary phrases he had picked up. At last Purvis turned to him.

"Constantinos is the name, Sundridge," he said. "Constantinos Tozios."

"Tell Constantinos I'm sure grateful."

Purvis turned to the lad and spoke. The boy smiled shyly at the tall Australian. Barry smiled back.

"Constantinos is going to guide us through the mountains," Purvis observed conversationally.

Barry understood that the Englishman was, in his own way, letting him know that, so far as he was concerned, the quarrel on the plateau was washed out. The Aussie would have preferred to have been more direct about it. But he was quite willing to let it go for the moment.

Purvis' face became grave. "He was visiting his aunt at Daphnes when the paratroops dropped," he went on. "The villagers fought them—sickles, flails, anything. What was left of them fled to the hills. Yesterday a bomb dropped on the group with which Constantinos was. He decided to go home. His home, as it happens, is at Stavrilos. We can go along with him—Stavrilos is a village in the hills near the plain of Messara."

Barry looked at the boy, watching them with bright, interested eyes. "Quite a lad," he observed.

"Isn't he?" Purvis' whole attitude was that of a proud parent as he turned to smile at Constantinos. "Quite a family too," he added. "His father is the mayor of Stavrilos. His sister, Maurika, is, he says, beautiful." Purvis glanced at Barry with a roguish twinkle in his brown eyes. "He says his sister will like your red hair."

Barry blushed furiously, and Purvis, whose good humor was quite restored, thought to himself that this colonial wasn't such a bad egg, as colonials went. Impertinent, of course. Needed discipline. Still, with that wound on his head, one ought to make allowances.

"Constantinos has a brother, too," he continued. "Georgios is the name. Georgios is fighting with the Greek irregulars in the south. Amazing people, these Greeks."

Barry agreed, wondering sardonically if the Englishman really appreciated how amazing the Greeks were in continuing to help the British out after the mess the British had landed them into. Probably not. Probably Purvis, being English, took it as a matter of course. But the Australian didn't raise the point. That could wait—until they got out of Crete. The main job now was to get out of Crete.

TWO weeks later, however, neither Barry nor Purvis was out of Crete. By the time they had reached the beaches—the evacuation was over and no boats were to be had. So they had returned to join Constantinos' brother Georgios and his band, who were continuing the fight from the mountains. Now, on this bright June morning, they were, with Georgios, leading half a hundred Cretan irregulars down one of the steep southern slopes of Mount Ida. Their objective was the village of Stavrilos. Toward it, so they had been informed a half hour before by a Greek peasant come up from the plain to find them, a German force intended to march that morning. The band was racing down to try to intercept that force before it reached the village.

They all knew that in the first days of the blitz against Crete, four paratroopers had been killed by the villagers. In spite of the tales of savage German reprisals, Barry couldn't quite visualize any executions for that act. The villagers had, after all, been defending their homes. But nobody knew, really, what the Heinies would do.

Barry thought about Constantinos and Maurika as the band reached the narrow sun-filled valley and, faces tense, began to press forward through the olive trees, the tiny wheat fields and the terraced vines. Barry had a great affection for Constantinos. The lad got round your heartstrings, somehow. So did Maurika. The Aussie had only seen her twice. Yet he could remember clearly how she'd hovered about him as he ate, touching his red hair with the tips of her fingers and smiling at him with that look—half shy, half wistful—which made a chap feel as if she ought to be protected. In other times something might have come of that, but as it was, as soon as one of the boats (which, so it was rumored, were beginning to run in arms and ammunition from Egypt) reached the Bay of Messara, he'd be on it and out of Crete and back to his battalion.

THEY had reached the foot of the steep ridge. Barry's mind jerked back to the present as he glanced up it. On the opposite side of that ridge was Stavrilos. Would they be in time?

And then, suddenly, there was a sharp burst of firing from the other side of the ridge. They all checked momentarily, staring at one another with hot, startled eyes, and then, as the firing ceased as abruptly as it had begun, they all scrambled forward desperately, straining to be up the ridge. Even so, it was a good twenty minutes before they reached the top of the ridge and came over it cautiously, bending double among the cypresses to avoid the skyline. Directly below them was Stavrilos, clinging among its trees to the slope of the natural bowl into which this flank of the ridge was carved. To their left a steep track zigzagged between huge rocks down sharply to the floor of the valley. Barry's eyes took this in swiftly. They also took in a force of Germans, a few hundred yards away marching down the steep track from the village to the floor of the valley and he observed that they were not mechanized.

The whole guerrilla band moved down cautiously, spreading out and slipping from tree to tree. And then, the wailing of women came up to them and, on the right, a Greek shouted something and the Cretans broke down rapidly through the cypresses, Georgios in the lead. Barry and Purvis followed. They found their men mingled with the women in a frantic milling crowd in the square in front of the inn. The two men pushed their way through.

They came upon the sight suddenly. The Greeks had fallen silent, watching it. There, in front of the inn, was a tumbled heap of bodies, cut through with machine-gun bullets, some of them dead, others in the process of dying.

Barry slowly realized that the dead and dying were all men. Then he heard Purvis asking sharp questions. He saw Georgios, crouched among the dead, holding the form of his father in his arms and calling out to him. It occurred to Barry to wonder where Constantinos was. He turned to look among the crowd for the boy's bright eyes and eager face. At that moment a woman who, on the outskirts of the heap of dead, had been bending over one of the bodies, suddenly flung the upper part of her body erect, raising her arms frantically to the blue uncaring sky. It was Maurika. Below her, Barry saw Constantinos, one arm tossed out limply, staring sightlessly at the sun.

It took the Australian a long instant to grasp it and another to be galvanized into action. He turned to Purvis.

"What's happened?" he demanded.

"Reprisal," the Englishman said in a cold, controlled voice.

Barry glanced around blindly. "Well,

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what are we waiting for?" he demanded. He turned to the Cretans. "Come on!" he shouted with a sweep of his arm.

The Cretans understood his gesture and were ready. Georgios dropped his father and started up, his dark-browed face a mask of savage fury.

"Stop!" Purvis commanded.

Barry kept going. "Stop, you fool," Purvis called out sharply, and something in his tone made Barry look behind him. The Englishman had his rifle pointed at him.

Barry's jaw dropped. "What the hell—" he began.

"I can't permit you to waste these men in a foolish charge down the hill straight into German machine guns," Purvis explained coldly. "Or to allow those Germans to escape."

"They're escaping right now."

"Not if we reach the pass to the plain before them. Their road through the valley is at least twice as far as the direct route along this ridge. Now, are you obeying orders? Or do I shoot?"

The Cretans were waiting, watching. Barry hesitated. "Okay," he said sullenly and reluctantly.

It was a swift and punishing march under cover of the trees along the flank of the ridge to the pass. When they arrived, the Englishman picked a spot just within the mouth of the pass where the road swung close to the western cliff. Between it and the eastern hills was an olive orchard. Purvis did not post his men there. He placed them among the scant scrub in the narrow space between the road and the western cliff.

"The Germans will probably scout the olives," he told Barry. "I doubt if they will trouble with this side. They've been over the road once already this morning."

Barry conceded that this was probable. "What are the orders?" he asked gruffly.

"One volley at my signal and then charge."

BARRY settled himself. The silver leaves of the olives were still and the eastern hills behind them hot and bare in the sun. The Nazi scouts appeared, scouting the olives. Then the party which was acting as the advance guard came into view, strung in extended order between the road and the hills opposite. The advance guard went by. A hundred yards behind came the main force, marching in open file in two columns, one through the olives, the other on the road. Barry's gaze fixed itself on a machine gun which two men were carrying in the column on the road. The head of the force on the road reached the spot where he was. The whistle blast shrilled. A sudden volley tore into the Nazis. Then the Cretans charged.

Barry leaped with them. He made straight for the machine gun. One man was down. Barry bayoneted the other. Then, dropping his rifle and heedless of the hand-to-hand fighting along the road, he tried to get the gun into action. He realized skilled fingers were helping him. It was Purvis. An instant later, just as the Nazi column among the olives, recovering from the shock of the ambush, was coming into action, machine guns and automatics blazing, Barry opened up. The Australian was a skilled machine gunner; fifteen minutes later, except for the scouts and those few of the advance guard who had escaped into the plain, there wasn't a single Nazi left alive. The Cretans, after what they had seen in the village, left no wounded.

It was while the guerrillas, carrying their dead and wounded with them, were making their way back up the valley, that Purvis spoke to Barry.

"Nice work with that machine gun," Purvis said.

Barry grunted.

"You used your head." Purvis paused. "Sorry about the village," he observed diffidently.

Barry made an effort: "You were right. I was wrong."

"Thank you."

"As a matter of fact," Barry went on, "I was wrong about you more than once. I suppose it was because you were on the staff. You see, I blamed the staff for my brother."

Purvis' face showed interest.

"He was killed," Barry said gruffly. "Back there near Herakleion. The day I was hit."

"Oh. Sorry."

"That's what made me lose my temper," Barry said bitterly. "Your staff had blundered time after time."

Purvis had revised his ideas somewhat, too, since the first day the two of them had met. "I admit that we've made plenty of blunders," he said. He paused, seemed to struggle within himself, took out his pipe, looked at it. "Democracies have a habit of making mistakes," he went on almost shyly. "Yet, they do stand for a sort of freedom." He lit his pipe. "There is such a thing, you know," he added, "as dying for democracy. You think it's wasted—mistakes, inefficiency, all that. But it isn't, really."

Barry didn't quite agree with the argument. But he didn't want to stir up controversy. Dick was dead, after all. Quarreling wouldn't bring him back. Besides, somehow, curiously enough, now that the barrier between them seemed to be down, he felt a liking for this Englishman. He changed the subject.

"I wonder," he said, "if we'll ever get a boat out of this bloody island."

The Englishman puffed at his pipe. "You want to get back, don't you?"

"Who wouldn't?"

Purvis said, "There's a boat coming into the Bay of Messara tonight. It's bringing arms from Egypt."

Barry stopped. "Tonight!"

"Yes. The same chap who told us this morning about our friends down there brought the news."

Barry looked at Purvis. "Don't you chaps ever get excited?"

"Well, you know, I'm not going."

"You're not going!" Barry exclaimed.

Purvis was embarrassed. "These Cretans. Can't let them down, you know. Owe them something. Chaps who don't know when they're licked. And Constantinos—that youngster. Not the thing, you know."

"You English may owe them something," Barry said roughly. "We Aussies don't. We didn't plan the show in Crete."

"Quite," Purvis said. He started on. Barry tramped on beside him, feeling the barrier between them raised once more. There was no need for him to feel ashamed. His place wasn't here. His place was in Egypt with his battalion.

"Yes, I'm going—tonight," he said aloud, stubbornly, as if the Englishman had been arguing with him. "We started out, didn't we, to get out of this bloody island? Well, I'm going."

The Englishman said nothing.

THE arms had been unloaded. Barry stood on the beach. The silent sky was heavy with stars. The tiny waves whispered on the sand. Out on the water the boat floated—a vague, wavering shape in the shadows. Beside him the Greeks and Purvis were waiting. "What the bloody hell am I dilly-dallying for?" Barry asked himself.

"So long," he said to Purvis.

"Best of luck, old man."

Barry waded out to the boat. He got in. The boat began to move, slowly and silently, since Tyvaki and the Germans were not far off. Barry stared back at the beach. So that was the end of Crete. The end of Purvis and of Constantinos and of that sister of his with the appealing face, and of Dick—Dick on the hillside with the helmet over his face. For he couldn't think of Dick as buried. He could scarcely think of him as dead. No. he'd think of him as he'd been that last afternoon, laughing as the paratroops came on, proud of being an Aussie. . . .

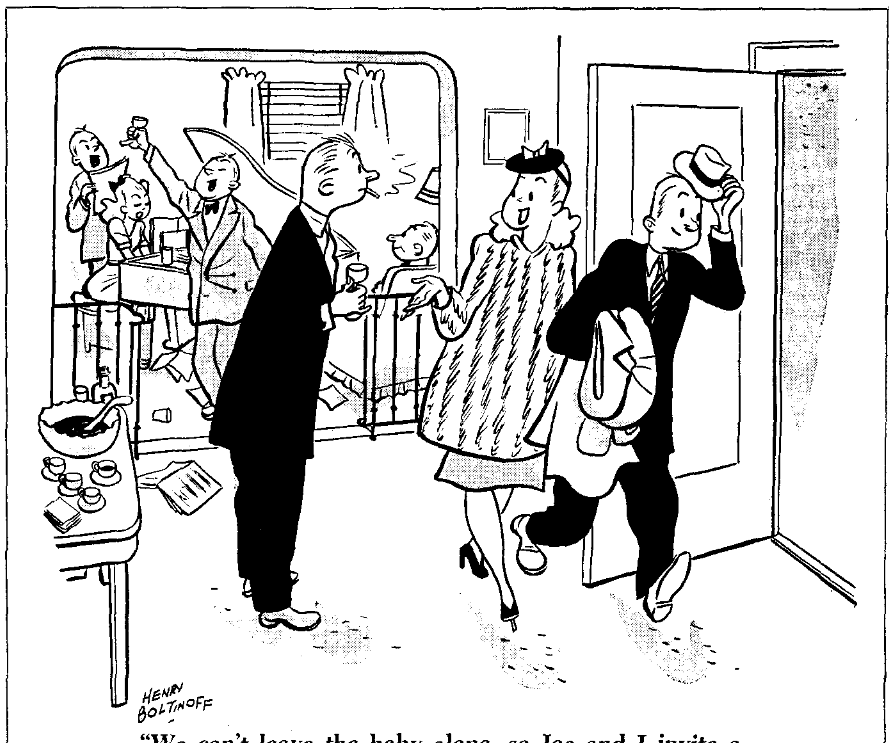
"Can you let an Englishman do what an Aussie won't?" The question seemed almost to be spoken, it was so clear in his brain. Barry jumped to his feet. He dived over the side. A moment or so later he came up the beach dripping, his rifle in his hand, embarrassed and not knowing what to say.

"Short trip," he joked.

Purvis only said two words.

"Good man," Purvis said.

THE END



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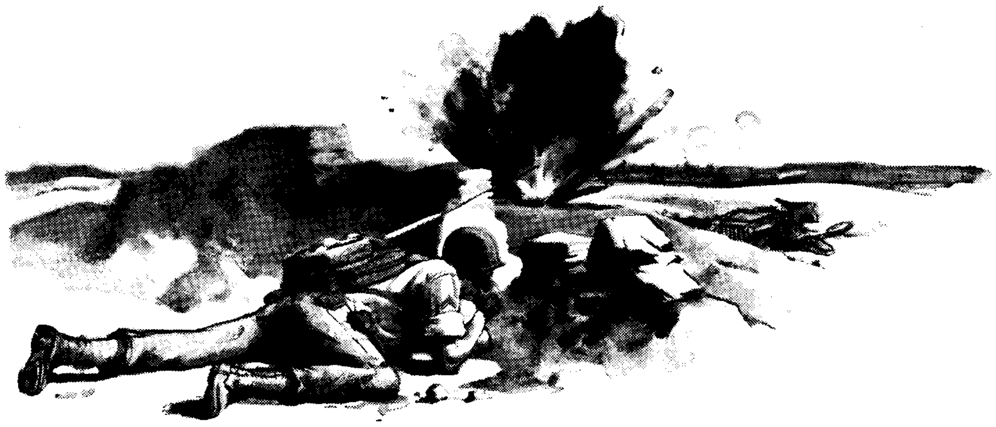

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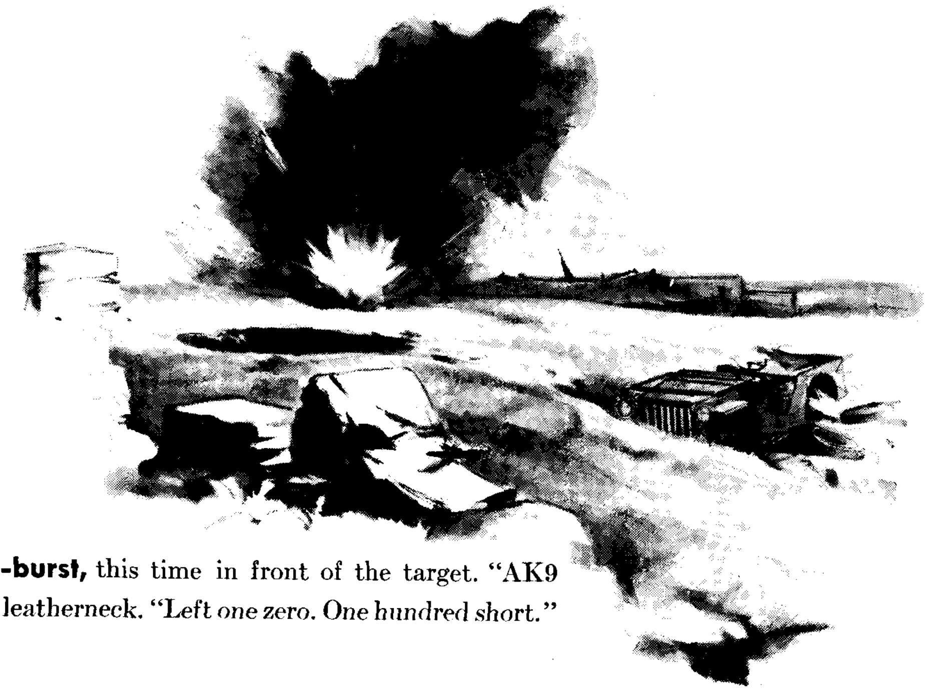
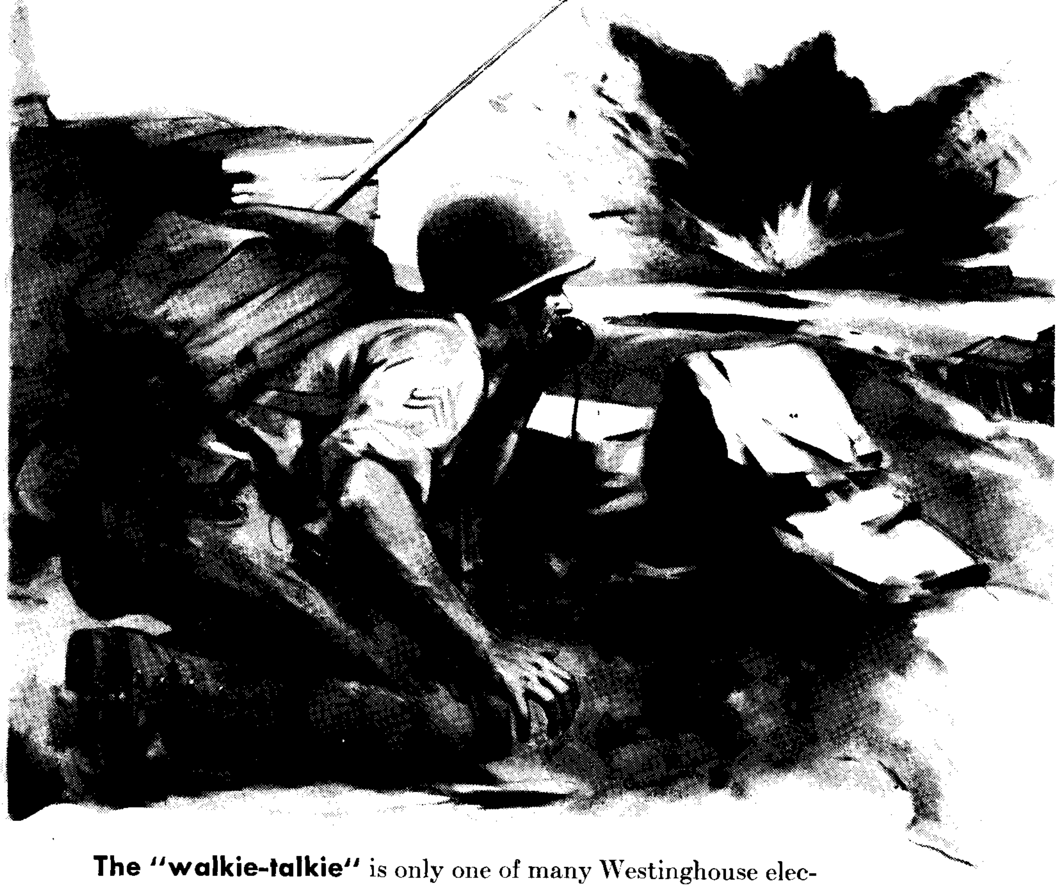


Another shell-burst, this time in front of the target. "AK9 to BJ," says the leatherneck. "Left one zero. One hundred short."



And then, suddenly, a terrific, ground-shaking explosion across the valley . . . the enemy gun emplacement disappears in a black, billowing geyser of rocks and smoke and rubble. The Marine puts the microphone to his lips.

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The Jap Pulls in His Belt

By Robert Bellaire

FORMER UNITED PRESS CORRESPONDENT IN TOKYO

But it's choice more than necessity, sacrifices more than shortages. He believes that total war demands total effort

THE Japanese people have been taught that morale, the willingness to sacrifice, will win the war. They believed it before Pearl Harbor, and what has happened since has convinced them. This conviction, a national faith in morale as distinguished from blind confidence, is their "secret weapon," and every Jap, from the youngest school child to the oldest peasant, is armed with it. He is undergoing, with scarcely any complaint, discomforts and privations which would bring yelps of anguish and indignation from almost any other country in the world. Take a brief look at the Japanese standard of living, which has declined to a mere subsistence level, and compare it with our own pampered existence.

Japanese civilians are eating one third as much as they did ten years ago. All food is rationed at that level. Sometimes housewives must wait six and eight hours in line to get their meager rations. This is not so much a matter of food shortages in Japan. Essentially, it is a matter of conserving by sixty-six per cent the manpower and transportation facilities which would be required to bring food to civilians.

The manufacture of civilian clothing from wool, cotton, linen and even silk is forbidden by law. All clothing must be made of *sufu*—artificial material derived chemically from wood pulp. This clothing is rationed to the point where the average Japanese barely manages to keep clothed. It is not attractive. It is not even durable. The official Domei news agency reported recently that the grasshoppers were eating shirts of this material right off the backs of the farmers in the fields. But this clothing has permitted Japan to divert ninety per cent of her vast textile industry to the production of war materials.

Japanese shoes are now made of cardboard and rationed at the rate of one pair per year. They will wear about a month. When they are gone, nothing is available but wooden shoes and grass sandals.

The use of private automobiles for any and all purposes has been abolished. Busses and streetcars have been reduced to the point where only half the city workers and students can ride to the factories and schools. The others walk, often eight to ten miles a day. A government permit is required to buy a railroad ticket, and the journey must be necessary.

The Japanese worker never had a forty-hour week. He had a seventy-five hour week, but now it is a ninety-eight-hour week, with one Sunday off each month. All workers are registered. They accept assignments for training and duty exactly as if they were in the regular army.

This winter, the Japanese civilian will be rationed only enough charcoal to heat his home for twenty-eight hours. He is advised to use this fuel two hours daily during the two coldest weeks of the winter. Office buildings and government structures have had no heat for several years. Trains will not be heated, nor will busses. Japan has the wood to produce enough charcoal for all. But that would take time, manpower and transportation.

The consumption of gas, water and electricity in all Japanese households is set by law, at a fixed rate of about thirty per cent of prewar consumption. If the quotas are exceeded, a heavy fine is imposed. If the offense is repeated, the offender is punished by having all his public-utility facilities shut off.

Japanese students have no leisure time whatever. All are registered by the government and assigned to war work after school hours and during summer vacations. They work in factories, on farms, on road building, on the docks, and as auxiliary police and firemen—wherever they can replace older men who can join the army.

Scrap-iron drives in Japan are not merely a matter of cleaning out garages and basements. Even doorknobs and window screens are taken. Volunteers walk along the streetcar and railroad tracks with magnets attached to the ends of poles, to collect the iron dust from the rails. From fifty to ninety-five per cent of a Jap's income goes into war bonds, taxes and compulsory postal savings.

The Japanese do not consider night life essential to civilian morale in wartime. All night clubs are closed to civilians. Bars are rationed to the point where they can be open only for two or three nights per week, from eight to ten o'clock.

Dancing is forbidden, even in private homes. Only patriotic music is permitted in public places. Beer for home consumption is rationed at the rate of one quart per household per month. Ceiling prices and rations on meals in hotels and restaurants are rigidly enforced, so that these places are open only one hour each day, and they serve meals notorious for their lack of quantity and quality.

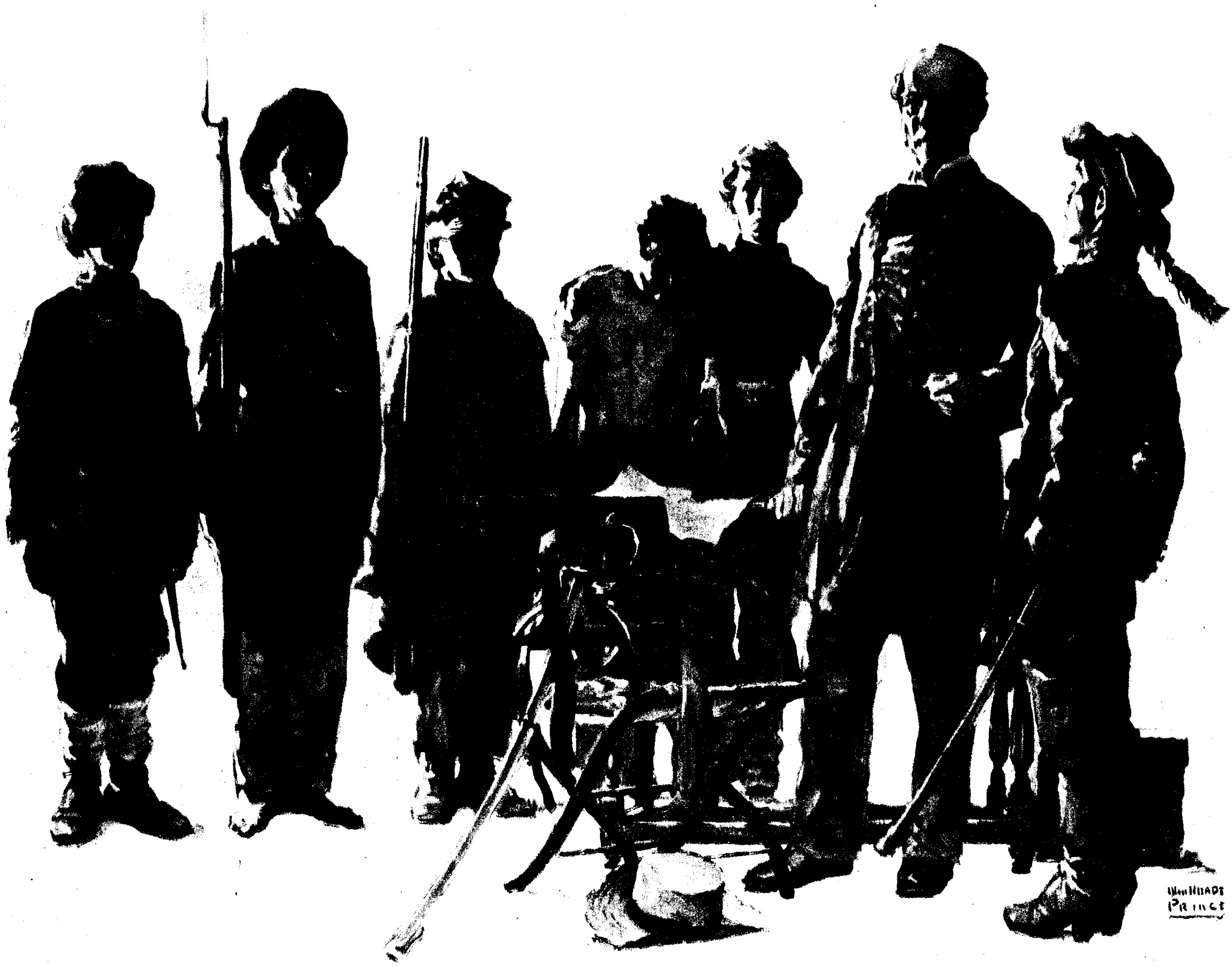
These are only a few of the sacrifices which are being made throughout Japanese civilian life. The people believe them to be necessary if Japan is to maintain a fighting machine truly representative of her total potential strength. ★★★

FRED HAMILTON

Making tea over a charcoal-burning hibachi is quite a luxury. Japs will get only enough of the fuel to heat their airy houses for twenty-eight hours this winter

FRED HAMILTON

Long before Pearl Harbor, Japanese women were busy in the fields at harvesttime. Now with even less manpower available and farm methods as primitive as ever, they have their hands full



The general waited until he got a grip on himself. "The fox has to run again, Captain. Your company will take the Jenningses on to Georgia"

All Out with Sherman

By James Street

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Little Ax takes his men under fire for the last time, and slows the course of history

A SHROUD of white smoke lay over the ruins of Jackson, for Uncle Billy Sherman had struck once at the capital of Mississippi and was poised, ready to strike again with an army that was "trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored." Vicksburg had fallen and the state was calling up men from sixteen to sixty, while the Yanks were hacking a swath of total destruction from the river to the hills in a dress rehearsal for the march through Georgia.

Captain Alexander Xerxes Trowbridge, the arrogant gamecock of the Confederacy, was broodingly bitter about it all and believed that stupidity in high places was responsible for his state's plight. However, cocky even in defeat, he reckoned Mississippi still could be saved if the generals would listen to *him*. He had tried to see General Joe Johnston, but a colonel had brushed him aside, and, angry at the boy's presumption, actually had ordered him to disband his Cradle Company and distribute his veterans among the new levies.

At nineteen, Little Ax was the oldest of his company and none was taller than five feet five. The Northern press had labeled them "the Butcher Boys" and their ruthless exploits already were legendary. Many Southerners disapproved of Ax's bloody guerrilla methods, but his company loved him for what he was: a soldier's soldier, vain and daring as a bantam rooster, and not much larger.

Despondent as he was, Ax swaggered up Jackson's Capitol Street, his high-heeled boots kicking up dust. His plumed hat was at a jaunty angle and his crimson sash was rippling. A big gun grumbled to the west. He paused, cocked his ear, then walked on. Uncle Billy was feeling for an opening and soon would be pounding hard to reoccupy the town.

Ax wondered if Johnston would make a stand. If he did, the Cradle Company must be called from bivouac, where they were licking their wounds. The fame of the unit had swelled its ranks to 156, an awkward and unorthodox number.

THE little captain believed the Confeds should retreat to the hills. Mississippi couldn't slug with the Yanks, for she was bled white. She had sent eighty thousand men into the army, a larger number than her total white male population between eighteen and forty-five. And sixty thousand were missing.

Ax was nearing the deserted capitol when he heard his name called and, turning around, saw a huge, forlorn Negro driving a huge, forlorn mule.

"Whoa, Sodom," the slave said. "Hy-dee-do, Cap'n Ax."

"Mawnin', Jud." Little Ax climbed to the seat.

"Reckoned you wus aimin' for the office." Jud giddapped his mule. "Miss Marge and her paw is there. We's fixin' to get the hell-and-gone away fum 'eah."

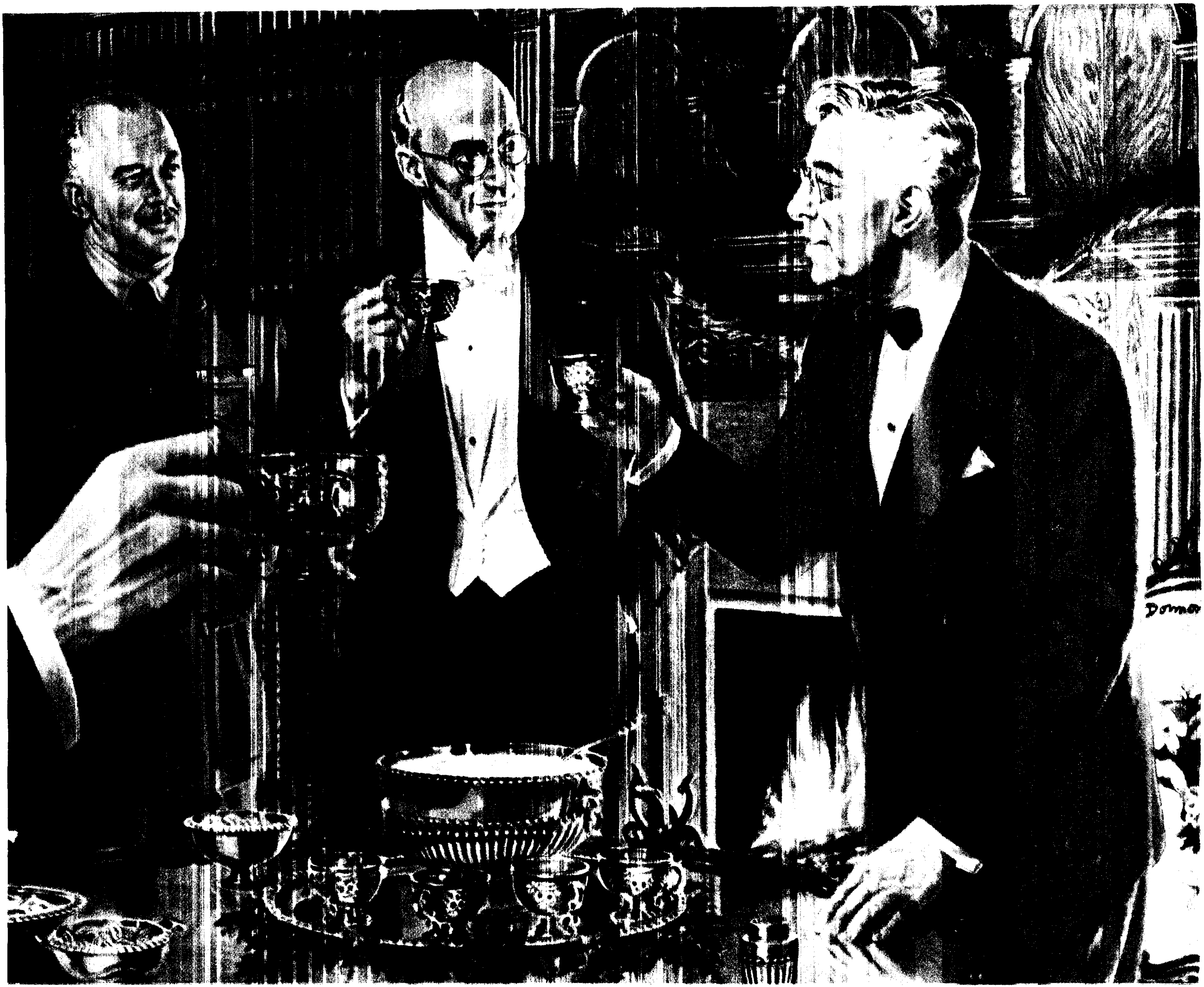
He shook his head slowly. "I sho am sick of refugeein'. Jes' looks like ever'where we light, up shows that ol' Mister Billy Bedamned Sherman."

"Is Miss Marge all right?"

"She will be when she sots eyes on you." Jud laughed. "When y'-all aimin' to jump the broom and set up housekeepin' like white folks oughta?"

Ax nodded toward the west. "Won't do much good to build a house long as them fellers are on the prowl." He watched the dust whirl around Sodom's hoofs and, for a minute, forgot about his orders to disband his company. It was nicer to think of Margaret Jennings and her father, Jasper.

Jasper Jennings was a printer for the exiled Memphis Daily Appeal, the newspaper that was wandering hundreds of



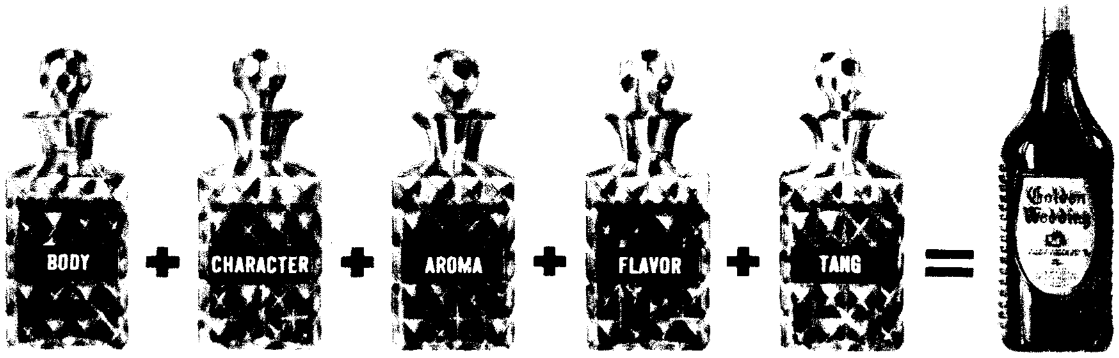
"To the spirit of Christmases yet to come"

CONSUL: We'll all join you in that, sir. To a champion Dickens' Christmas in England when, with your help, we've whipped the Nazi Scrooges.

ATTACHÉ: And I'd like to propose a toast to our host and to his bonny country. Yes, and this bonny whiskey, too, that deserves a poem by none other than Bobbie Burns.

HOST: I see you're a Scotsman, sir—and from you that's a real compliment for our American Golden Wedding. You see, Golden Wedding is five of our finest whiskies "wedded" into *one*. Each of these five superb whiskies has been chosen for the quality that is its own special property—one for richness . . . one for bouquet . . . one for flavor . . . one for character . . . and one for tang. And the result is the *one* truly mild whiskey that I like to serve to my friends.

You will enjoy serving Golden Wedding, too . . . for its mellow smoothness and lightness make it the perfect whiskey today. Give Golden Wedding for Christmas—it will win you the warmest thanks. And, remember—Golden Wedding costs almost a dollar *less* than you probably expect to pay.



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miles from home rather than suffer Yankee censorship. Margaret had auburn hair and was so tiny that even Little Ax had to bow to kiss her chin.

The Appeal, often called the Bible of the Confederacy, had been just one jump ahead of capture since Memphis fell, and Sherman was determined to silence it. Editor Dill had moved his paper four times. It was being published now in Atlanta, but some of the equipment still was in Jackson, and Jasper aimed to take it by mule wagon to Georgia.

Jud tied Sodom to a hitching post near the office and Little Ax hurried in. At first, he thought the shack was abandoned, then Marge walked out of the shadows. There were smudges of ink on her cheeks.

"Alex!" She ran to him. She didn't like the name Little Ax, for it reminded her of the blood he had spilled. "Kiss me here." She tilted her face and pointed to her lips. "I've got ink on my cheeks, and, besides, it's nicer to be kissed on the lips."

A few minutes later Ax asked, "Where's your pa?"

"He'll be back t'reckly." She sat on a bench and motioned for him to sit by her. "We've got to be moving again. *They'll* be here soon, won't they?"

There was a crackle of musketry to the north, a growl of howitzers to the south. Uncle Billy was closing in for his strangle hold.

"They'll be here in a day or so," Ax said softly. "Reckon we'll have to fight 'em in the hills back east of here."

"Hills!" She turned his face toward hers. "Look at me, Alex Trowbridge. You're going to Georgia with us, aren't you? The Cradle Company has always protected the Appeal."

"That's what I came to talk about, honey. I better wait and see your pa," Little Ax said.

She didn't reply immediately, but looked through the door toward the west. The cannonade was increasing. "I hear there are only Secesh folks between here and Georgia, so we ought to be safe by ourselves." She said it slowly. "You know what you've got to do, and I'm not butting in."

Ax started to use his sash to wipe away the ink, but on second thought he got a rag, dampened it and scrubbed her cheeks.

"Will it ever be over?" she said as they sat there and watched smoke spiral from wreckage of the penitentiary. The convicts had been freed for military duty.

"It can't last much longer."

"Tell me again what we are going to do when it's over."

HE HAD told her a hundred times, but he told her again. "We'll be married in Memphis. Then we'll head for south Mississippi, where there's room to grow. I'll build our house—"

The gaunt form of Jasper Jennings loomed suddenly in the doorway. His white mane reached to his shoulders, and his eyes were blazing. "Johnston is evacuating the town," he roared.

"He's got to," Ax said. "Even a *good* soldier can't defend this place against such odds. Mississippi is a goner unless we hit for the hills."

Jasper was excited and began packing the type cases. "You, Jud! Come help us. You, too, Ax. And Marge. We got to get going." He paused then and looked at Ax. "You don't like Gentleman Joe Johnston, eh, son?"

"He ain't my kind of soldier," Ax said sullenly.

"He's sick," Jasper said.

"Then he ought to stay in bed. He ain't fighting them bungling Yankee generals in Virginia now. He's got Grant *and* Sherman against him."

Jasper walked to the door. "That man over yonder," he pointed toward Sherman's lines, "is your kind of soldier, eh, bub?"

"He's winning a war."

"He's killing women and children." Jasper pulled a sheet of paper from his pocket. "Here's a message we found on a dead Yankee runner. It's from Uncle Billy."

The dispatch said: "We have desolated this land. . . . The wholesale destruction to which the country is now being subjected is terrible to contemplate."

The old printer lit his pipe and watched Ax as he read.

"Mister Jennings"—Ax returned the paper—"Sherman is fighting this war to win. He can't beat our armies, but he can beat our homefolks and that'll beat our armies. We ain't seen nothing yet. Both sides are mean mad now, and when Americans get mean mad they're the bloodiest, killin'est folks in the world. Sherman is a whole-hawg soldier and he's going all the way out to break our backs *first, then our necks.* I wish *my* company could get just one more crack at him. . . ."

"You will," Jasper said.

Ax looked away and bit his lower lip. Then he said, almost in a whisper, "I have orders to disband the Cradle Company."

The roller that Jud had lifted clattered to the floor and dust poured from the cracks. Jasper removed his pipe to speak, but no words came. Marge's knees suddenly were weak and she sat down and stared at Ax.

Jasper was the first to find his voice: "Have you seen Johnston about this?"

"I couldn't get to him." Ax swallowed, for he almost was choking.

"Jud! Saddle my mule." Jasper clamped on his hat. "Come on, son. We'll see Joe Johnston."

It was late afternoon before they reached headquarters. A group of officers were talking near General Johnston's tent. In a way, Ax felt sorry for the plodding Johnston. The cream of the Yankee army was in Mississippi and the cream of the Rebel army was in Virginia and Gentleman Joe was trying to hold back an avalanche with a few ragged regiments that were using rocks for grape, and butcher knives for bayonets.

Jasper told Ax to wait under a tree about two hundred yards from headquarters, and the old man strutted up to the tent and started in. A haggard, coatless officer stopped him. Jasper shook his long hair and struck a pose. "I want to see General Joseph Eggleston Johnston. And I aim to do it."

Most of the officers laughed, but the coatless man said, "What do you want to see him about?"

"For one thing, Mister, I'm an old friend of his. For another, I'm with the Daily Appeal. . . ."

The officer silenced the other men by a look and said, "Come right in, sir. I'm General Johnston." The commander winked at Jasper and the old man grinned. He was thankful that Ax was too far away to hear.

THE printer and the commander talked for several minutes, then Johnston sent an orderly for Ax. The Little Captain saluted his commander smartly, cocked his head and looked Johnston over. It was sheer impudence, but the general ignored it.

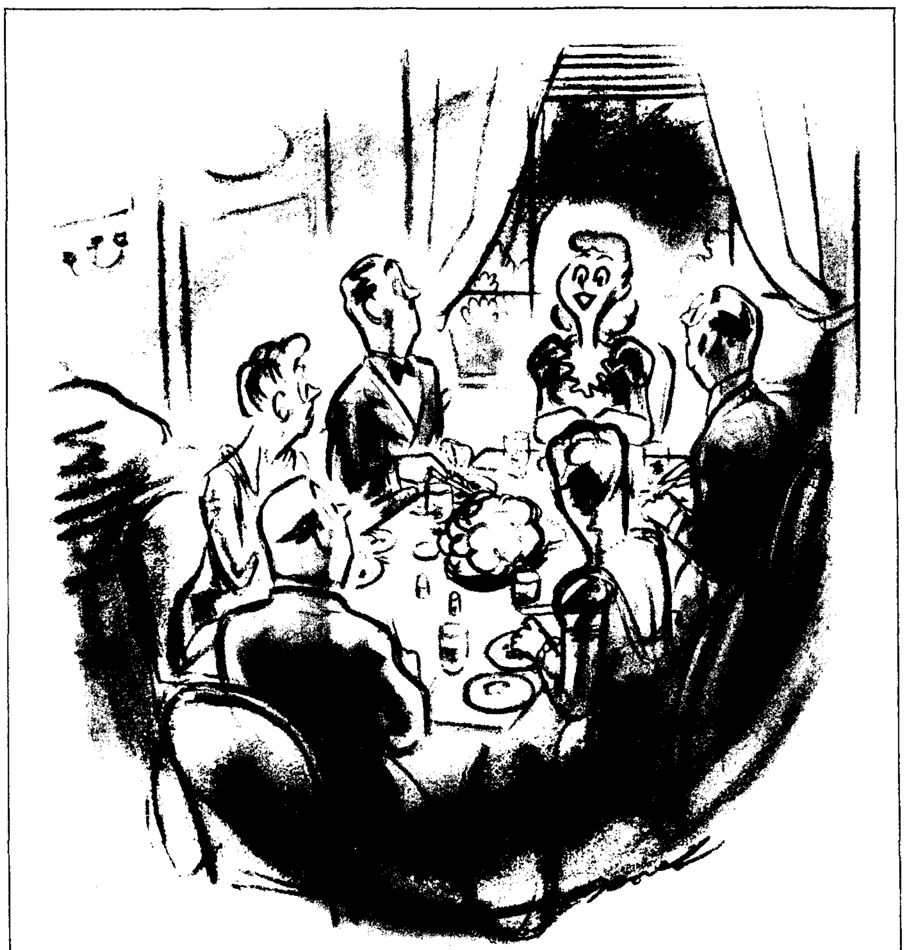
"I've heard a lot about you, Captain," Johnston said.

"All bad, I reckon."

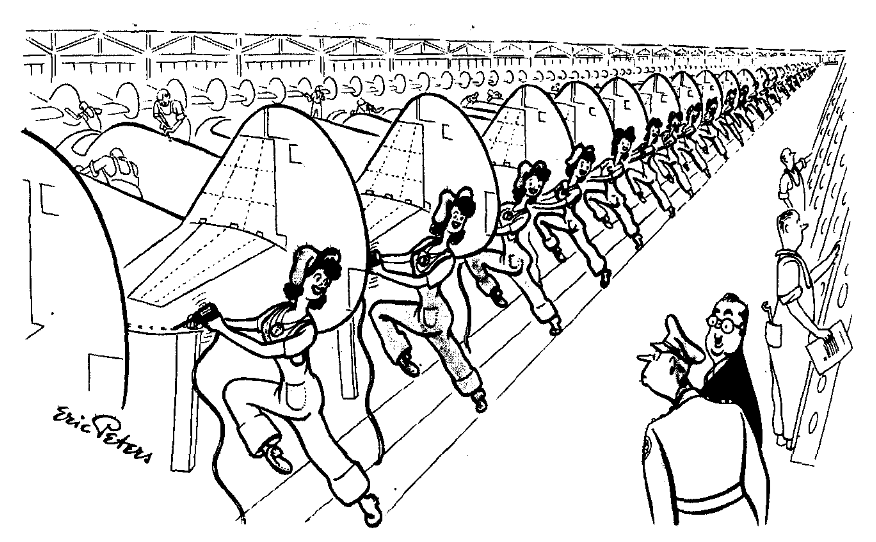
"Most of it. Yes." Johnston began arranging papers on his table. "Some of my waltzing officers report that you are taking this war seriously. Don't you know the only way to get promotion is to dance with the right ladies, flatter the right men and not waste your time killing the enemy?" His eyes twinkled and Ax smiled.

"Why are you disbanding my company, sir?" Ax went straight to the point. "We've fought together since Shiloh."

The general sat at his table and rested


"I picked these mushrooms, or toadstools, or whatever they are, myself!"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE



"They're the famous 'Rockettes.' We hired them as a body"

COLLIER'S ERIC PETERS

his head. "Captain, some of my officers want your unit broken because they are jealous. I must break it, but for a good reason. We are bringing in hundreds of raw recruits. Old men and boys. Your soldiers, scattered among the new levies, can steady them. It has to be done."

"Yes, sir," Ax said. "If that's how it is."

"However"—Johnston winked at Jasper again—"my old friend Jennings says he needs your company as an escort for the Appeal. Take him as far as the Alabama line, then report to me. I'm moving my army tonight."

Little Ax didn't reply, but bowed politely and started away. Johnston walked to the flap of the tent with him, put his hand on the boy's shoulder and said, "Some of my 'friends' and your enemies tell me you don't think I'm a good soldier."

The blood rushed to Ax's face and before he could speak, the general said, "I concur in your opinion. But, Captain, the fox can't eat the hounds. We are the fox. We must tire out the hounds before we turn on them. Good luck, my boy, and God bless you."

Jasper returned to the office to finish packing and Little Ax went to the Pearl River swamp where his company was resting. Two of the boys were playing mumble-the-peg with their Bowies. They all looked old except Jim Dickson, the color-blind sharpshooter. Jim, a Georgian, had pink cheeks and friendly blue eyes.

THE company greeted Ax with shouts of familiarity. After almost three years of war, there was nothing gentle about them. They were profane and wild. Hunger and blood had rubbed their emotions to the quick and they snarled and fought like a pack of wolf cubs.

"You boys had any rations?" Ax asked.

"Yep," Jim Dickson said. "Found a dead mule up the road last night."

"Any left?" Ax was hungry.

"Nope." Jim yawned and stretched. "Best meal I ever had, Ax. Cooked it myself."

A barefoot boy with a saber scar across his face ambled up. "How are the Yanks, Ax? They're making a heap of fuss."

"They'll take over Jackson tomorrow," Ax said. "Johnston is falling back to Brandon. We're going to escort the Jenningses to the Alabama line. Starting at dawn."

He didn't have the heart to tell them it would be their last sortie together.

The company suddenly was quiet. Retreat was painful. "Listen," Jim whispered. "Listen at them big grandpa guns. Uncle Billy is chunking ever'thing he's got at us."

"He's Shermanizing Jackson all right." Ax laughed hoarsely. "He's burning every railroad crosstie, every pigsty. He's killing every chicken, every stalk of corn. He's going all the way out this time, boys."

"There ain't but one reason I want to go to hell," Jim said softly. "Then I can meet Uncle Billy and settle a grudge."

JASPER'S wagon, overloaded, broke an axle just before they were ready to flee Jackson and by the time they got away Sherman's men had lowered the Confederate flag and raised the Stars and Stripes over the capitol. The Cradle Company was crossing Pearl River on a creaking ferry when Sherman ordered his engineers to throw a pontoon bridge across the stream so he could take the swamp road and push on to Brandon.

The Jennings party knew the Yanks were on their coattails, but they didn't discuss it. There was nothing they could do but drive on as fast as possible.

As the ferry buried its nose in the east bank of the Pearl, Jud laid his whip on Sodom. "Git along, slow poke. Else you'll be Yankee stew befo' sundown."

The mule's long ears shot forward and he lurched off of the ferry and onto the bank that Johnston's army had churned into a quagmire. The wagon hugged the swampy road; but, although Sodom did his best, the swamp mud gripped the wheels and the wagon always was in danger of sliding into a ditch. The soldiers pushed and tugged and Sodom worked himself into heaving exhaustion.

Ax sent Jim and three scouts back to the river to watch for the Yanks, and the wagon was nearing solid ground when Jim reported: "Uncle Billy's engineers are throwing a bridge across that river like they wus playing dominoes. Scouts'll be along t'reckly."

Little Ax glanced at Marge to see if she was scared. She was. So he smiled, hoping to reassure her. "All right, boys. Get the wagon into them woods and hide her. We'll all hide. Them scouts will work up the road a piece and if they don't see nothing, they'll go back."

They worked the wagon into a thicket and covered it with leaves and watched the enemy scouts move up the road, stopping often to eat berries and comment on the swamp. The Yanks soon satisfied themselves that the road was clear and they headed for the river.

The boys grumbled as they shoved the wagon back to the road. Jud had the easiest job, sitting on the seat and handling Sodom. Marge, to lighten the load, was walking in the mud beside Ax. Jud was mouthing and complaining, and no one paid any attention to him until Ax happened to hear the Negro say, "I ain't nothin' but a bat-brain looney, I reckon. But what I'm thinking is that if we have to bust a trace to git *one* little ol' frazzlin' waggin through heah, how's Uncle Billy gonna get his papa cannons and *grea' big* waggins through?"

Ax frowned up at Jud, then grinned slowly and called a halt. He whispered to Marge, "I didn't have my mind on soldiering. That's what I get for loving you so much."

The company gathered around and Jasper said, "What's eating you, son?"

"Jud just gave me an idea. It'll take Sherman a long time to get his army through this swamp."

"Sho it will," Jim said. "When they cross that pontoon bridge and hit the mud, they're gonna slip ever' which-away. Gimme a slingshot and a claw hammer and I can hold that bridge until this wagon gets plum to Brandon. . . ."

He felt Ax's eyes turn on him. The whole company suddenly was electrified. "They can't come across that bridge but a few at a time," Jim mumbled. "Then they'll bog down. Here's our chance to give Uncle Billy a mess of hell. . . ."

"No!" Marge felt a surge of fear race through her body and she was dizzy. She forgot that the company was watching. "You can't fight the whole Yankee army. Just because the Cradle Company can't fight together any more is no reason why you should die together. . . ."

The words tumbled out. Ax's face was livid. "Hush, Marge. I won't have a woman making a fuss."

She recoiled from his words. It wasn't like Ax to forget his manners. Jasper started to protest, but Jim spoke first: "What does she mean, Ax?"

Little Ax's poise returned and he apologized to Marge and patted her hand. Then he faced his company. "I didn't aim to tell you yet a while, but I might as well. After this sortie, the company will be split into replacements."

"Then I'm going home," one of the boys said.

Ax kicked a charred knot from the road. "If I take you boys back to fight Sherman, some folks'll say I did it to make one last show-off. I ain't no sentimental soldier." His voice was cocky again: "I know when to run and I know when to fight. . . ."

"This is the time to fight," Jim said.

The company began feeling for their Bowies and adjusting their rifles.

Ax said, "We can tie Uncle Billy into a knot back yonder, and by the time he untangles it . . ."

"You'll all be dead," Marge said.

Ax ignored her. "By the time he gets free, this wagon'll be in Brandon. Johnston can use the time, too. He needs more defense if he aims to make a stand."

JIM DICKSON pushed his cartridge pouch to the small of his back, balanced his gun in the crook of his arm and started walking back toward the bridge. He was humming the old ballad, He's Gone Away.

The other boys fell in behind him. Ax stayed at the wagon until his company was beyond a bend. Then he told Jasper, "Keep moving, Mister Jennings. You'll make it. And if you see Johnston, tell him I'm giving the fox a chance to get a good head start."

The old man didn't reply, but got on the seat by Jud and looked straight ahead. He didn't want to see Ax kiss Marge goodby. Marge thought at the time, "There's nothing unusual about this kiss. Of course, every kiss is new. And there'll be more. I won't let on. I

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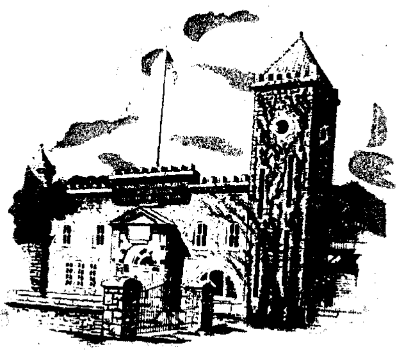

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won't be afraid." Aloud, she said, "I'll be waiting in Brandon, darling."

Jud said, "Giddap, Sodom." The wagon moved off. Marge was sitting with her legs dangling over the rear end of the wagon bed. Ax waved and hurried down the road, his Bowie slapping his thigh, and soon Marge heard a chorus of boyish voices:

"Oh, who will tie your shoes?
And who will glove your hands?
And who will kiss your ruby lips
when I'm gone . . . ?"

LITTLE AX deployed his men in the swamp and every soldier was in position to cover the east end of the pontoon bridge. So noiselessly had they moved that the guards at the bridge never dreamed that the dreaded Butcher Boys were hiding within pistol shot. At the far end of the bridge, Sherman's wagons and cannon were massing. The first wagon was started across and soldiers walked by the four-mule team, slapping the animals' legs to make them break step.

NOT WANTED for the Duration

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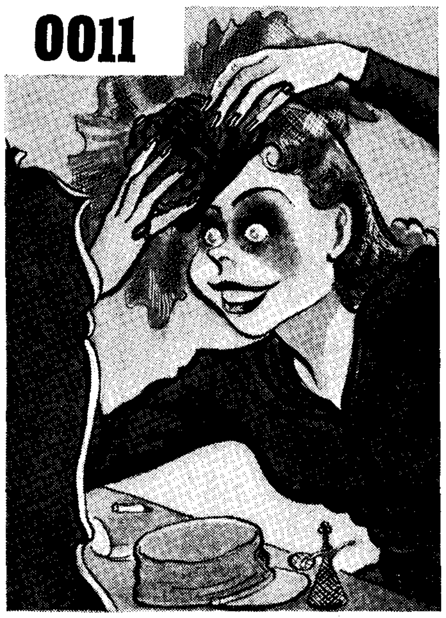


OCD DESERTER

Flighty girl volunteer who lets casual social dates interfere with her Civilian Defense duties

Jim chuckled when the wagon rolled off the bridge, churned in the muddy road, then slipped into the ditch. A group ganged around, cursing the mud. An officer rode rapidly to the scene.

"Yonder comes a nabob." Jim brought his rifle to his shoulder, drew a bead. "He's mine. . ."

"Wait." Ax pushed the gun down. "That officer will go back and report to Sherman. It'll kill that much more time."

Jim tilted his hat to the back of his head and peered at the officer. Because he was color-blind, Jim could see things other boys couldn't. "Hey, Ax." He fingered his gun again. "Aw, naw. It couldn't be. Uncle Billy wouldn't be inspecting a bogged-down wagon."

But it was Sherman. He took one look at the wagon, shook his head in disgust, gave some quick orders. Then he mounted and rode back across the bridge. The Yanks got the wagon back on the road and Ax told Jim, "Get the driver."

The man toppled from his seat. The mules lurched and a volley dropped them in their tracks. For a split second, the Yankees froze in amazement, then the survivors dived into the river. And before Sherman realized what had happened, the east end of the bridge was blocked by dead mules, dead men and an overturned wagon.

The vehicles on the bridge were trapped and the Cradle Company blasted them into sprawling heaps. A company of skirmishers raced across the bridge to clear a path, but a withering fire leveled them as a hurricane levels saw grass.

Even before the smoke had risen, however, Sherman was mapping his attack. Engineers, protected by skirmishers, hurried up and down the west bank and soon two more pontoon bridges were under construction. Sherman braced cannon against the west bank and raked the swamp.

Ax had expected such a maneuver. He sent detachments to harry the bridge builders. "You can't stop 'em. But you can slow 'em down. If Uncle Billy is half the soldier I think he is, he'll destroy this main bridge. For all he knows, Johnston may be fixin' to jump him."

Even as he spoke, a blast shook the bridge and it collapsed. Ax fixed a rendezvous half a mile back in the swamps. "We'll have to fall back. When they get them pontoons up, they can flank us."

It took Sherman two hours to get his pontoons across the Pearl and he lost more than a hundred men. But, with the river bridged, he sent a detachment of cavalry thundering across. A few Confeds tried to hold them back, but were cut down. The cavalry wheeled to the center, found the road and charged up it.

Little Ax, concealed in his rendezvous, waited until the horsemen were almost upon him before he ordered his men to fire. Bogging in the mud and fighting on a narrow road between two ditches, the cavalry never had a chance. They tried to charge into the swamp and find their tormentors, but their horses floundered. The Cradle Company picked them off as though they were crippled ducks. Many of them abandoned their horses and died in the slime with Bowie knives in their bellies.

A few escaped to report the slaughter. "It's downright queer," one of the men told Sherman, "but our men were either shot in their eyes or knifed in their bellies."

"The Cradle Company," Sherman said slowly. "Just young'uns. I taught some of those boys down in Louisiana." He wiped sweat from his eyes and sent for his artillery commander.

Little Ax and his company were cleaning their arms when a scout reported, whispered to the captain, and took his post. Carelessly Ax adjusted his hat. "Boys," he said flippantly, "Uncle Billy is getting cannon across the river. If we aim to run, now is the time to do it."

"I'm too tired to run," Jim said. "Besides, I'd as soon shoot artillerymen as hosses."

"I'd ruther," Ax said. "I like hosses."

THE company moved to the edge of the swamp and, hiding in the jungle, began picking off the gunners. Ax could see four cannon directly in front of him, and no more. He knew the herculean job of getting big guns across a stream and figured it would take the Yanks all day to place their batteries.

However, when there was no reply to his fire, he got curious and crawled almost to the river's edge for a good look, and gasped openmouthed at the spectacle. For as far as he could see, standing hub to hub, were cannon, and by each gun were two grizzled crews, erect at attention, heedless of the Confed sharpshooting.

Their cannon were stuffed with bits of iron and lengths of chain and they were ready to fire point-blank into the swamp at a hundred-yard range.

For the first time in his life, Little Ax felt the agony of fear. "Get out of here," he screamed to his men. But it was too late. An officer raised his arm, lowered it and the cannon bellowed in unison. Yellow and red flames belched, burning grass and drying the ground, while a tornado of flying chains and slugs combed the woods.

The blast threw Little Ax to his face and when he struggled to his feet, he saw Jim, his left arm dangling and his cheeks bleeding. Jim was as black as if he had been in a furnace. His clothes had been blown off and his hair had been singed to the roots.

A few other Confeds stirred, but most of them were still. Ax couldn't even recognize them. Dazed and half-blinded, he called to his comrades and they ran for high ground. The Yanks reloaded calmly and hurled another bolt into the woods. Trees were sliced as though by a saw and even big timber was chewed to bits. Again the gunners fired. Then all was still. Even the birds were dead, killed by concussion, and in the river, thousands of fish floated to the surface, their bellies to the sky.

Ax finally straggled to the crest of a ridge and looked around for his company. His hat was gone and his sash was in ribbons. His fingernails were black and his eyelashes were burned. Powder was buried in his face. He wanted to cry, but steeled himself. "We held 'em up," he muttered.

But little Jim Dixon was sobbing in pain and terror. "I don't want to go to hell, Ax. That was just big-mouth talk. I don't want to go there even to see Uncle Billy. I've been there, Ax. . . ."

MARGE'S kiss was still warm on his lips when Ax reported to General Johnston in Brandon. He had replaced his hat and sash but was no longer cocky. A great awe was upon him. The general said, "Muster your company, Captain. I want to congratulate them. You held up Sherman long enough for the fox to catch his wind."

Ax looked up into the commander's sad eyes, then stepped to the door of headquarters and called Jim Dixon and four other boys. "Here is the Cradle Company, sir. It has been disbanded."

Johnston turned away until he got a grip on himself. "The fox has got to run again, Captain. You and your company will take the Jenningses on through to Georgia."

Little Ax thanked him and started away. The general called him, but Ax, his left side toward his commander, didn't hear. The general called louder and Ax turned. "Yes, sir?"

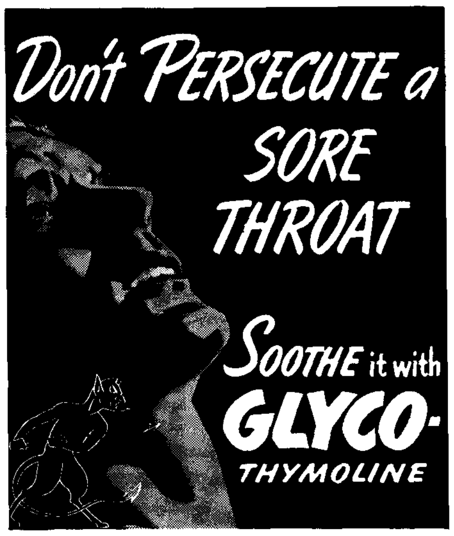
Johnston spoke softly. Ax turned his right ear to the general. "Please speak a little bit louder, sir."

"I was just saying," the commander's tone was husky, "that I'm afraid that powder is in your face to stay. It's blasted in, son."

"Yes, sir. Sort of speckles me up." Ax was trying to be cocky again. He felt Johnston's solemn gaze and dropped his head. "Maybe it was meant for me to get marked." He said it humbly. "Maybe I was too proud."

He excused himself and was walking toward the wagon when Jim Dickson said, "You'll be all right, maybe, when we get to Georgia. That's home, Ax. We can have a good long rest. Ol' Uncle Billy will never make it that far."

THE END



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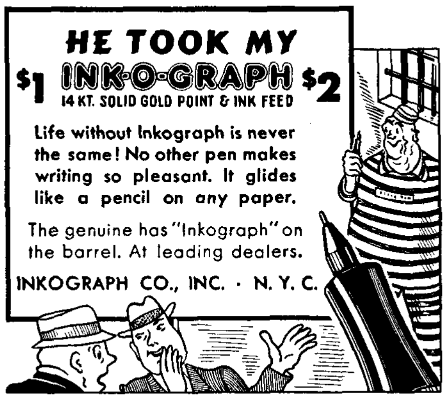
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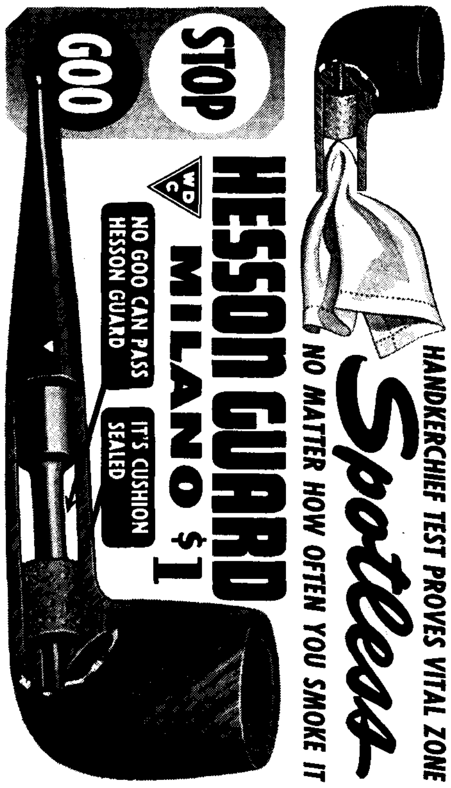
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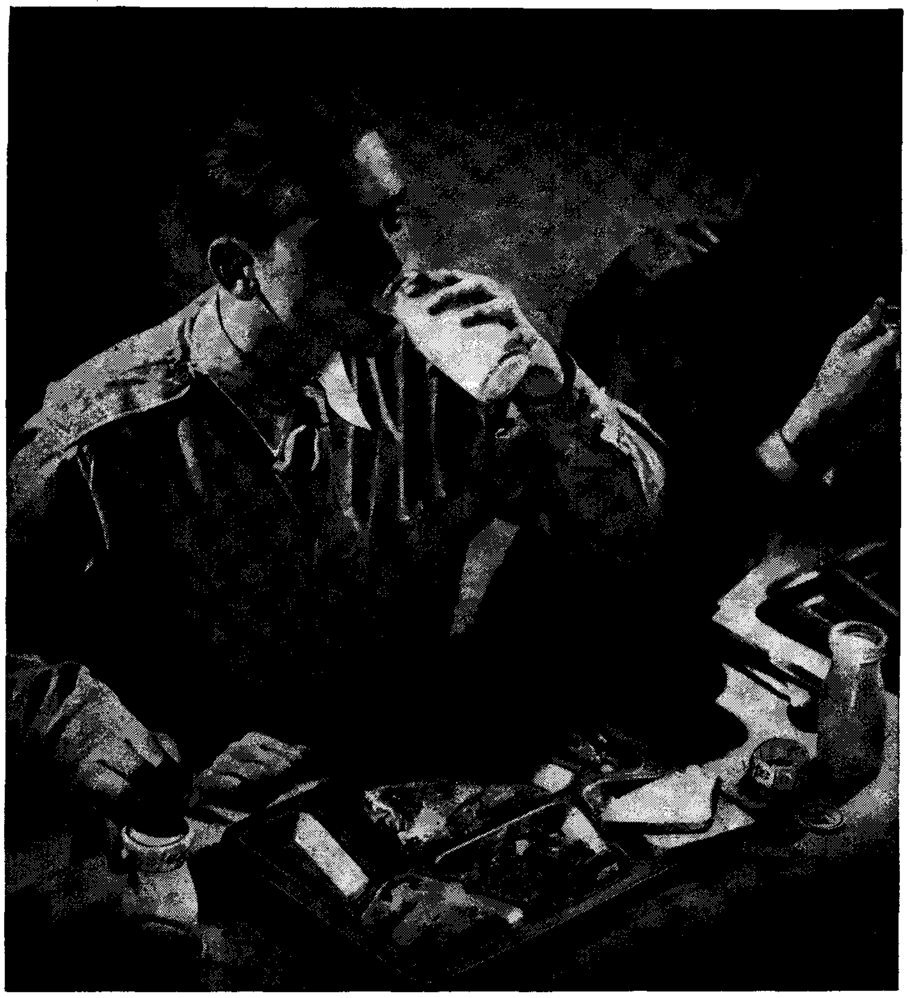

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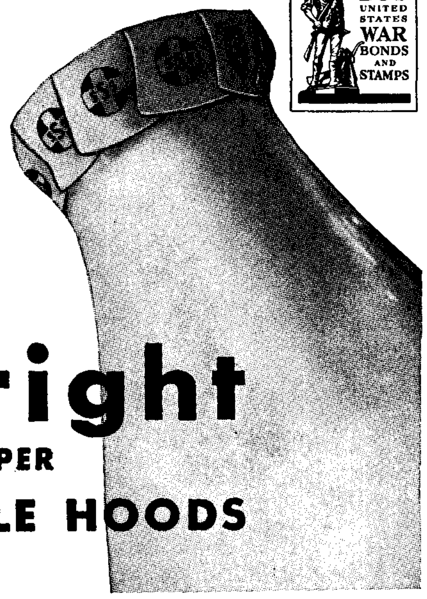

Year of Wrath

Continued from page 56

"I've found one develops almost neurotic suspicions when one's cut off from the facts."

Nick said, "I don't know of anyone else who would have notified you."

"By *George, I* don't blame you!" Cogswell said. "Particularly after this confounded censor in Singapore."

"I'm not thinking about the censor," said Nick. "I want to know about your *inaccurate information.*"

"It's a long story," Cogswell said. "With many ramifications." The car halted at the hotel steps and he said: "I expect you're tired, just getting here. Why don't you take it easy today and we'll talk things over tomorrow?"

"I'm ready right now," Nick said. "I've got a lot of questions to ask you." He deliberately raised his voice and made it ugly: "Don't start worrying about my health now."

Cogswell looked around to see if anyone on the terrace had overheard. *"Maskee,"* he said. "As we say in China, it doesn't matter. We might go to my apartment."

Cogswell had done well for himself. He was occupying one of the hotel's rare air-cooled suites, and Nick noted that he had a lot of baggage for a man who had been lost for so long in the war zone. On a dresser was a picture of Madame Vooren.

"You'll excuse me a moment?" Cogswell asked, ringing a bell. "In this climate, one needs so many changes of clothing each day." He gave the room boy half a dozen thin linen suits to be laundered.

When the boy had gone, Cogswell turned to Nick. "In my opinion," he said pleasantly, "it would be more profitable for you to forget the matter of your arrest in Singapore."

"What was your information?"

"My dear fellow, I explained to you that I was misled," Cogswell said.

"By whom?"

Cogswell said, "Really! I don't advise you to stir up the subject again. You'll only cause people to remember that you were once suspect."

"So what?"

"Confound it, mightn't that cause them to renew their suspicions?"

"Just what do you think you are getting at?" Nick said.

"I was merely proposing that it might be prudent to let well enough alone," said Cogswell. He opened his silver cigarette case and offered it to Nick.

NICK took a cigarette. He said, "And if I don't agree?"

"In China, we would say you are breaking your rice bowl."

"I haven't anything to be worried about," Nick said. "Only, you have."

"In my opinion, a man who was held by the British as a suspected enemy agent," said Cogswell, "and who has been accused of violating the censorship should be very careful about inviting further difficulties."

Nick said, "I'm inoculated against threats by now. See?"

"I am not making threats."

Nick said, "Okay. Then it's my turn."

"I'm sorry," Cogswell said, looking at his watch. "But I have an engagement for tiffin."

"I'll tag along," Nick said.

"I'm afraid you're not invited," Cogswell said, holding open the door for Nick.

"I'll make up my mind when I see your tiffin companions," Nick said. "I don't know exactly what you're up to here, but I'm going to find out. And when I act, I won't do it on inaccurate information."

"You're talking tripe," Cogswell said. "Who in the Indies will listen to you?"

"Betty Gaspard was right about you in Tokyo," Nick said. "She didn't trust you then and she doesn't trust you now; and she's here."

"Betty," Cogswell said in an amused voice. "This is becoming entertaining."

"Maybe it will entertain you to consider the commander in chief here," Nick said.

"I take General Ter Poorten very seriously."

Nick said, "General Ter Poorten is the honorary head of the Free French movement in the Indies. General Ter Poorten is a friend of Henri Gaspard."

Now Nick saw that Cogswell's color was rising. He added, "It wouldn't be very hard to get a hearing from Ter Poorten, once I had accurate information on an enemy agent."

Cogswell stopped. "I'll have to go back to my room for a moment." He held out his hand. "Do try to get some rest."

"Sorry," Nick said. "I still want to see your friends. I'll wait for you."

For the first time in his life, Cogswell was frightened. He told himself: This little upstart doesn't know a thing, but . . . his suspicions are nearly as dangerous as knowledge. It was a mistake to have permitted him to get out of Shanghai.

BACK in his rooms, Cogswell made another effort to reach Manis Vooren. He breathed deeply, finding her home, at last. She explained that she had been in Bandoeng. Cogswell told her that he had been, all this time, in the Philippines and lost, and he did not notice that she was not responsive. He said:

"Manis, my dear, I can't avoid tiffin with some stuffy but important Dutchmen. May I see you immediately afterward? I'll come to your home."

When he passed through the lobby on the way to the dining room, Nick rose from a chair.

"I your Japanese spy, please," Nick said.

Cogswell ignored him and entered the restaurant to join three stout Dutchmen who rose as he approached the table. Nick, watching him, thought: Well, I guess that will be enough for today. Cogswell had laughed at the mention of Betty's name; *he had not laughed at that* of Ter Poorten. Betty would be angered to learn that Cogswell was operating here. Let her tell the Free French what she suspected and they could pass it on to the Dutch.

Before he renewed his search for Betty, he would have to check in again at the RPD and press for broadcasting privileges. As he left the hotel, he told himself: After that, I'll devote myself to the Free French until they produce my girl. He did not trouble to look again at Cogswell's table.

But Cogswell was observing him. Cogswell had seated himself so that he had a view of the driveway.

The crimson-faced Dutchman on Cogswell's right was saying, "If your country will only send us enough planes, there's no question of our holding out." He halted, amazed, seeing Cogswell half rise and stare at a taxicab with a single passenger leaving the hotel grounds.

"I beg your pardon," Cogswell said without taking his eyes from the cab or Nick sitting in it.

He pushed back his chair and stood erect. "Do forgive me, gentlemen," he said. "My precious memory seems to have failed me utterly."

The Dutchmen looked at him with blank faces.

"I altogether forgot an urgent meeting," he said. "Do forgive me!" He bowed.

The Dutchmen murmured politely and looked annoyed as Cogswell hurried out. He signaled his chauffeur impatiently and gave him Madame Vooren's address. He had never before seen her Batavia home. As long as he had known her, she had never wanted to go near it, not even to oblige him when he had hoped for her company on his professional visits to Java. The house was situated in the old part of the city where the ground was lower, and heat hung heavy in the depression. It was unpretentious but it had an air, a grassy lawn and a pillared porch across its front.

Inside, it lacked her taste; you would know it was a house she had not lived in for years and would not stay in longer than necessary. Then she came down the stairs, and he forgot the house, his heart leaping as it had upon seeing her in the early days when life was simpler.

"I can't tell you how much I've missed you," he said. "It's like telling you that you're beautiful when I've told it to you so often, and you never change."

Gregory was the one who had not changed, she thought sadly. She knew, as soon as she saw him, that she would never be able to hate him, even though she could no longer tolerate him.

She said, "You must not have been too uncomfortable in these past months. You look as well as I've seen you for a long time."

Cogswell was puzzled by her tone. He said fretfully:

"My experience taxed me Every now and then I feel my heart beating unevenly. Confound it, something like that makes you feel your age."

He waited to hear her reassure him. But she merely said, "I suppose it does."

THEN he remembered that she had always been a remote woman. On other occasions particularly after his visits to the United States, he had been forced to rewoo her. After a few hours or, at the worst, a few days, he would be re-established. In the meantime, there was business.

He said, "Manis, my dear, would you find it too precious inconvenient, if I became your house guest for a time?"

She looked startled. "I am afraid I don't know what you have in mind."

"Two matters," he said. "The *Hôtel des Indes* is crowded with military missions and all that sort of thing and, really, I feel awkward, taking up a room when the space is wanted so much."

She murmured, "I've never heard you talk that way before."

"I expect I have more of a conscience about this than I had in China," he said. "Secondly, my young assistant, if he is still my assistant, you remember, the Griggs chap?"

"I remember," she said slowly. "And he is here?"

"That young man has risen since I hired him. In fact, UBC fancies him a small-caliber hero because of his difficulties with the censorship in Singapore." He broke off to laugh ruefully. "I expect it's cork-brained of me to want genuflections from the home office after I've been incommunicado for so long. Nevertheless, Griggs is younger, I may as well confess it. He is blamed energetic, I may as well admit it. It irritates me even to be in the same hotel with him. I may as well admit *that.*" He looked at her appealingly, feeling boyish and candid.

Madame Vooren said, "I am afraid I cannot invite you to stay here."

"Manis! Under the circumstances I've described, I trusted you'd be—should we say?—more hospitable."

"No, I'm obliged to be inhospitable," she said.

He watched her, perplexed, unable to read her face. Then it occurred to him that she felt ill at ease in Batavia where the old bitter memories of contests between the Dutch and the Nationalists were revived. That was it.

"I understand," he said. "I shan't press you."

HE TOLD himself that he would find quarters in another hotel. He disliked staying at second-rate places; it hurt one's prestige. Nevertheless, he could not risk encountering Nick constantly, or his threatened espionage. Then he caught Madame Vooreen looking at him so wistfully that he decided he could safely make his other proposal.

He said, "I never thought you would come back here."

"Where else would I go?" she asked. "Now?"

He said, "It must crucify you to be here where your husband worked so untiringly to bring about freedom—and died so early he could not see his hopes fulfilled."

"I am often reminded of him," she said.

"If he had lived until this year," said Cogswell, "he would have been rewarded."

"What is this year, Gregory? On the Japanese calendar?" she asked.

"I don't know. What made you think of that?"

She said faintly, "I just remembered your telling me, ten years ago, I think, that it was the Year of the Ape. For the Japanese."

"You have a good memory," he said. "However, this year is the year of liberation. For the Indies."

"I have heard that before."

"Here?" he asked quickly.

"No. In China for the Chinese when the Japanese were murdering them."

"They handled themselves wildly there," he said. "Here, it will be entirely different—Manis, I want to talk about this to some of your husband's old friends and some of the younger Nationalists who have been active since his death."

"What do you want to talk about to them?"

"Time is short, my dear, or I would never trouble you about political matters, depend upon it. You must admit that I never have."

"You never have."

"It's imperative that I have a conference with some of them at once," he said. "Because I know how they feel about the Dutch—and how you feel—I took the liberty of inviting a few of them here to meet me."

"You invited them *here?*" she said, almost in a whisper. "Why?"

Now she exasperated him. She seemed slow-witted and unyielding. He said spitefully: "Really, Manis, being back here has restored the Dutch in you. You're becoming confoundedly cross-grained."

"You have not told me why you invited them."

He sighed. "To clarify matters for them," he said. "To reassure them."

"About the Japanese?" she asked calmly.

Cogswell told himself that she was more than exasperating; and time was vanishing. Then he remembered that

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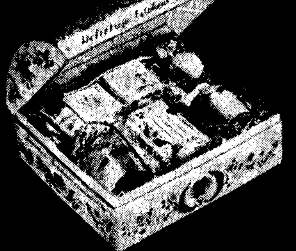
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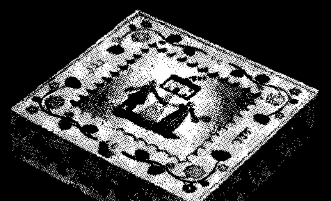
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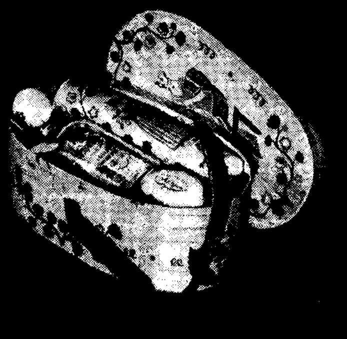
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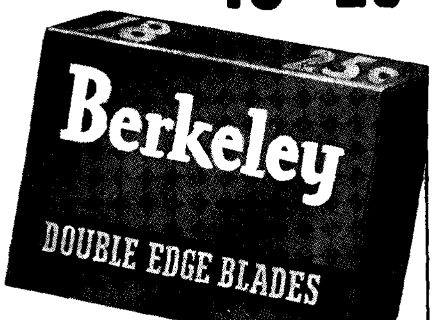

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actually he had always dominated her. She had arranged her life at his pleasure. He had merely made his instructions appear to be requests.

"Very well," he said. "Have it your way."

"The Japanese?" she repeated.

"The Japanese," he said crossly. "After all, your native Nationalists have more to gain from them than I have."

"And you explained this to the men you invited here?" she asked.

"I shouldn't dream of mentioning anything like that over a telephone," he said. "I gave them a totally different reason." He paused, alarmed at the dead color of her face. "Manis, I am confiding in you in a fashion I never should have—I wouldn't want to burden you. But time is so short."

"I understand," she whispered. "Time is so short."

"I didn't dare to arrange such a conference elsewhere," he said impatiently. "And to have it here, in the home of the widow of a respected leader, lends luster." He looked at her sharply. "Are you listening?"

"At what hour is this meeting?"

"At five. Before the blackout," he said. "I knew you would understand, my dear. If I had been able to reach you earlier . . ."

She rose. "I have some engagements I must keep," she said. "I'll be back soon. By four at the latest."

"Is it prudent to go out in the heat of the afternoon?" he asked.

"We are at war now," she said. "We don't observe the old precautions." At the doorway, she turned. "But perhaps you would like to lie down here while I'm gone."

"I believe I shall," he said. And he thought that, later, he could probably overcome her scruples. He would not be forced to go to a second-rate hotel, after all.

MADAME VOOREN walked rapidly until she was out of sight of her house. Time was so short, he had said; and she had agreed, unwilling to waste another minute in sending out for a taxicab. A few blocks away, she was fortunate to find a *pousse-pousse*. She directed the Javanese pedaler to the *des Indes*, confident that Cogswell would not follow her. He would sleep. Yes, let him sleep, she told herself.

The desk clerk told her that Mr. Griggs was either in the dining room or in the veranda café. She found him in a corner of the veranda, with Betty Gaspard. They were talking so intently, they were looking at each other so hungrily, that they did not see her until she was beside them.

Nick jumped to his feet; he nearly embraced her.

Betty said, "I looked for you at the airport, Madame Vooren. Madame Mauran and I took the late morning plane from Bandoeng."

"I took the early one," said Madame Vooren.

Nick looked around him. "All we need now is a tea dance," he said.

"And then you would be refused broadcasting privileges in Java, too," said Madame Vooren.

"They refused me, anyway," he said. "I got my last no from the RPD just a little while ago."

Betty said, "And so, he's going to Australia."

"Good!" said Madame Vooren. "You are going, too, are you not?"

"Remember? I told you, at first, I didn't want to be evacuated again," Betty said jubilantly. "Now, it's perfect!"

"Yes, you should be able to leave together." Madame Vooren turned to Nick. "Begin at the beginning and tell me about Singapore."

She looked as though she were listening attentively. No one would have supposed that, all the time he talked, she did not hear a word. Then she became aware of silence and realized he must have finished.

"You would not care to become a soldier?" she said.

"Sure," said Nick. "I probably will be, once I get home."

"I meant—" she paused. "It would not cost you an effort to kill?"

"Them?" Nick said. "It would be a pleasure."

"It must be different when you're in uniform," said Madame Vooren. "In the company of others. And with guns and orders. Even for peace-loving men."

"Well, I've never killed anything bigger than a snake," said Nick. "Only now, for my money, I wouldn't need a uniform or other men with me. A gun would be enough—with a Jap or a Nazi at the other end."

"And they would not need to be in uniform, either?" Madame Vooren asked.

"Heck, they could be in kimonos."

She said, "We dare not think of that kind of killing as murder, any more."

"I know what's troubling Madame Vooren," Betty said.

"Do you?"

"Why, it's what you told me about, isn't it?" Betty asked her. "The brigade. Or shouldn't even Nick know?"

"Nick may know," said Madame Vooren. "I told Betty that some of us women were being trained. Yes, Dutch and Indonesian women, and even I have learned how to handle firearms. So that we may defend our country and—if the worst should happen—stay on to win it back."

"Guerrilla work?" said Nick. "No wonder you asked me why I didn't join up."

"But that wasn't why" Madame Vooren stopped short.

Nick said, "Well, I can't figure what I'm going to do afterward, only first I want to get to Sydney and get a few broadcasts out of my system."

Madame Vooren rose. "I'm obliged to leave," she said. She put out her hand, withdrew it and added: "But I must not forget before I go. Do you know what year this is, in the Japanese calendar?" She fixed her eyes on Nick. "The animal for this year?"

NICK looked puzzled. "I never did know," he said. "The only year I ever heard of was the Year of the Rat. It's still the Year of the Rat, for all I know."

"Thank you," said Madame Vooren. She held out her hands to both of them. "Should we say goodby again? It is always so mournful."

"Well, we can't get a boat immediately," said Nick.

"I know," said Madame Vooren. "But I return to Bandoeng this evening. I haven't yet completed my training."

"All the same, we'll see you again, won't we?" said Betty.

"Perhaps," said Madame Vooren and she added in a strained voice, "Although time is so short."

At her home, Cogswell was dozing on the sofa. Before she roused him, she went into the kitchen and told her one servant to go home for the day. Cogswell, waking, was annoyed that there was no one to press his wrinkled jacket.

"Surely, it's more discreet to have no one else here," said Madame Vooren. "While your . . . conference takes place."

"I expect you're right." He looked at his suit. "Do I look too disgraceful?"

"I shouldn't worry about it."

He walked to the windows. "Manis, you'll attend this, won't you?" he said suddenly. "In fact, at the proper moment, you might say a few words. I'm not too confident that any of these men coming here understand the situation."

"What is the situation?"

"Please, Manis, don't be so difficult."

She said, "You want me to tell them that the Japanese will bring liberation to the Indies? That's what you want me to tell them?"

"Yes," he said furiously. "That's what I want you to tell them."

BEFORE she could speak, the clamor of the air-raid siren filled the room. "Trial alert?" Cogswell asked through the noise.

"I don't know."

"I'll look." He walked out onto the lawn. She could see him through the windows, shading his eyes, looking up at the sky, his back to her.

He was still in the same position when she returned from her bedroom, the rifle she had learned to use held behind her. She kept it behind her back, standing at the windows, watching him. She tried to remember everything that Nick had said, a little while ago. She tried to remember everything Cogswell could already have done. She did remember what he planned to do. But, watching him, she knew she would have to wait until he faced her.

Now he called to her but did not turn: "By George! It's the real thing. It's a raid, Manis!"

She answered: "Is it? I'll come out to see."

"You stay inside!" he shouted and still did not turn.

She came out slowly. There was no one on the street, no one near by; only Cogswell, with his back to her, shading his eyes. She said, approaching him, "Japanese planes?"

"Go back in! Don't be so confounded brave!" he said angrily and turned.

"I am braver than you know," said Madame Vooren, and she shot and then watched, sick, as he staggered.

Then, still holding the rifle and never turning to look back at him, she made her way to the beehive air shelter, two blocks beyond. There were explosions now that she could hear, some of them distant, some very close. Before she entered the shelter, she thought of the rifle and dropped it.

She said aloud, in a voice of ice, "I have killed my first enemy."

The raid was brief and brutal. After the all-clear, Nick and Betty left the hotel shelter to hasten toward Madame Vooren's house. The damage was said to be heavy in the old part of the city and where she lived. Now the streets were crowded once more, it was impossible to hire a cab or a ricksha or a *pousse-pousse* or a donkey cart. They stood on the steps of the canal and held up their thumbs until a Dutch civil servant obligingly gave them a lift in his car.

The façade of Madame Vooren's house had been ripped off. The rooms, laid open, like a doll's house, looked curiously intact. On the lawn, in front, Javanese police were digging a body out of the rubble. Betty looked away and Nick said:

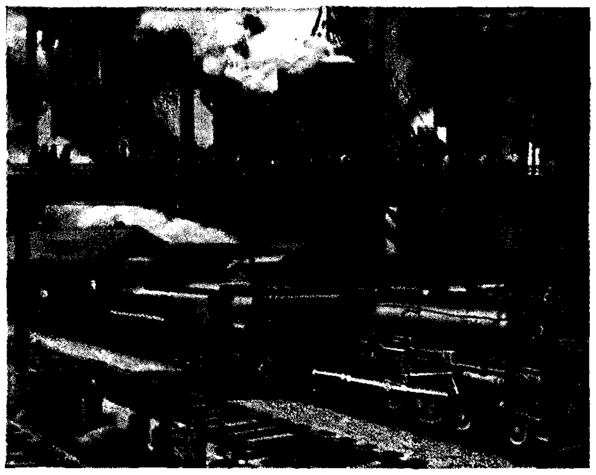
THE ACHING VOID

In Providence's face we fly
Whenever we complain or sigh
Of days or dinners that are meatless
When half the world is going eatless.

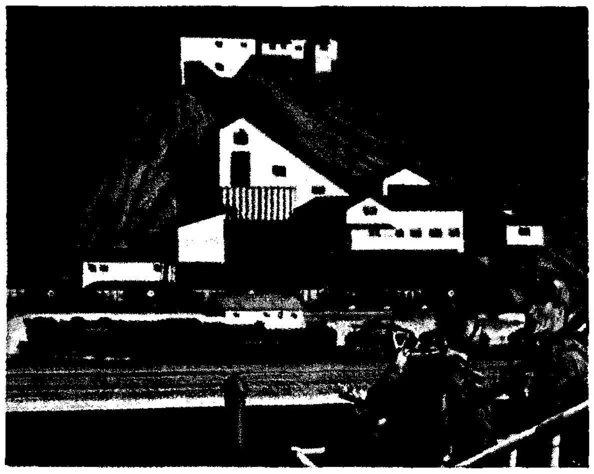
MARGARET FISHBACK

Report to the Nation . . .

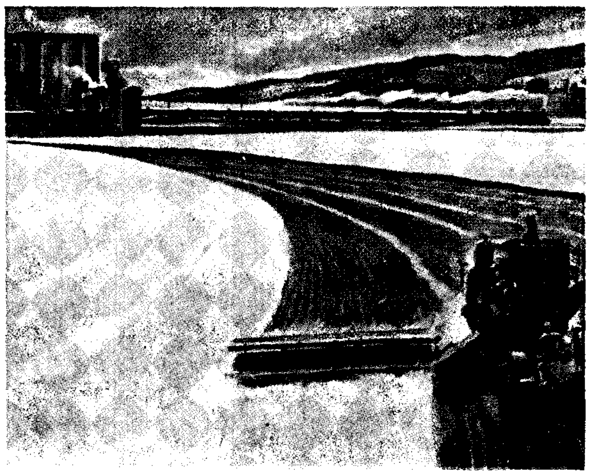
A year ago, when Japan struck at Pearl Harbor, some people had misgivings about the railroads. They knew the railroads had been through twelve tough years . . . that they had about 25 per cent fewer freight cars and locomotives than in 1929. Yet they were being called on to shoulder the weight of the greatest armament program in American history, if not in the world. Now, what does the record show? Briefly summarized, it shows this . . .



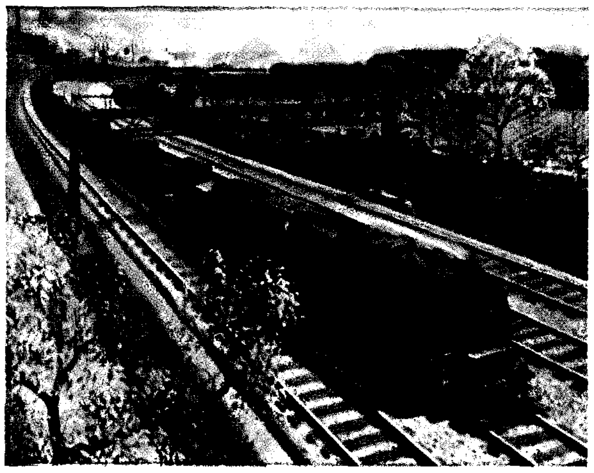
Today railroads are delivering 110,000,000 tons of freight a month, the greatest tonnage in their history—an average of 3,600,000 tons a day—every day. Most of it, materials for war.



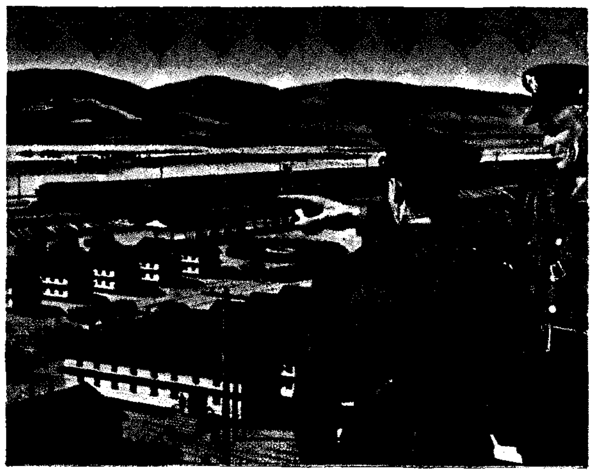
To keep industry going at top speed and homes warm and comfortable, the railroads have hauled 1,600,000 tons of coal a day—a greater load even than in busy peacetime days.



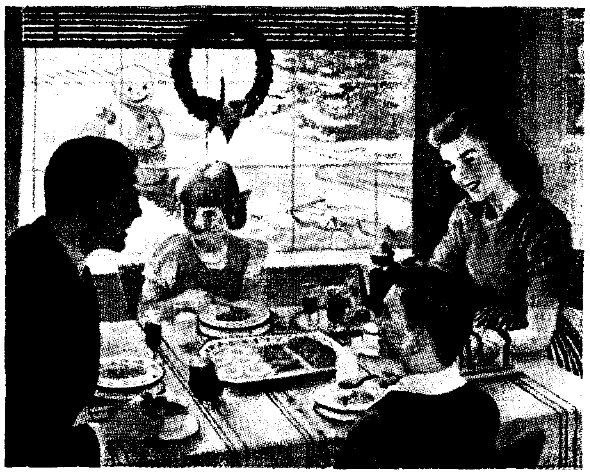
Although loaded down with huge war tonnages, the railroads were on the job, as usual, in the harvest fields to move all the grain and agricultural crops offered them for shipment.



Called in to "pinch hit" for oil tankers, railroads are rushing to homes, motorists and industry of the East over 800,000 barrels of petroleum daily—a feat hailed by the government.



Three times as many troops were moved in the first 10 months by train as in the same period of the last war—8,000,000. And this doesn't include soldiers traveling on leave!



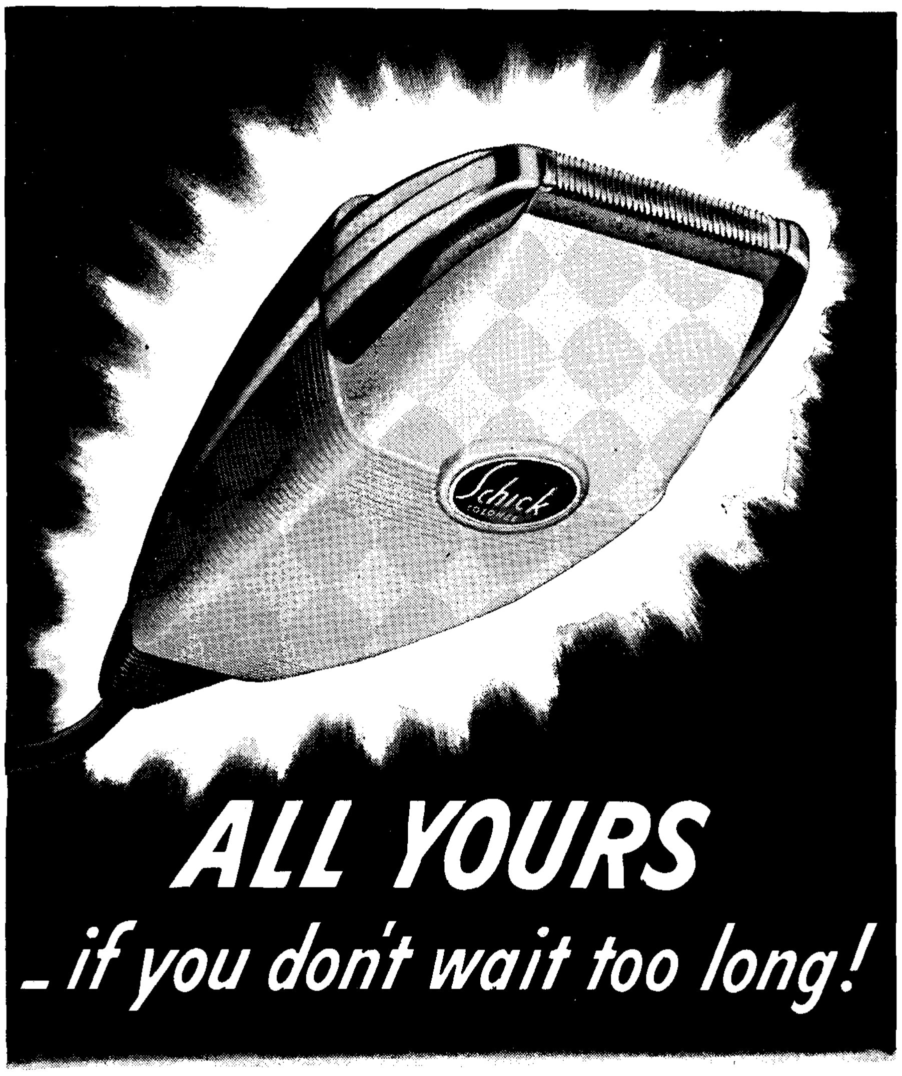
Yet despite this unprecedented war load, the railroads continue to serve home needs smoothly and efficiently—they are carrying foods and commodities for all America!

One question still remains unanswered. How could the railroads do so much with so little? In the "lean" years they replaced the old with new . . . larger, more powerful locomotives . . . bigger freight cars . . . revolutionary automatic operating systems . . . modernized railroad methods on a wide scale. Pennsylvania Railroad alone spent nearly $670,000,000 in improvements. So, thanks to the courage and vision of railroad management, Uncle Sam had at his command practically a new railroad system when the call came . . . "keep 'em rolling!"

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

. . . — BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



Are you one of those men who've been toying with the idea of getting an electric shaver? Then here's a friendly tip:

Better do it now!

For, the only Schicks in dealers' hands today are those we built before our factory started on its all-out war production job. And, when you *do* buy an electric shaver, you naturally want to get the best—a Schick!

The famous 2-M Head is the "works" of a Schick Shaver. It actually *arches* the skin surface so the whiskers will stand up on end. Then, along comes the Flying Shuttle Shearer and whisks them off from both directions—with the speed of 14,000 cutting actions per minute! *That* gives you just about the quickest, cleanest, easiest shave you ever faced!

To take care of our *old* customers we've built up a backlog of 2-M Heads and replacement parts—enough to last for a long, long time.

Above you see pictured the handsome Schick Colonel—styled in rich ivory plastic and powered by the speedy "Whiskwik" motor that works on both AC and DC.

It's all yours—for only $15*. Get it today. Use it for 2 weeks. If you'd part with it *then*—take it back and your dealer will refund every penny.

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

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"It's a man, only stay where you are. There's no need for you to watch it."

She said, "Madame Vooren?"

"It's a man, see?" he repeated.

When he drew nearer, he recognized the man—Cogswell. He thought: I hope *to God it's only Cogswell and not* Madame Vooren, too. The police were still searching.

There were two middle-aged Javanese in linen suits and black leather shoes, standing near by. Nick addressed them, and one answered in precise English, "Do you know Madame Vooren?"

"Yes, I know her."

"We also are troubled about her. Yet the police seem to think there is no one else."

The other one said, "Is it not tragic about Mr. Cogswell? Did you know him, too?"

"I knew him."

The Javanese said, "It might never have happened to him He might never have been killed here in the raid, if he had not planned an interview at just this hour."

His companion nodded. "He said he wanted to learn from us what we Indonesians were doing to defeat the Japanese."

He looked pityingly down at Cogswell, and Nick looked, too. Then Nick bent over him and saw the wound. He straightened up and tried to look indifferent. He hoped that, in the confusion, no one else would notice.

Madame Vooren had said she was learning to use firearms. That looked like a rifle wound, to him. Now everything that she had said, earlier in the afternoon, returned to him and took shape, from her timid inquiry about killing to her sorrowful, wavering goodby.

When he got back to Betty, he put his arm around her waist and led her away. "It was Cogswell," he said.

"Cogswell? I can't cry about that," she said. "And so I needn't bother to discuss him with the authorities. But Madame Vooren?"

"They don't seem to think there's anyone else," he said carefully.

"At any rate, we'll check again later."

Madame Vooren, they learned, had hastily left for Bandoeng, and they felt a little better in the sad city that was mourning its dead.

Then they heard from her. She was remaining in Bandoeng. She sent them a brief note that arrived the morning they were setting off for Tjilatjap, on Java's southern coast, to board a vessel for Australia. They reread Madame Vooren's letter on the train, studying again her last paragraph.

"You *will* marry in Australia," she wrote, "and I shall owe you a wedding present. But now it will not be so easy to send you one or even to choose it. After all, the two of you have everything you need."

Betty said, "She must have been thinking about Cogswell. Isn't it weird to think of her loving him maybe as much as we love each other? And maybe up to the last, too?"

"It's something," he said. "I don't know if it's weird."

"Another thing," she said. "I can't help feeling that there was some kind of justice in his being killed by Japanese bombs."

Nick said, "Only, I don't think the Japanese killed one of their own this time."

Betty stared at him. "Don't tell me you've changed your mind about him?"

"No. I just think he happened to be killed by a rifle bullet. And I think it was fired by a woman who loved him. See?"

She was silent for a long time. Then she said, "That took courage."

"Great courage," he said.

PRESENTLY, they were on the ship. They had been on so many boats, Betty thought, that it seemed like home to be crowded onto one more. But this time it would be different, she told herself. In Australia, they would be entitled to a moment's respite—together. She turned to look at Nick and found him scribbling in his notebook.

Then he saw her watching him. "You know what?" he said. "You know the very first thing you ever said to me? Well, at any rate, the first thing I listened to."

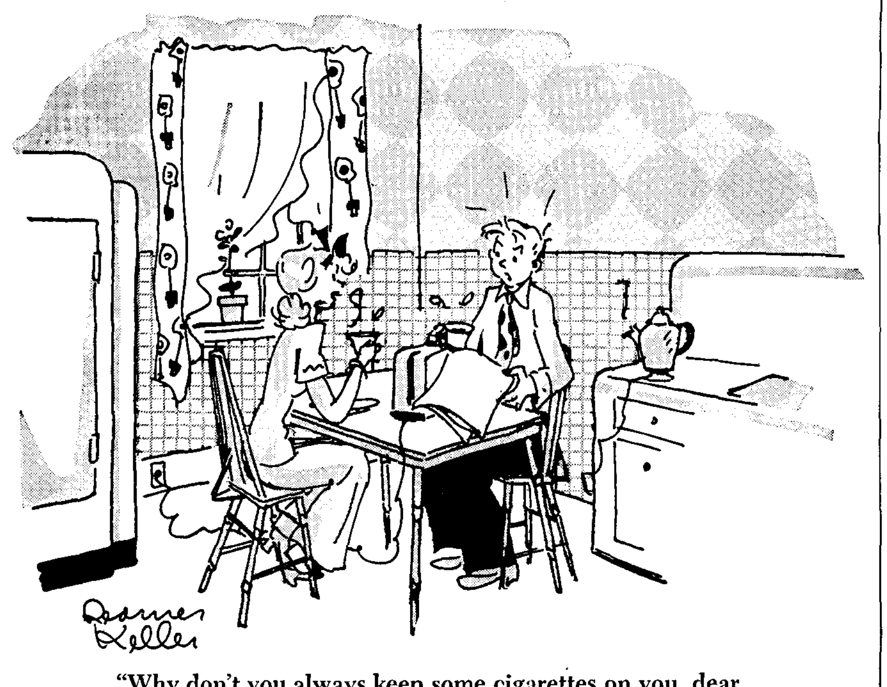
"Tell me."

"You said I was playing for fun, and you were playing for keeps. Remember now?"

"I remember," she said.

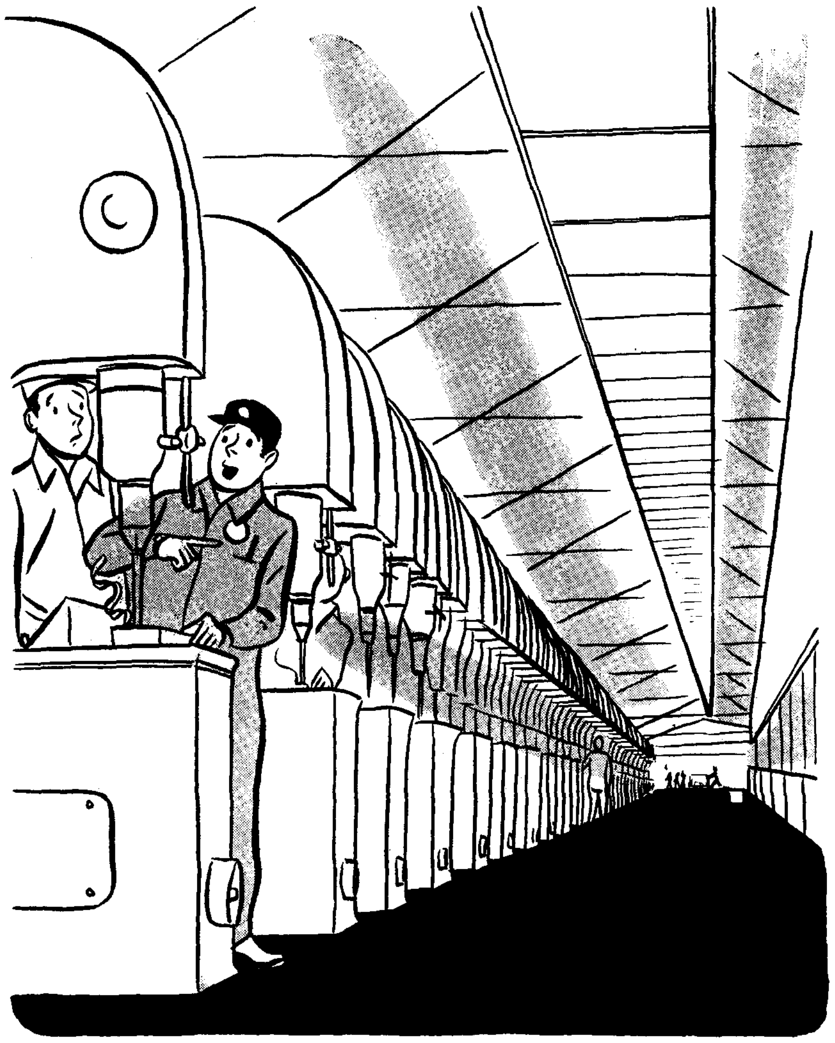
"That's how I'm going to start out my first broadcast from Sydney," he said. "I want to tell them back home how you change, and what makes you play for keeps."

THE END



"Why don't you always keep some cigarettes on you, dear, so you wouldn't have to go to my bag on the little table next to the piano in the front room and get me one now?"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER



"I discovered a short cut from the time clock; it only took me twenty minutes to get to my machine this morning!"

COLLIER'S F. WILKINSON

Any Week

Continued from page 4

to have. Mr. Herman Styler of New York City reports that he was riding in a crowded elevator in the Public Library. Leisurely, as befits a Public Library elevator, it was descending from the third floor. At the second, several people started to get off, changed their minds, crowded in again. Also, several people started to get on, found themselves swarmed under by the first group, and decided to take the stairs. The operator, a dignified gentleman, waited patiently while his passengers sorted themselves out and made up their minds. Then he closed the doors, turned to his passengers and in a measured, academic voice spoke: "Pardon, but which way were we going? Up or down?"

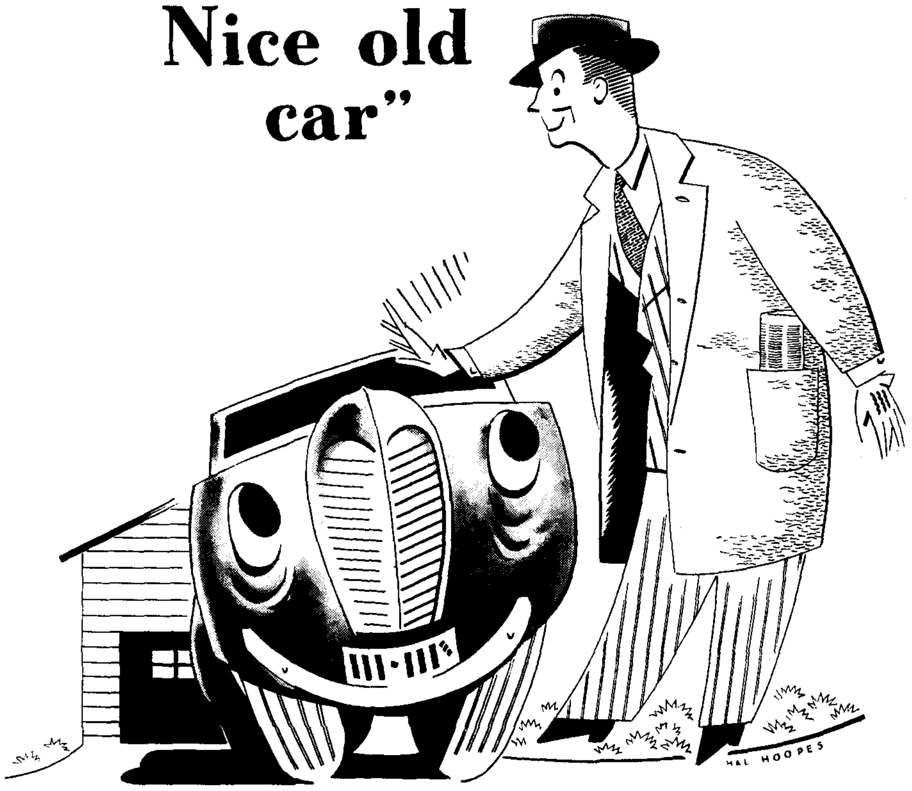
ALSO, we're notified by Mrs. Nina E. Watkins of Mena, Arkansas, that there is a restaurant in that state which is aware of sugar rationing and wishes its customers to be equally abreast of the times. The proprietor has hung a large sign over his counter: Use one lump of sugar and stir like hell. And Miss Adelaide Tinger of Mobile, Alabama, assures us that when she recently inquired of a very small boy how his ailing father was, the lad replied, "He is fine ma'am. He has varicose brains." In the same corncrib, we include the story of the draftee who never quite managed to keep in step. At least a dozen of you have told us about him and we're including it, hoping it's the last we'll hear of it. Well, the platoon sergeant did his best to get the kid off on the right foot and keep him there. But eventually he gave up. When a new lieutenant spoke about it, the sergeant said: "Well, I've tried. All he says is that he'll get to wherever we're going as soon as the rest of us."

TO OUR editorial, Hurray for Georgia, wherein we extended our congratulations to that state for refusing to re-elect Gene Talmadge to the governorship, we have a reply from Mr. Ellis Arnall, who will succeed Gene. He appreciates the editorial and says, "We will try not to let you down. Georgia is a great state and I hope that during the next four years, by forthright conduct on the part of its officials, we will remove the stigma inflicted upon Georgia by disreputable government."

WE'VE just seen off a friend who was going to Fathers' Day exercises at his son's school. It's a nice school and rather prides itself on its fathers. Before he boarded the train, our friend showed us a letter he had just received from his boy at the school. It was brief: "Dear Father," wrote the lad. "I will be glad to see you. Please, wear a dark suit and try not to make any cracks while here. Cordially, your son."

AND from Mr. Eli Frosen of Washington, D. C., comes word that unless something definitely victorious falls to the lot of our Armed Forces soon, Mr. Frosen is going to ask some congressman to introduce a bill "to empower the President to appoint our congressmen and let the people elect the generals." . . . W. D.

"Good old car... Nice old car"



And don't call it a jalopy. It's a decent, self-respecting American family car—with a long life ahead of it, we hope. We're taking better care of it than any of our previous cars, and we're driving it ever so much more carefully. We're almost nursing it along. Not that we're entirely sentimental—we're just smart.

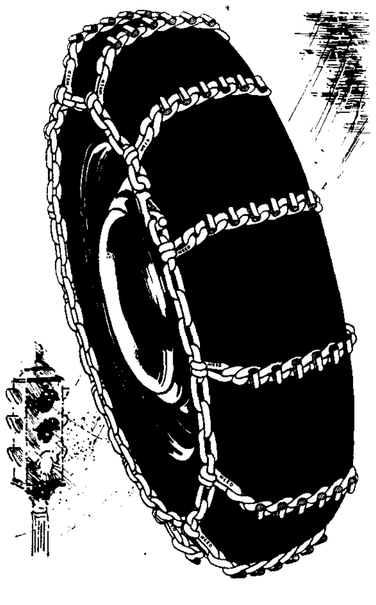
What with gas on coupons and tires on priority, we all want Weed Tire Chains this winter to prevent waste of both gas and rubber. We've wasted a lot of gas trying to get through snow on bare spinning tires. And as to rubber! We've ground off plenty trying to catch traction when we should have used Weeds. But not any more.

So what is the best buy in tire chains? It's the Weed American Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains whose special features give more than double the mileage. That saves a lot of steel, too. Next in popularity is the Weed Regular, standard of value for 39 years.

The Weed Americans are bar-reinforced across every contact link. It is this bridge of steel which accounts for the longer wear.

If you have a pair of serviceable Weed Chains in your garage, let your service station examine and if necessary recondition them. The Weed Chain factory is making tire chains for every type of Army vehicle and the supply available for civilian use is necessarily limited.

But do it now—get ready before you run into snow and ice—either with used Weeds reconditioned, or new ones.



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The League Lives On

By C. G. Hambro

CHAIRMAN OF THE SUPERVISORY COMMITTEE OF
THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

War made the League of Nations an orphan, and Japan's vicious enslavement through narcotics made a mockery of its most constructive program. But the League carries on, here and in Canada, preparing for the work of salvage that lies ahead

BECAUSE there isn't much in the papers nowadays about the League of Nations, most people think the so-called Great Experiment has blown up. Yet in spite of the fact that it could not be better or stronger than the governments constituting its membership, and that it was unable to preserve peace, the League is still very active and far from a failure. And it may perhaps be news to you that the League of Nations is functioning not only or mainly from Geneva but also from offices in Montreal, Quebec; Princeton, New Jersey; and Washington, D. C.

Not the least of its current work is the continuing general supervision of agreements regarding the traffic in opium and other dangerous drugs. With a war on, the importance of this activity has been greatly increased. First, however, let's take a look at the League and see how it has weathered the past few stormy years.

The 1942 list of members contains 46 names. In addition to the full members, there are Brazil and the United States. The former is a signatory power to the opium conventions; the latter is also a supporter of every antinarcotic activity. Both are members of the International Labor Organization, Brazil also adhering to the Permanent Court of International Justice. Of the 46 countries, 26 are at war, 19 are more or less neutral, and the other is Bulgaria. Of the 26 warring countries, 22 belong to the United Nations.

The only member states actually fighting against the ideas embodied in the Covenant of the League are Finland and Rumania which, like Denmark, Thailand and Bulgaria, have not paid any contribution to the League since they came under Axis dominance. The other states, however, continue to pay dues. Despite financial difficulties and the tremendous strain under which their treasuries are working, Great Britain, India, Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand have paid their contributions promptly this year. Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Luxemburg, the Netherlands, Norway, Poland, Yugoslavia—all these invaded and occupied countries contribute to the League budget.

It is true that, for a number of reasons, the Assembly and the Council of the League of Nations have not met since December, 1939. Perhaps that is why the League has not been front-page stuff since then. But in 1938 the Assembly and the Council of the League acted with foresight and established an emergency order so remarkably efficient and elastic that the League has been able to carry on. The Assembly, on September 30, 1938, delegated its financial and administrative powers to the Supervisory Commission, or, technically speaking, to the secretary general and the director of the International Labor Office, who were empowered to make all decisions, including *financial regulations*, "acting with the approval of the Supervisory Committee."

Committee Session in Montreal

These powers were renewed by the League Assembly in December, 1939, and for nearly three years, the Supervisory Committee has acted for the Assembly and for the Council. At a full session in Montreal in August, the committee adopted the League budget for 1943, so that automatically, at the end of this year, the treasurer of the League will send the state members their bill for next year's contribution.

The committee met in Montreal because Geneva is no longer the main working center for League activities. When Holland and Belgium were overrun in the summer of 1940 and France was invaded, Geneva was no longer a very healthy spot for international work, and there was a reasonable fear that Switzerland might be attacked at any moment. Some very good and broad-minded friends of the League in this country then took an initiative that will remain bright in League history.

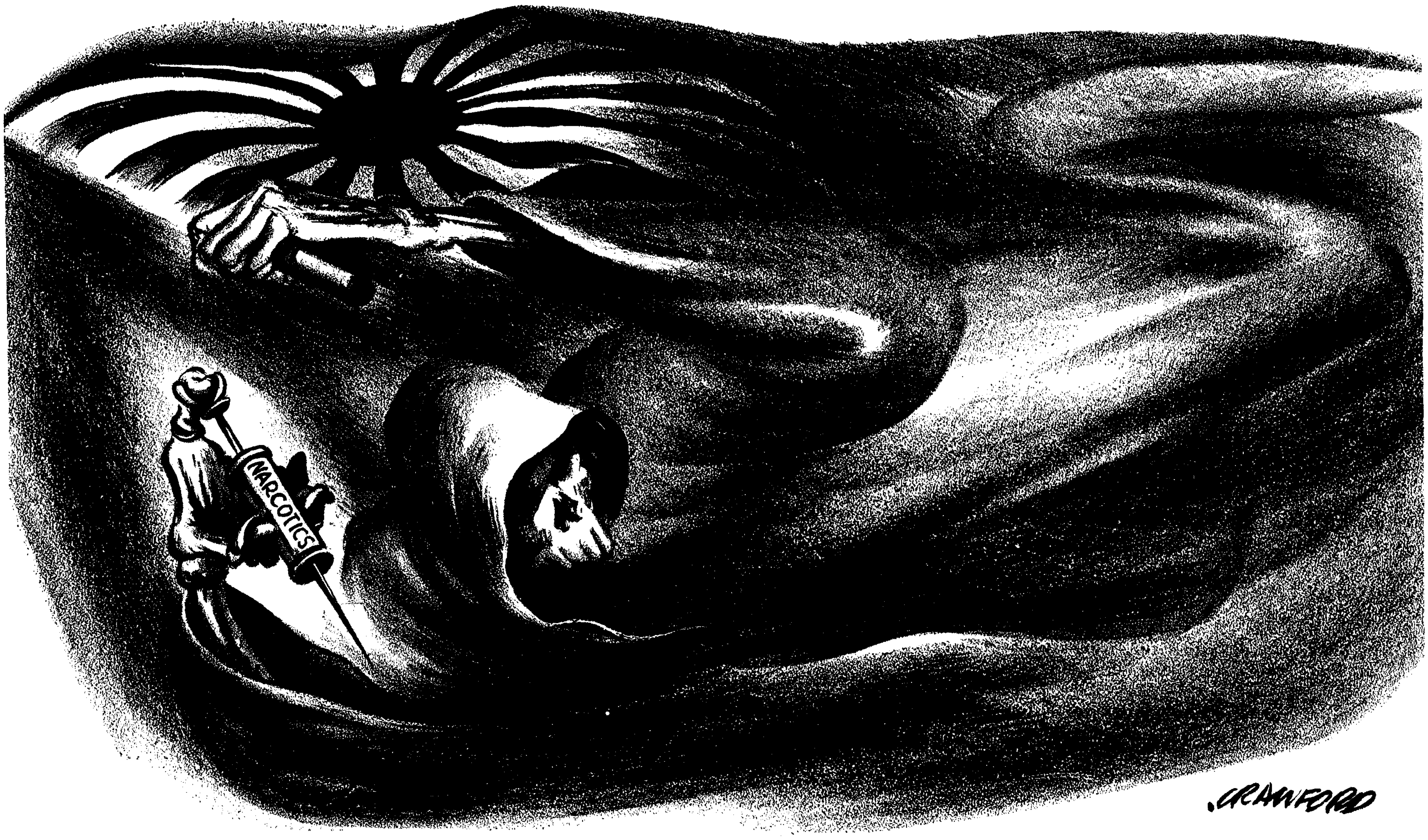
The Institute of Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey, Princeton University and the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research sent an invitation to the League of Nations to move all the *nonpolitical* sections of the League Secretariat to Princeton for the duration of the war. After a good deal of hesitation, this invitation was accepted and, with great difficulty, Doctor Alexander Loveday, the director of the economic, financial and transit departments of the League Secretariat, succeeded in getting out of Geneva with his staff to establish his headquarters at Princeton before Christmas, 1940.

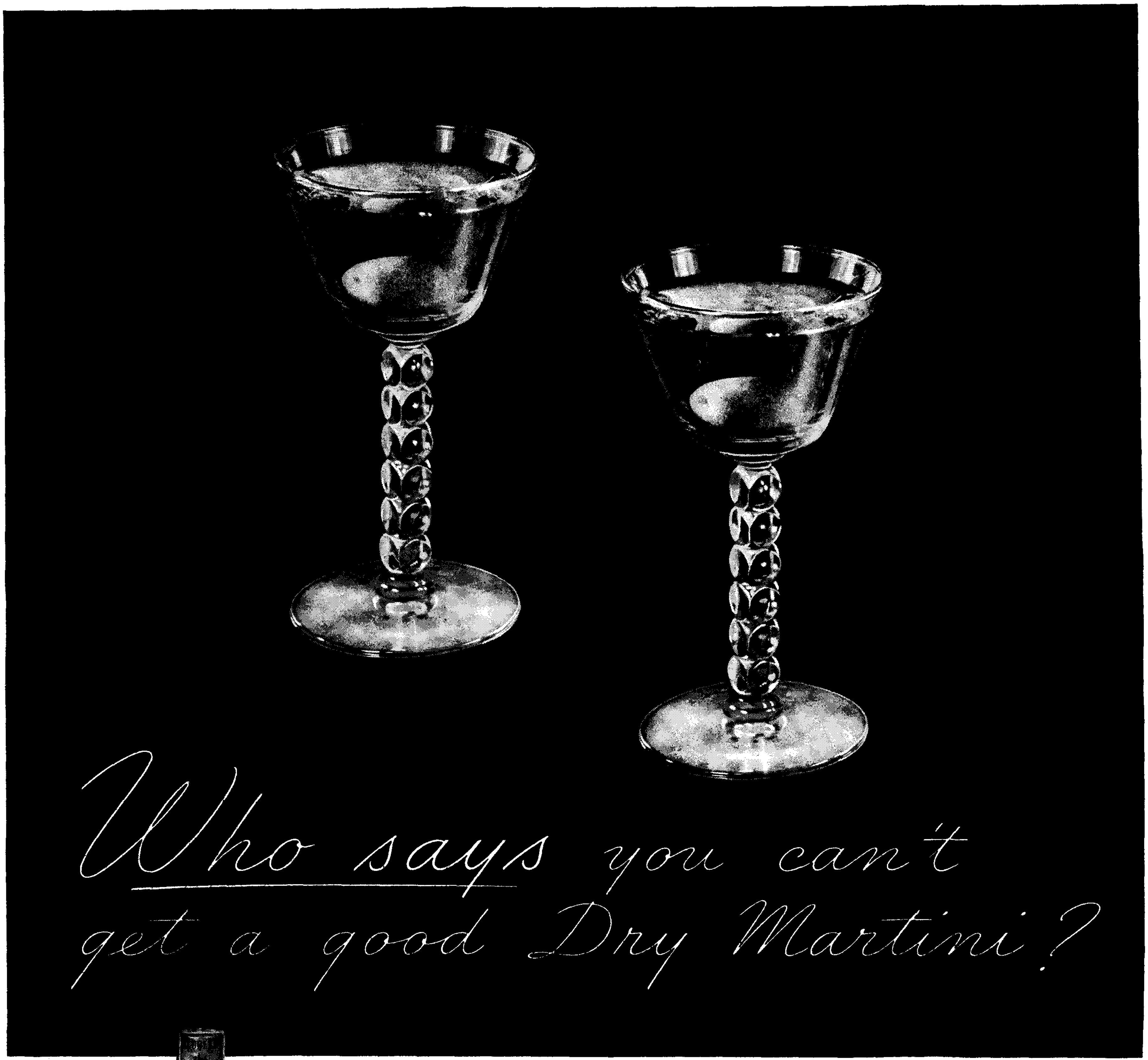
At about the same time, John G. Winant, now U. S. Ambassador to London, then director of the International Labor Organization, accepted an invitation from McGill University, Montreal, to establish the Labor Office in Canada;

(Continued on page 92)

Japan's inhuman use of narcotics as a weapon against western civilization dates back to her repudiation of the League of Nations

CARTOON BY WILLIAM CRAWFORD

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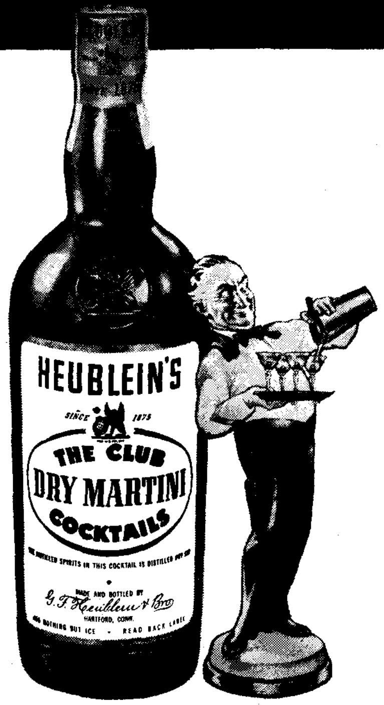
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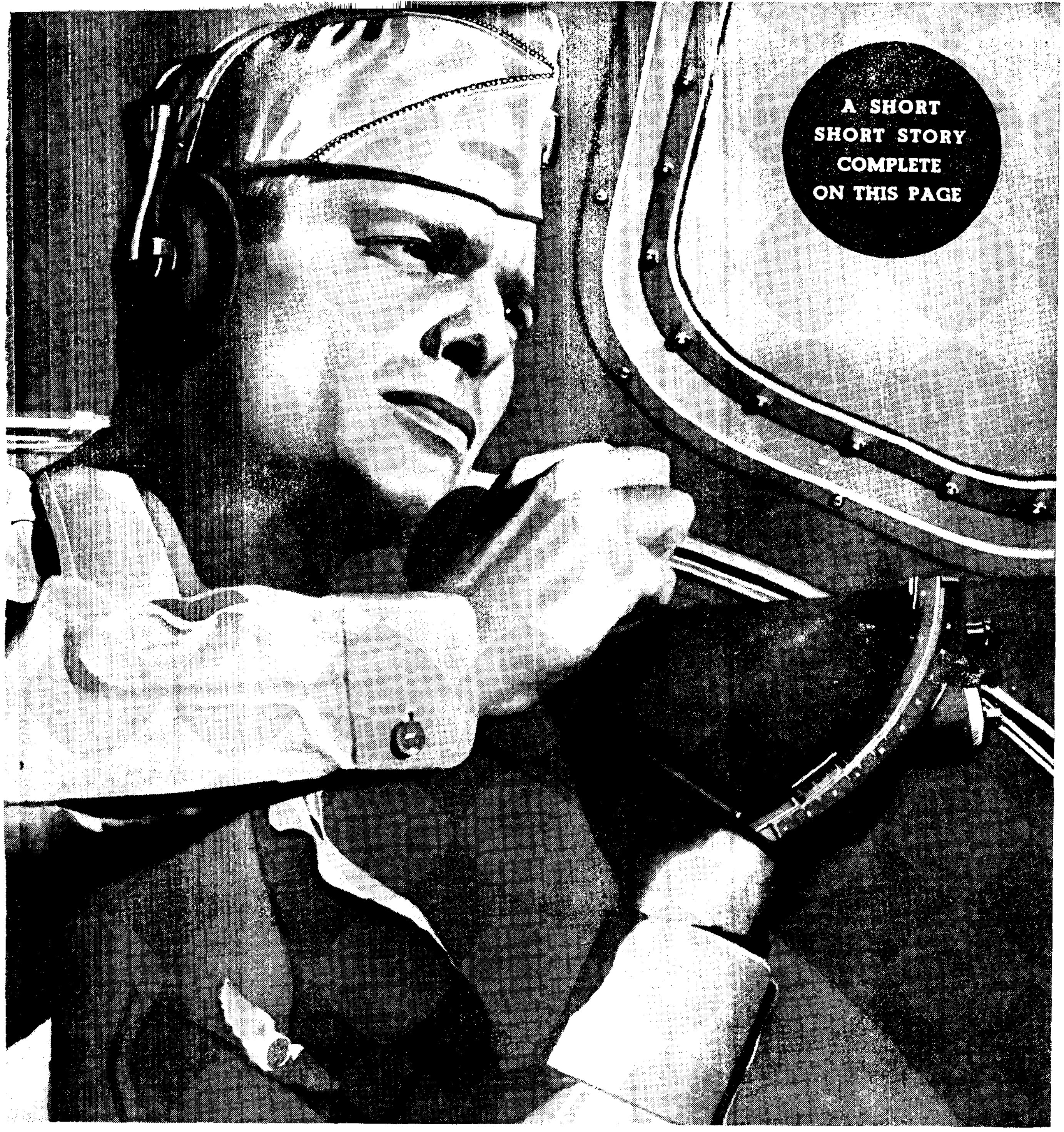

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

MISTER RIGHT

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

SECOND LIEUTENANT JIMMY WRIGHT—"Mister Right" to all the crew—crouched behind his navigator's table as the bomber floundered and zigzagged in an erratic course, dodging the storm's perilous front. For an instant, a lick of blue lightning illuminated the whole tumbled chaos of the clouds. Then the ship flipped over helplessly on her nose, and the pilot had to haul the stick clear back into his lap to level her off again.

Jimmy checked his compass and chronometer. Out of the corner of his eyes, he could see the radioman fumble with his set, shake his head hopelessly: "Dead as a smelt. Must have been the lightning." The tail gunner beside him swallowed his Adam's apple with an effort. They were scared, he saw—badly scared. The pilot looked back at them and grinned and made a quick "O" with his thumb and forefinger; the Air Forces gesture of okay, everything's jake, it's going to be all right.

Jimmy didn't grin back. He was scared, too; sick with fear, fear that he was wrong. Fear that they would find out that he was wrong. . . .

A vertical current caught the plane and shook it like a terrier. Jimmy worked feverishly, jotting down each new heading as they veered to duck the storm. He had to keep track, had to be ready to give the right course when they got clear of the storm. They were all depending on him, he knew; and he wasn't sure. For the first time in his life, Mister Right wasn't sure. He hadn't been able to get an accurate drift reading for over an hour.

The interphone clicked: "Navigator from pilot: Got a reading? Gas is getting low."

He tried to stall a little, hoping for a break in the clouds, a glimpse of a star, anything. He said indiscreetly, "Pilot from navigator: Ought to be about over Ellsworth, according to my D. R."

The pilot answered, "I'll go down to a thousand. Maybe there'll be an opening."

Jimmy felt the ship begin to nose down, and his palms grew moist inside his clenched fists. He knew what it meant if he were wrong—they would ditch him when they got back, and take on another navigator.

He spread his fingers agonizingly at the thought, and clenched them again. More than anything in his life, he wanted to be one of the big bomber's nine-man team. That was why he had joined the Air Forces, so he could belong to a team like that. That was why he had put in for navigator; he'd always been good at math, he was painstakingly accurate—that was how his nickname first got pinned on him—and he figured it was his one sure way to be outstanding, to be accepted as a member of a Fortress crew.

But things weren't panning out. He was a member of this crew, and yet he wasn't one of them. They were polite, respectful—and cold. He couldn't understand why they were cold. He had worked so hard to be right; and still they seemed almost resentful. It had been the same back in school; he had gone out for manager of football, had lugged waterbuckets and scraped muddy cleats and never overlooked a detail, and later the coach had congratulated him in front of the whole team and said he didn't know what they'd have done without their Mister Right. And the team had snickered.

Mister Right. The nickname had followed him all the way out here. They were very courteous; but behind his back he knew he was still Mister Right, with the same slurring emphasis. They never took him into their confidences, never asked him to join them in a poker game or drop downtown at night for a beer. There was this barrier between them, a barrier he could feel but couldn't break down. At meals they said, "Good morning, Lieutenant Wright." They didn't say, "Hiya, Jimmy, kid, squeeze in here." They acted as though he weren't human, almost.

He jumped to the window with his octant, took his reading. One other star; one more shot and he could get a fix. He watched through the window, tense

The big bomber was leveling off again; he watched the altimeter needle drop to a thousand feet, and then a sudden flash of lightning showed a gap in the clouds below them. His heart seemed to stop. Through the hole, incredibly, he saw a waste of lashing green water: the huge offshore rollers of the Pacific. The pilot's voice over the interphone was curt: "Navigator from pilot: Where are we?"

IT HAD happened at last. Now it was all over. It was the end of everything, he told himself. Mister Right was washed up; Mister Right was wrong. He said, in a voice that was barely audible, a thing he had never said before in his life, "Pilot from navigator: I don't know . . ."

He looked dully at the fog; and then, incredibly, he heard the pilot's reassuring voice: "Okay, Jimmy. Keep working. We'll find it somehow."

He repeated it to himself wonderingly. Jimmy . . . we'll find it . . . okay. . . . He couldn't believe he'd heard right. He was wrong; and yet he was still part of the team. He was more than that: suddenly he was one of them now. Still he couldn't understand. The radioman tapped his arm, pointed eagerly at a single star shining through a break in the fog. Why, they were all working for him, pulling for him now. He jumped to the window with his octant, took his reading 46° 50′. One other star, he prayed; one more shot, and he could get a fix. He watched through the window, tense. The tail gunner nudged him: "How about a slug of coffee?" He took a grateful swallow from the paper cup, set it down hurriedly. Off to his right, an orange star winked briefly. Arcturus, he was pretty sure. He jotted down its elevation, noted his chronometer, thumbed through his celestial almanac. . . .

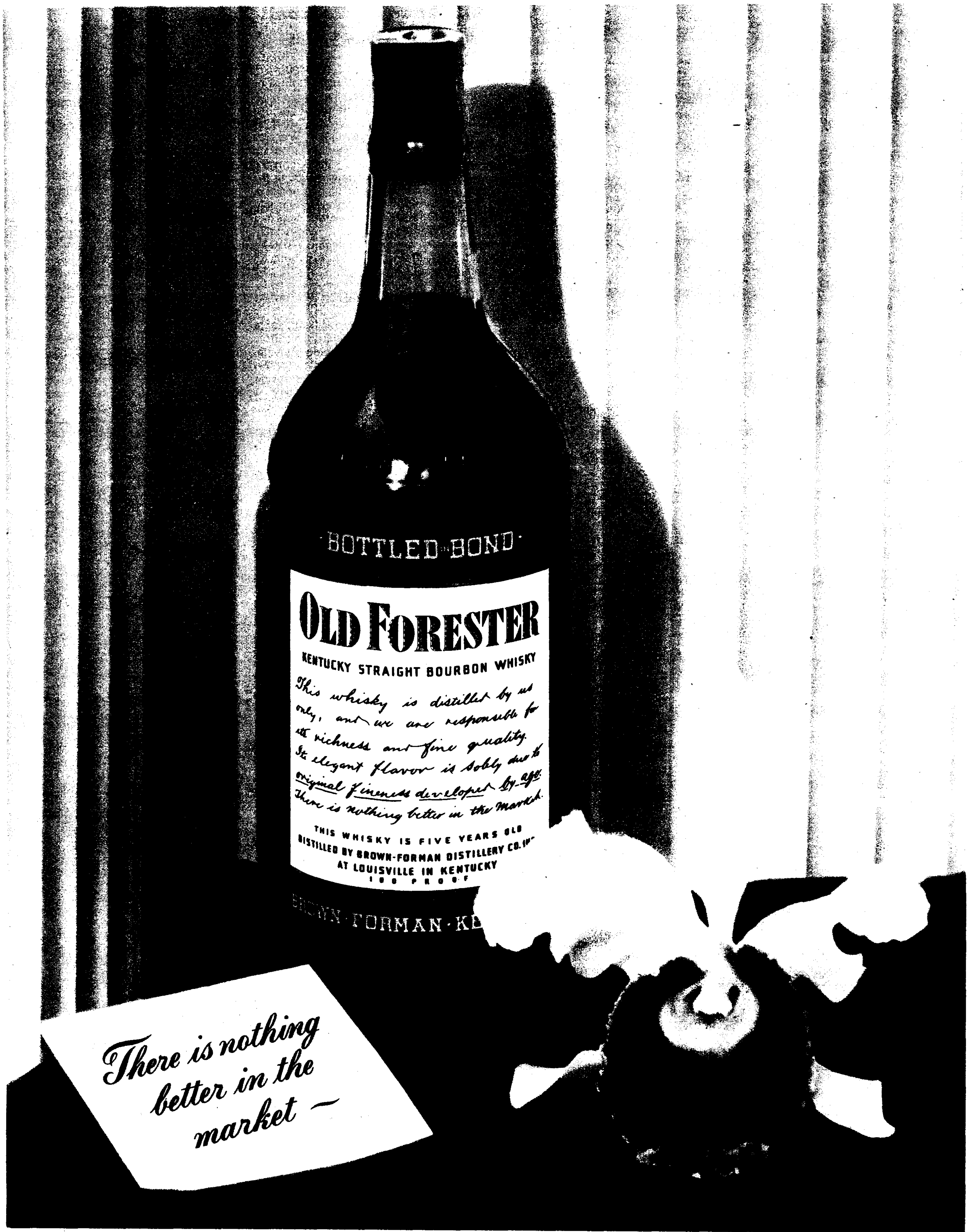
Something warm seemed to be coursing through his veins. It wasn't the coffee; it was blood. He was not a machine any more. He was a human being. That was the way they thought of him now. Maybe that was why they had resented him before; maybe, he thought, there's such a thing as being too right. He was beginning to understand. The radioman was grinning across the aisle at him; the tail gunner rested a hand on his shoulder and bent over him, watching him work. He felt the weight on his shoulder, and he said in a vibrant voice he had never heard himself use before in his life, "Pilot from navigator: New course zero-nine-zero. Rainier dead ahead in about five minutes."

"Navigator from pilot: Roger."

The big bomber banked to turn, the motors throbbed. And then, all at once, the intercom turned into a party line, eight excited voices seemed to crowd it at the same time, he heard the pilot's highly unorthodox shout, "Hot damn!" They had run out of the fog abruptly; ahead of them, like a stationary cloud above the clouds, the peak of Rainier shone in the moonlight, pointing the way.

The tail gunner was thumping him on the back eagerly. Across the aisle the radioman called, ". . . and from now on, it's Mister Wrong!" The pilot turned and grinned at him over his shoulder.

Jimmy couldn't say anything. He could only grin back, and make an "O" with his thumb and forefinger: the Air Forces gesture of okay, everything's jake.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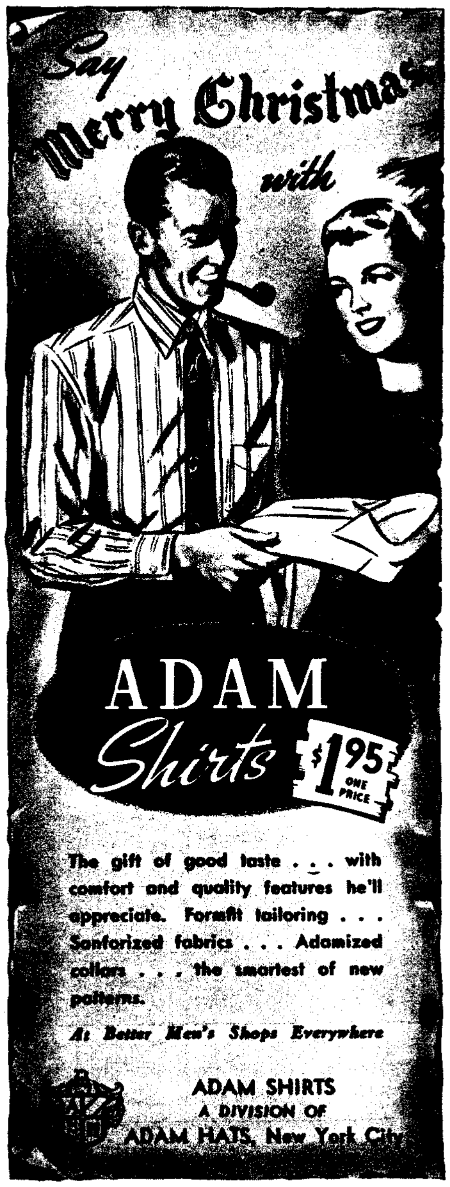

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The All-America Football Team

Continued from page 13

nanovich, Alabama. Back: Sinkwich, Georgia.

SOUTHWEST

Gregory

Tackle: Mauldin, University of Texas. Backs: McKay, University of Texas; Nix, T.C.U.

SOUTH

Keeler

Guards: Hardy, Georgia Tech; Ramsey, William & Mary. Center: Domnanovich, Alabama. Back: Sinkwich, Georgia.

BIG SIX AND MISSOURI VALLEY

McBride

Backs: Steuber, University of Missouri; Evans, University of Kansas; G. Dobbs, University of Tulsa.

PACIFIC COAST

H. B. Smith

Ends: Ferguson, California; Beals, Santa Clara. Guard: Taylor, Stanford. Center: Harrison, University of Washington. Backs: Waterfield, U.C.L.A.; Kennedy, Washington State; Fellows, Fresno State.

Varnell

Ends: Ferguson, Washington State; Susoeff, Washington State; Beals, Santa Clara. Guard: Taylor, Stanford. Center: Harrison, Washington. Backs: Waterfield, U.C.L.A.; Kennedy, Washington State; Roblin, Oregon; Jurkovich, California.

The Centers

Four centers led the field. They were Domnanovich, Alabama's captain and three-year star, Naumetz of Boston College, Pregulman of Michigan and Harrison of Washington. Alabama's powerful defense this season against all running plays was due largely to Domnanovich, who passed perfectly all year and was a power on defense. "Domnanovich's play against Georgia and Georgia Tech was as fine as anything I have ever seen," says Frank Thomas, Alabama coach.

Naumetz, Pregulman and Harrison were far above the average, and so was Moseley of Yale.

The Guards

The decision on the selection of guards was just as close. Among the leaders were Houston of Ohio State, Franks of Michigan, Hardy of Georgia Tech and Taylor of Stanford. Houston and Franks were given the nod, although Hardy of Georgia Tech got strong recommendations from all who played against him. Hardy was a member of a strong Tech line, one of the best in the country. Taylor was one of Stanford's best men. It was not easy to stand out in that forward wall.

The Tackles

As usual, there was a scarcity of outstanding tackles. Tackle consistency is rare. The aggressive ones often get mousetrapped, while the unaggressive ones are too often merely dead weight. In the leading list we have Wildung, Minnesota's big captain; Olds, the night-flying star in a strong Army line; Wistert, one of Michigan's best for three years and highly rated by Fritz Crisler; Csuri of Ohio State, and Mauldin, the big, fast 215-pounder from Texas. It must be admitted there is no decisive choice here. Wildung has been a Minnesota star for three years. He was close to making the All-America a year ago. Wistert's three-year record has put him close to Wildung. Olds had to face unusual handicaps. It isn't so simple to be in the sky after midnight, to be up before dawn, to carry on a hard day's schedule, and then play football. Olds more than met all qualifications. Red Blaik, Army coach, and Andy Gustafson, Blaik's assistant, rate Olds high up in line play, both on offensive and defensive.

The Ends

The two end places brought out some keen stretch running. As a starter there was Currivan of Boston College—big, fast, alert. Currivan is a deadly blocker, a savage tackler, a high-class operator on the receiving end of a pass. Just back of Currivan we have Schreiner of Wisconsin and Dove of Notre Dame.

The latter are two of the best ends that football has known in some time. Both were stars last season. Dove was smart all year—and so was Schreiner. In a final checkup the Badger entry made the grade with only a half-stride to spare. Wisconsin was one of the country's strongest teams, playing one of the game's hardest schedules. The race between Schreiner and Dove was a photo finish.

The Backs

It is always in the backfield that the scramble reaches its high point. Backs can be seen and checked and followed where linemen can't. When the season opened there was a record number of great backs. Injuries cut many of these down. At the finish we had Hillenbrand of Indiana, Holovak of Boston College, Sinkwich of Georgia, Governali of Columbia, Glen Dobbs of Tulsa and Castleberry of Georgia Tech up around the front.

In addition to these there was Fekete and Sarringhaus of Ohio State, Hirsch of Wisconsin, Craft of Alabama and Waterfield of U.C.L.A. Hillenbrand, picked as the best back in the fast-moving Midwest, was placed at quarter. He is Indiana's signal caller, as well as a star passer and ball carrier. Holovak, a combination fullback and halfback, an active, crushing powerhouse, was well in front at fullback. Sinkwich, a three-year star, Georgia's main hope all year, a passer and ball carrier, took over the first

Richard Wildung, tackle, University of Minnesota. Home, Luverne, Minn. A three-year star chosen over Michigan's Wistert

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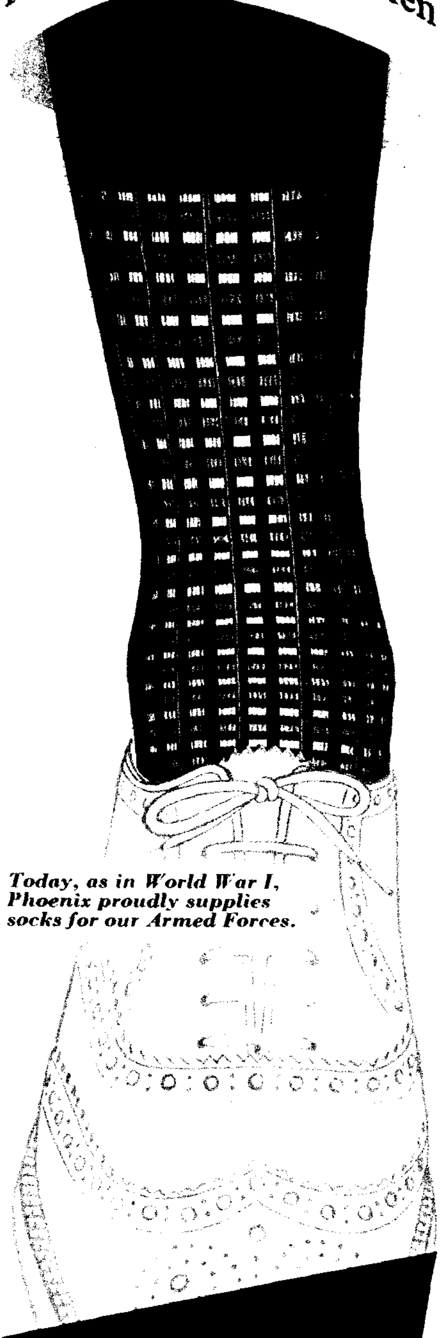

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Lindell Houston, guard, Ohio State. Home, Massillon, Ohio. Houston got the nod in a close race with Hardy of Georgia Tech

spot. This left the only vacancy between Governali of Columbia and Dobbs of Tulsa. Governali, who tied Dave O'Brien's passing record, has been a one-man team. A 60-minute player, he has been working against better teams all year, and yet has kept Columbia in the fight week after week. The big Lion has certainly been the most useful single player any team has known. In addition to his passing and kicking he has also been Columbia's best defensive worker. At least three opposing coaches rate him above Sid Luckman, for Luckman was working with a far better team. And Luckman's record with the Bears is too well known for any extended comment.

It was difficult to leave such a fine back as Glen Dobbs of Tulsa off the first team. For two years he has been one of the best backs in football. But Governali's brilliant all-season contest against heavy odds can't be overlooked.

This, then, is 1942's list of those who join the long line of football immortals—a team that holds its own with any on the famed roster.

THE END

GRIFFIN

Michael Holovak, fullback, Boston College. Home, Lansford, Pa. An active, crushing powerhouse and a combination halfback and fullback

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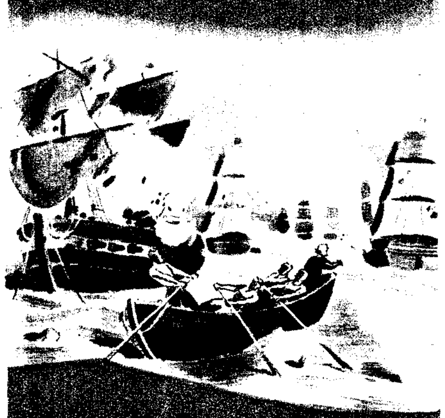
VICTORY AT PUT-IN-BAY



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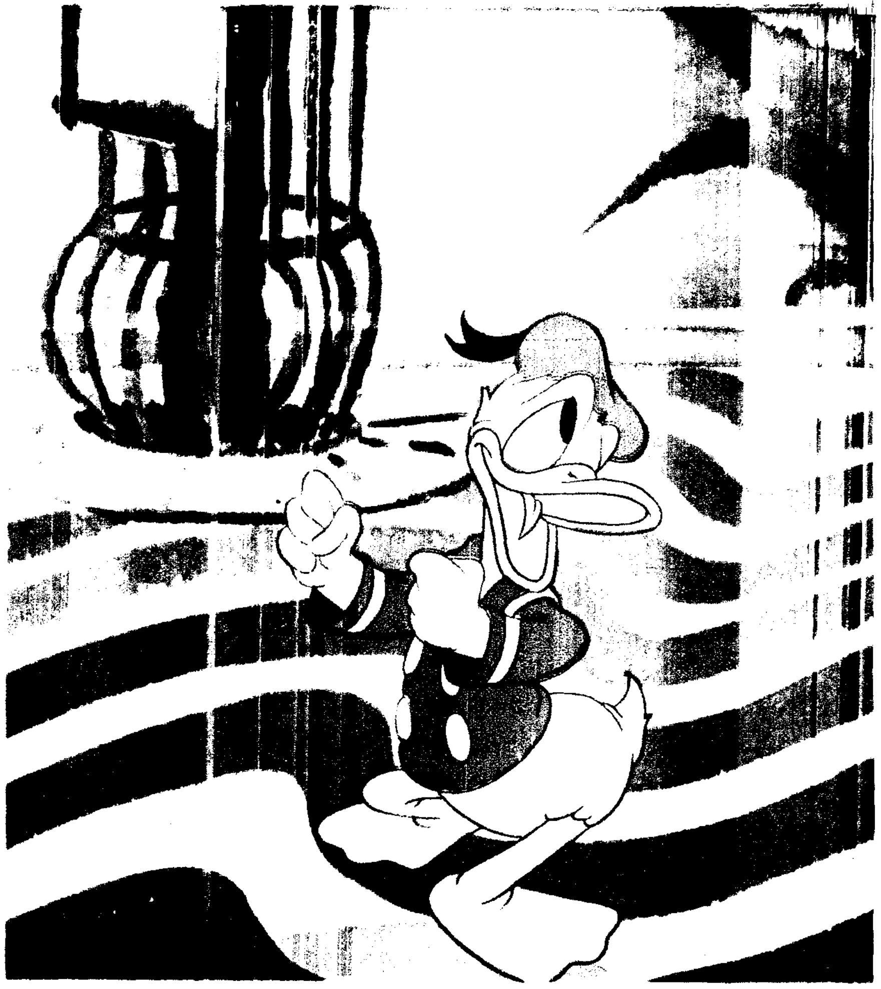
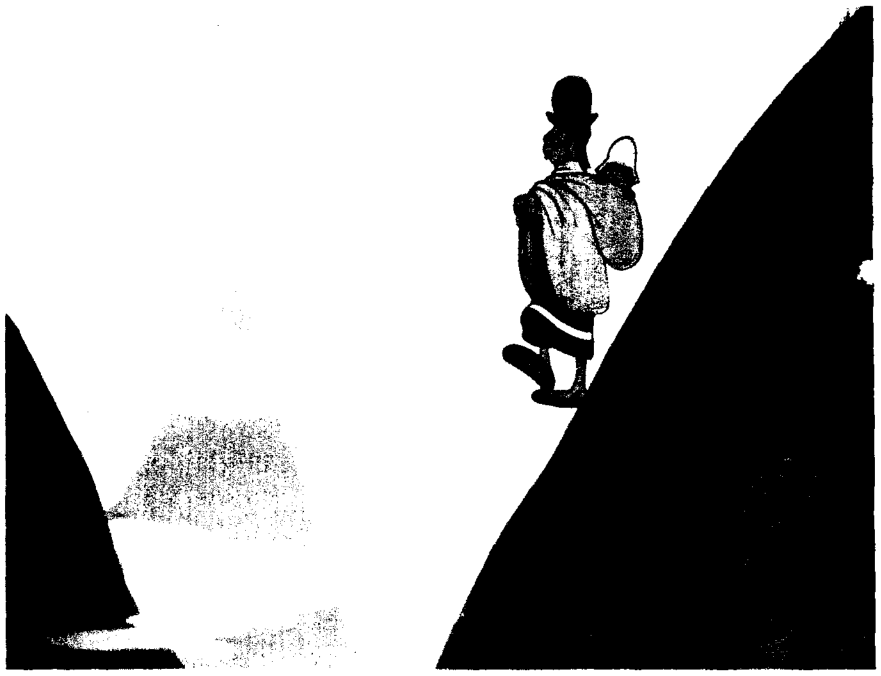
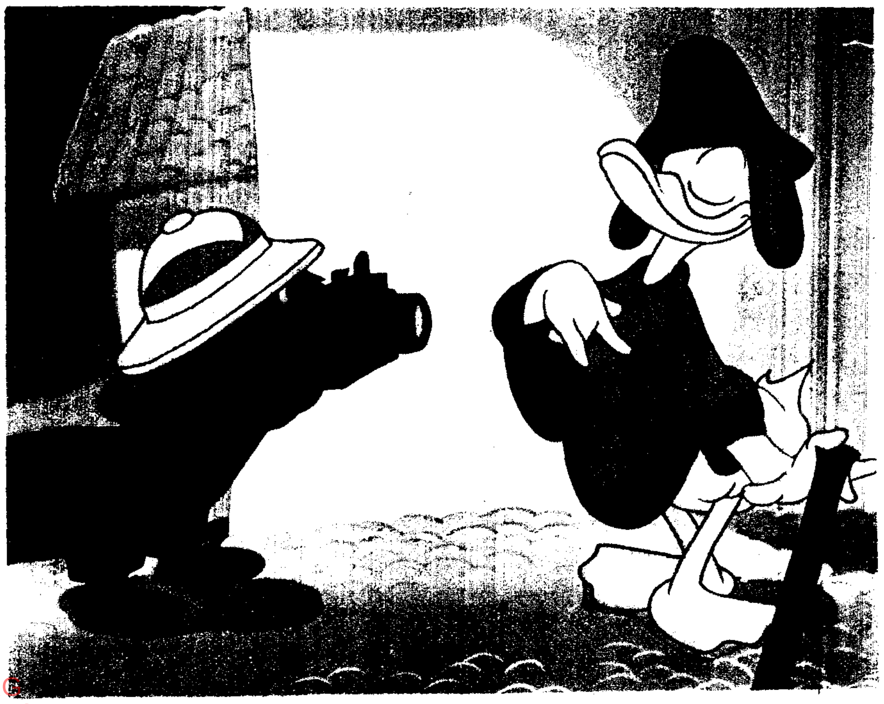
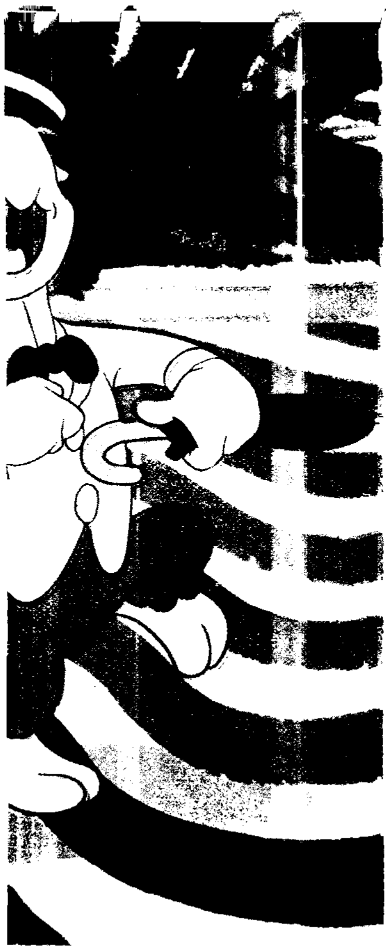


Meeting between choleric Donald Duck and good-natured, fast-talking Joe Carioca is loaded with dynamite. A hilarious samba lesson from Joe saves the day. For once in his career, Donald Duck is overawed



Indian mother carrying baby negotiates a hair-raising Bolivian landscape with practiced ease. The precocious papoose, below, turns out to be a camera fan and finds Donald Duck a willing subject in the marketplace





RIOT FROM RIO

THE debonair gentleman at the left is José Carioca, Brazilian ambassador to the world. The pompous little parrot, a Brazilian national character, appears in *Saludos Amigos,* Walt Disney's contribution to intercontinental good will and hilarity. As an indication of the warmth of Disney's feeling for our Latin-American neighbors, he has allowed Joe Carioca to top Donald Duck, a pretty smart fellow himself.

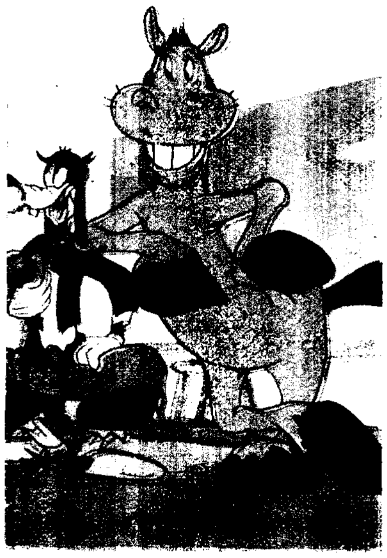
Disney took a crew to South America and made a film which has four sections: Donald Duck's adventures at Lake Titicaca; the story of Pedro, the little mail plane that carries on in Chile when Papa and Mamma planes are under the weather; El Gaucho Goofy, perhaps the funniest of all Disney conceits, bringing Goofy as a Texas cowboy to the Argentine pampas; and the closing sequence with Joe and his samba crew in Brazil.

Disney's artists covered the whole continent for scenes and background. The film is a novelty, showing the gathering of the material, its development into sketches, the complete job itself. The water-color sketches are of startling beauty. Since the picture runs a few minutes short of an hour, it was first put on in South America as part of a double bill. That was stopped by audiences threatening to tear down the theater if they didn't repeat *Saludos Amigos* (Hello, Friends). The picture has broken all theater records down there.

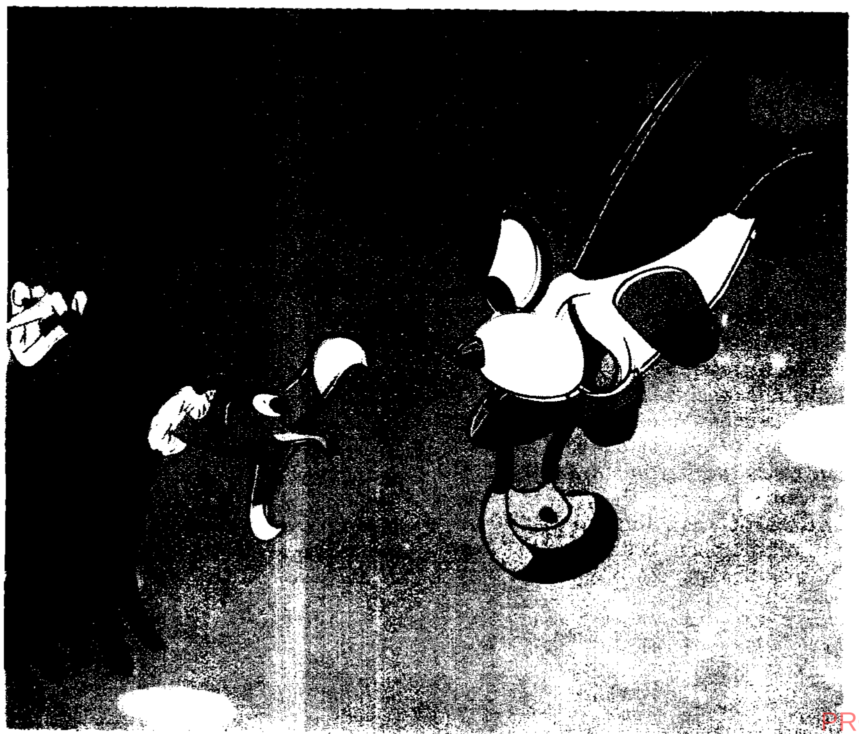
This is the first of a series of musical films to be done by Disney as a result of his tour. Two others are now in the development stage. There is some doubt about using Donald Duck again because of his accent. Argentinians swore he was speaking Portuguese; the Brazilians were just as positive it was Hungarian; some keen-eared listeners even suspected it was profanity. Donald says nothing, being still too sore about Joe Carioca.

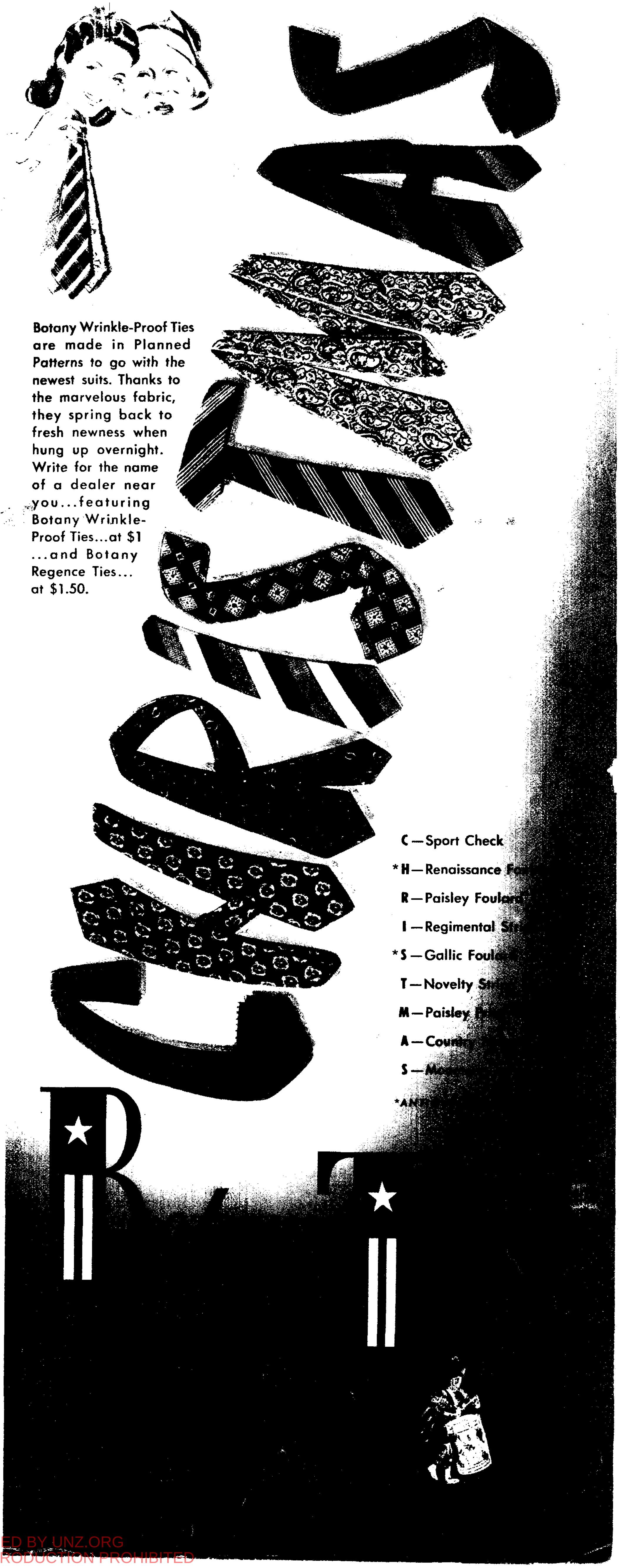
—K. C.

st horse on the Argentine pampas with bone-cracking enthusiasm to good gaucho out of El Goofy



edro the baby airplane gets his big chance to carry the mail when Papa omes down with a cold in the cylinders; here Pedro pauses to sky-rk with a flabbergasted condor high over the peaks of the Andes





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S—
*A

The League Lives On

Continued from page 84

and with remarkable energy and talent he and the deputy director, Edward J. Phelan, now Mr. Winant's successor, managed to get a large staff out of Switzerland, across France and Spain to Lisbon and across the Atlantic.

A little later the whole opium staff of the League and the secretariat of the Central Opium Board were transferred to Washington, D. C. In the big building of the Labor Office in Geneva is left only a small staff of caretakers and archivists. In the great Palais des Nations, Acting Secretary General Sean Lester resides with a staff of some ninety functionaries.

Under the Covenant, Geneva is the seat of the League, and a great deal of work is still achieved there, but the atmosphere is not stimulating. Germans fill all the hotels and are looking at the great building with voracious eyes. They have already established their own International Labor Organization in Berlin; they have grabbed the International Institute for Intellectual Co-operation in Paris, and are planning to build up their own league.

Vichy France Pays Up

Because international meetings can be held no longer at Geneva, the Supervisory Committee has met elsewhere for three years: 1940 in Lisbon, 1941 and 1942 in Montreal. No single state has protested against the actions taken by the Supervisory Committee or the budgets adopted in this unfamiliar way.

This is remarkable; and it ought to be mentioned in this connection that France—even during these years of distress and disaster—has lived up to her international traditions in this field. The Vichy government has paid in full the ordinary French contribution to the League for 1940 and 1941.

Incidentally, no state that is a member of the League can cease being a member unless it has fulfilled its obligations under the Covenant—one of them being to pay the contribution to the League. All the Axis states paid before they quit as members; Italy and Japan as a matter of course, Germany under grumbling and attempts of evasion. The only country that has refused to honor its obligations is Spain, in spite of the fact that when the Franco government gave notice of resignation from the League, it was stated that Spain, of course, would fulfill every obligation to the League. It never did. Technically speaking, Spain is still a member of the League and will remain so until the debt is liquidated.

The fact that it has been possible to carry on the whole (although simplified) machinery gives an indication of the importance that the governments of all these countries in distress attach to the League.

One of the great achievements of the League has been its handling of millions of refugees; but the refugee problem in the near future will be on a more tremendous scale, and the High Commissariat for Refugees is now established in London, waiting for the right moment to become most active.

Meanwhile, Japan has completely undone the excellent work of the League in regulating the international drug traffic. The first Assembly of the League in 1920 appointed the Opium Advisory Committee, which was to advise the Council on all matters pertaining to narcotic drugs.

At the outbreak of the war in 1939, twenty-four governments, representing virtually all the nations having a vital interest—as producers, manufacturers or consumers of drugs—participated in the work of the Committee.

Then, as a result of the Geneva Convention of 1925, there was established the Permanent Central Opium Board, composed of eight persons appointed by the Council of the League. It is the central clearinghouse for statistics on drug movements and it has the power and duty of imposing an embargo on exports of drugs to a country which has exceeded its estimates for legitimate use. The supervisory body on drugs has the duty to control world manufacture, so that international trade will correspond closely to the world's medical and scientific needs, and it works in close co-operation with police authorities.

The United States government has always taken a prominent and active part in the effort for drug control. The first step to create an international front to fight narcotics was taken by President Taft in 1909, on the initiative of Bishop Brent of the Philippines. Today we are back at the starting point. Once more the drug situation in the Philippines is a menace to the whole population.

It may well be said that Japan's war on Western civilization started as a great offensive in which the weapons were narcotic drugs. The Japanese government has had three obvious objectives in this offensive: to gain revenue, to corrupt the Western nations and to weaken and enslave the population of territories already invaded or marked for invasion by Japan.

Until Pearl Harbor it was part of the Japanese policy to encourage smuggling of narcotics into the Hawaiian Islands and the United States. One shipment from the government-licensed factory at Osaka was seized in Seattle from four Japanese a few years ago. It totaled a million shots of morphine. When Prince Chichibu, the emperor's brother, came to visit the United States, a large shipment of morphine was concealed in the cargo of soybeans on the boat that brought him.

Opium—The Fifth Horseman

The Opium Advisory Committee, in a resolution in 1937, declared that "the situation in those regions (in China) which are under Japanese influence has deteriorated to an alarming extent." All legal control of the narcotic trade has ceased to exist since the Japanese invasion in August, 1937. From the Japanese concession in Tientsin, one gang of traffickers alone smuggled into the United States enough heroin to supply 10,000 addicts for one year.

The international fight to limit and control production of opium and cocaine has been turned into devastating defeat wherever the Japanese are in power. Conditions in occupied China are beyond belief, and the Japanese armies are rapidly degrading and depraving the population of the Philippine Islands, of Java, of Thailand, and of Indo-China and Burma. Their navy is trying to smuggle narcotics into every island in the Pacific. Hundreds of opium factories have been started by the Japanese, mainly in Manchuria. One factory at Kalgan alone has an output of more than 100 pounds of heroin daily, a quantity fifteen times the legitimate needs of the entire world.

Last year it was estimated that 90 per cent of all the illicit "white drugs" of the world are of Japanese origin, manufac-

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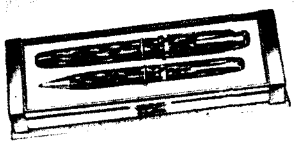

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

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CLEANS TOILE
BOWLS WITHOU
SCOURING

"Be of Good Cheer!"
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A SWELL GAME FOR YOUNGSTERS

Two—four can have a pack of fun trying to get ELSIE, the famous Cow, ELMER and BEULAH into the barn. No dice—no spinner—moves by color cubes. Suspense to the last. $1.25. AT ALL DEALERS OR DIRECT.

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(Famous Game Makers for over 75 years)
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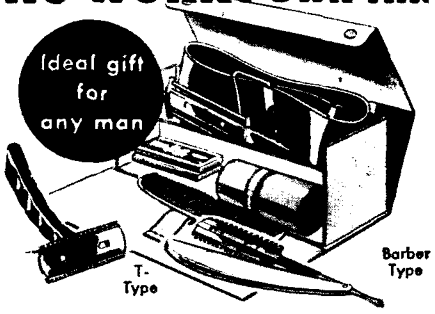

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1. Ten hollow-ground, double-edge blades—ove twice thicker, to take many stroppings. 2½ time more shaving edge.
2. Genuine leather strop—semi-automatic, triple life of these already long-life blades.
3. Your choice, barber type or T-type safety razo *Specify type wanted.* Both use the same famou Durham Duplex blade.
4. In serviceable case with shaving stick and com

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Ask for Christmas mailing carton. It's free.

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Also makers of Enders *Speed* Shaver

tured in the Japanese concession of Tientsin, in and around Dairen or in other cities of Manchuria, Jehol and occupied China. According to the Chinese Opium Suppression Commission, established to co-operate with the Central Opium Board and the Supervisory Body, the Tientsin plants employ 1,000 Japanese supervisors and several thousand Chinese workers, and are in operation twenty-four hours a day. Ten thousand persons a year are dying of narcotic addiction without any provision for their interment.

No cruelties committed in any occupied country can be compared to the wholesale corrupting and depraving of millions of Chinese. The Nazis torture the body; the Japanese degrade and slowly kill the soul. Their systematic poisoning has been adopted to weaken Chinese resistance and to find traitors among the Chinese because drug addicts will do anything to obtain drugs and are useless in the fight against the invader.

Japs Enforce Opium Smoking

When the United States took over the Philippine Islands, the sale of smoking opium to the people was forbidden by the government. Now it is enforced by the Japanese. Wherever they come, they set up hundreds of opium dens, very often operated as brothels of the filthiest description. They have established a barter system, and any commodity can be exchanged for opium.

The forty opium dens in Nanking give the Japanese a monthly revenue of $3,000,000. If we estimate that they are operating 10,000 dens (in Chinkiang they have 200, in the International Settlement in Shanghai 70, in Peiping 500, in Tsinan 130, in Tientsin more than 1,000, and so on) it gives them $9,000,000,000 a year.

The opium dens give only one side of the picture. Over large areas, opium smoking is compulsory. Each morning Japanese agents make a door-to-door delivery of one ounce of opium, and every house has to buy. The dangers of famine are steadily growing, not only because addicts cannot do much work, but also because hundreds of thousands of fertile acres are now given over to the poppy.

The same policy is being introduced in the Philippine Islands and the Dutch East Indies. Two small illustrations from official documents will indicate to what level human life is reduced under the domination of narcotics.

One is from Mukden, in October, 1936, and things have grown worse since then. An eyewitness relates:

"Adjacent to a ragpickers' market about a reeking open sewer are some fifty or more hovels inhabited by the lowest type of prostitutes who, in addition to their regular occupation, also openly dispense narcotics. The setting was loathsome to a degree. Demonstrating with peculiar force the relation of cause to effect, there lay on an ash heap just behind the narcotic brothels, seven naked corpses which had evidently been stripped of their rags by fellow addicts. It is generally stated that this is a daily sight, despite regular removal of the bodies by the Red Swastika Society. There was offered no other explanation than that these dead met their end through narcotics poisoning."

The other is from a report from Harbin last winter:

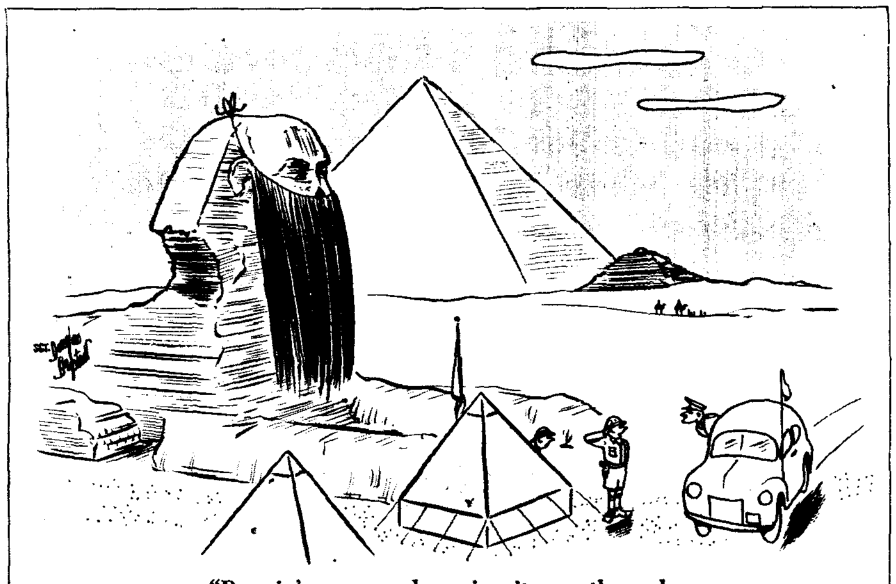
"During the very severe Harbin winters many addicts die in the streets; their corpses are left for days in the streets, as nobody will take them away. Even the dogs sometimes will not eat them."

The Chinese authorities estimate that thirteen million Chinese in the northeastern provinces have become opium addicts.

Although it is supposed to meet every three months, the Central Opium Board has been unable, owing to war conditions, to convene during the past two years. Some of the members are in occupied territories; of others, there has been no news. It has been impossible to obtain a quorum. So the six men meeting at Montreal added to the membership of the board two new members: Dr. F. Woo of China, and M. J. H. Delgorge of Holland, both of whom are now in England. They, with the chairman of the board, Sir Atul Chatterjee of India, and Mr. Herbert May, the U. S. representative who is also the president of the Advisory Committee, will constitute a quorum. The Central Board, with its staff of experts, met in London in September to plan the counteroffensive against Japan on the opium front.

All the work carried on by the League institutions today is essential for the task of salvage in front of us, for the intelligent co-ordination of all nonmilitary efforts of the moment, and for the preparation of postwar rehabilitation and reconstruction. It may be a modest work and not very spectacular, but it is intensely useful and hope-inspiring, because the continued support of governments gives proof that the world's largest storehouse of international experience will be kept in order and that nations still have faith in a future of intelligent world-wide co-operation.

THE END



"Beggin' your pardon, sir—it was the only way we could think of to camouflage it"

COLLIER'S ST. SGT. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

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The best to the best!
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GAME HUNTING

1. BEAUTY CONTEST. This is so simple a child could do it, but shouldn't. Two gals remove every vestige of make-up, and two men, supplied with cosmetics, try to outdo each other in making up the ladies, who aren't quite sure how things are going to turn out, but have a pretty good idea. At left, Cartoonists Keller and Price make a preliminary study of subjects Jean Colleran and Lillian Brokal. Twenty minutes later the models, only slightly ruffled, look like this (below) and the artists have decided that pen and ink are easier to handle than lipstick and eye shadow. This is strictly messy fun.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

**SOON after we opened the Game Huntin
son (Oct. 10th) with a bounty of a $25
Bond for each parlor game deemed suitab
publication in Collier's, more than 3,000 r
responded. Putting aside suggestions
were submitted hundreds of times—and
thus more commonly known—the Game
ers bagged six prize pastimes (see page
names of the contributors), then persuaded
cartoonists, their wives, and two models t
and approve the stunts. Our hunt for ga
now officially closed**

1. BEAUTY CONTEST

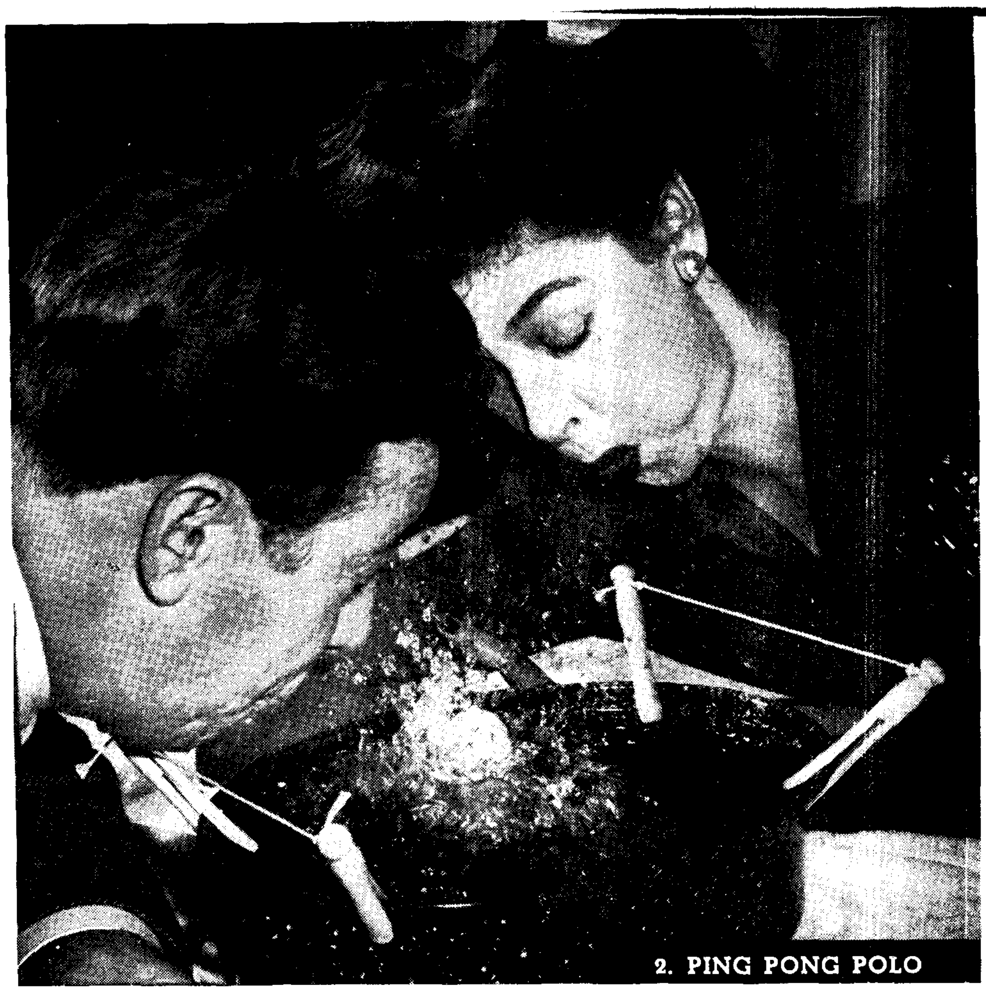
2. PING PONG POLO. Don't look no
this pastime puts on quite a splash. Fill
tangular cake pan or the bottom half of a r
with water and drop a ping pong ball into it.
members of your party then try to blow th
to the opponent's goal, the result being that
in the northwest corner of the opposite
where Cartoonist Reamer Keller and Miss
Brokal give a blow by blow account of the

3. CHIN FEST. What goes on here is th
teams, alternating men and women, line up
each other. The leader of each team, w
orange between chin and shoulder, pass
fruit to the next in line without the use of h
even if the orange is dropped. Oranges
from a long spell in the refrigerator add
hazards of this contest, shown at extreme
right by Miss Colleran and Cartoonist Robt

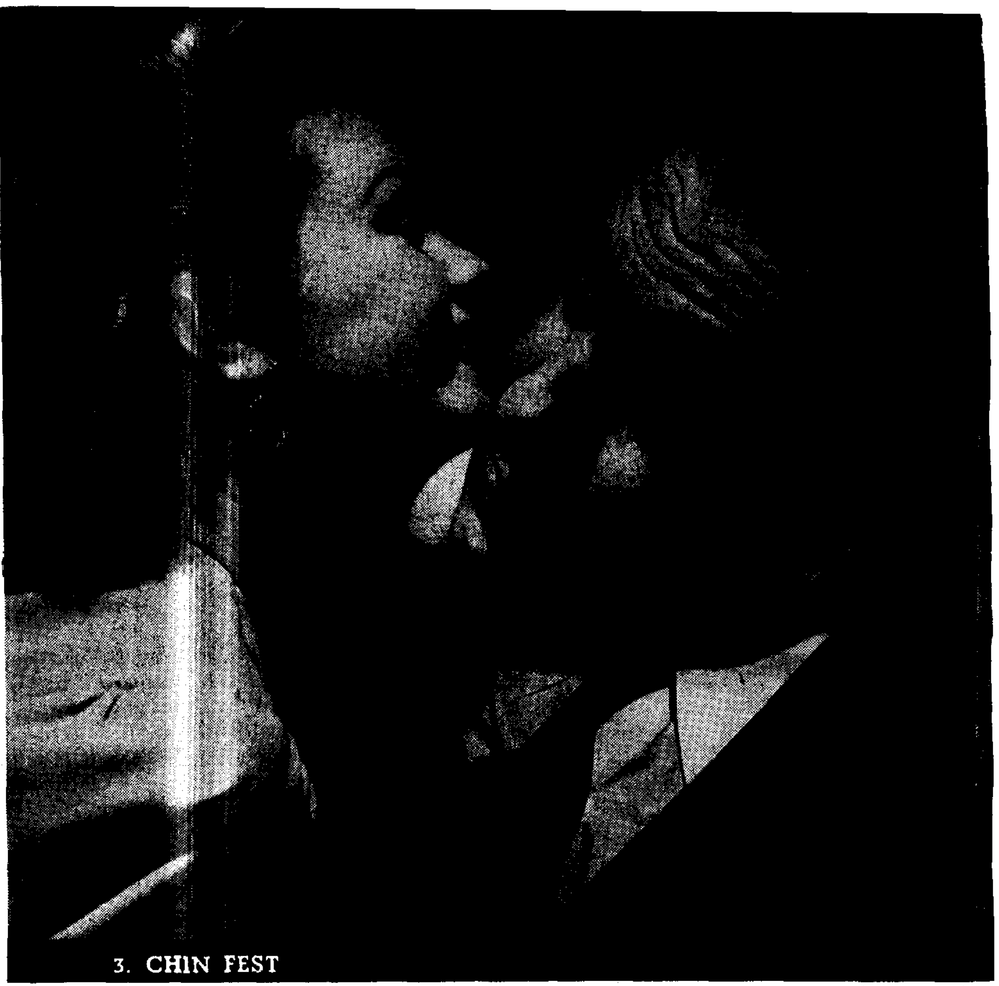
4. BOOKBINDERS. Most people fin
wrapping a book with paper and string is a
enough job, but in this case the right hand
know what the left hand is going to do. Fea
Miss Brokal and Cartoonist George Pric
picture at right will give you an idea. Work
gether, each uses only one hand in the ope

5. PANDEMONIUM. Materials needed f
nerve racker are: a cork tied to a two-foot
for each player, a small frying pan, and
of dice. Players seat themselves on the fl
a three-quarters circle, bunch the corks
center, and another player, holding th
slightly above the corks, rolls the dice. I
turn up 7 or 11 the players try to snatch the
from the center before the pan handler
down on them. If any other number is roll
players must not twitch a muscle. Players
corks are caught under the pan are out,
those who jerk the string too soon. Last
in the game takes over the pan whamming
ture opposite shows (left to right) Mrs. Da
Keller, Mrs. Price, Mr. Day and Mrs. Kel

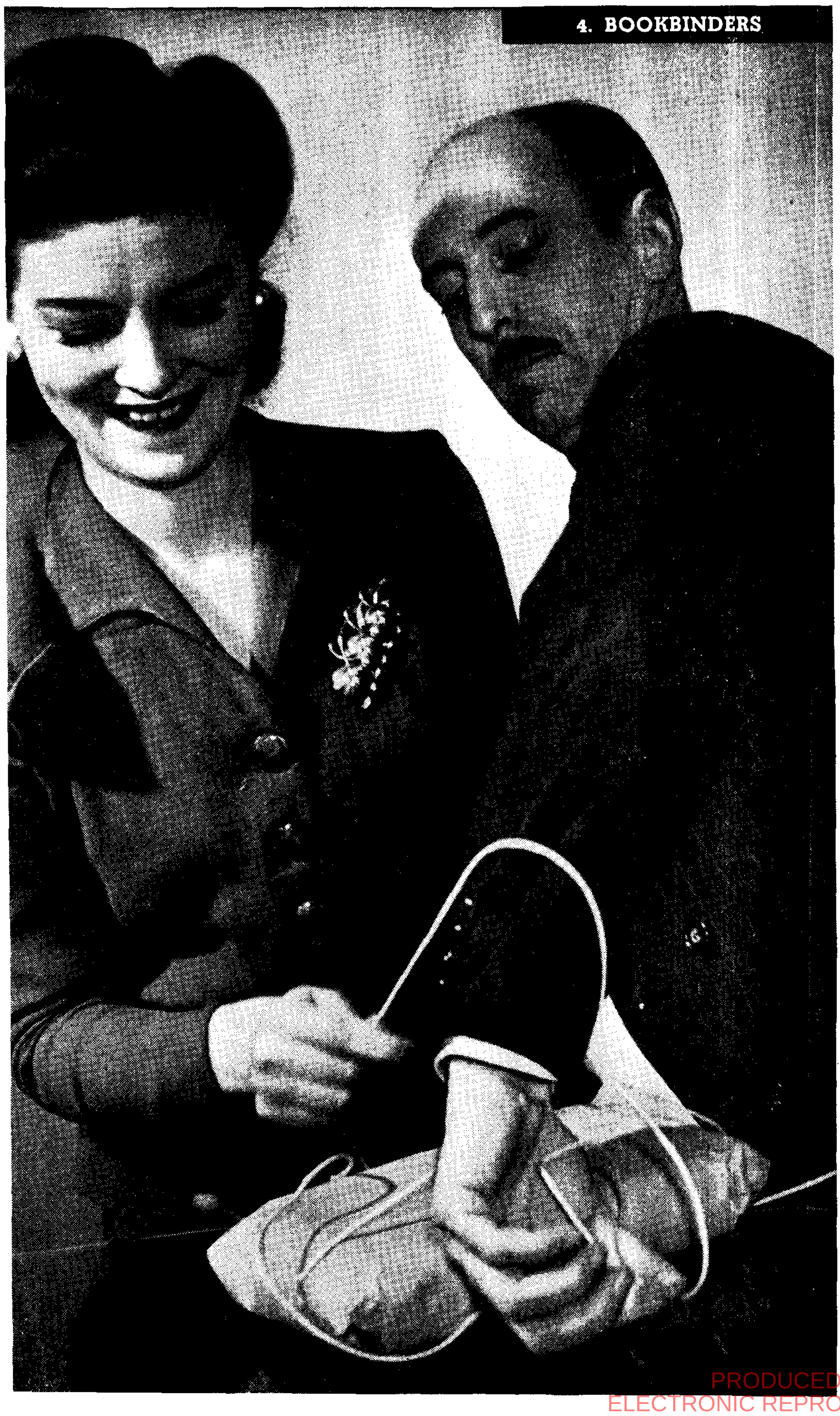
6. I'LL TAKE VANILLA. Put some ice
in two dishes eighteen inches apart and t
spoons together with twelve inches of stri
gentleman grabs one spoon, a lady the oth
each tries to eat his own ice cream without
ing the string. The general effect is that sh
the picture at extreme lower right where
Keller and Mrs. Price stand safely behi
Creamers Colleran and Price, who are dis
out to a finish.



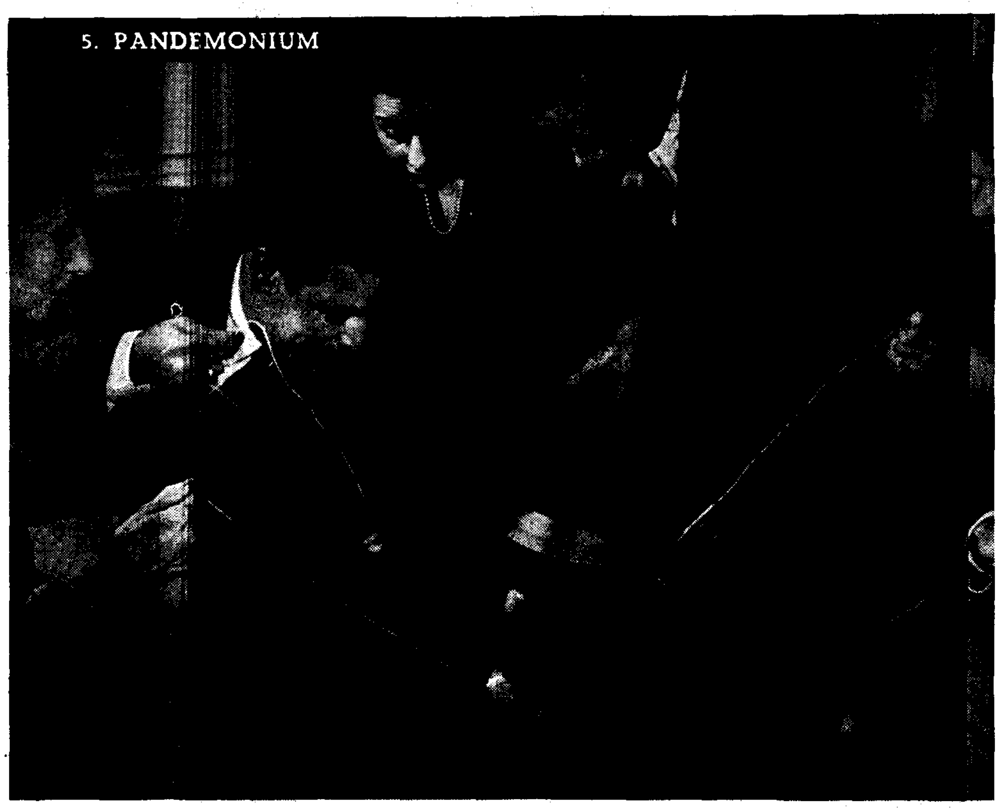
2. PING PONG POLO



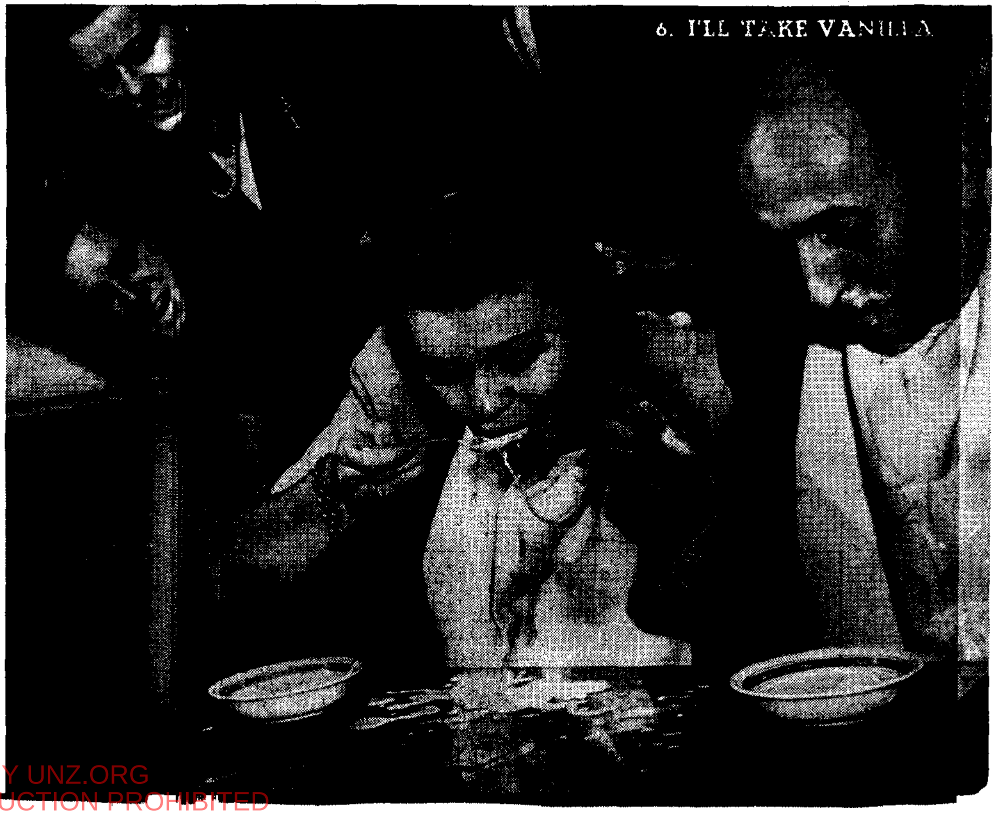
3. CHIN FEST



4. BOOKBINDERS

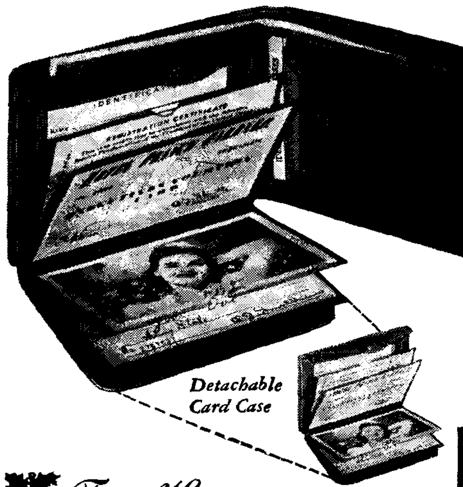


5. PANDEMONIUM



6. I'LL TAKE VANILLA

Hold Fire, Men! He's Really Santa Claus!



Detachable Card Case

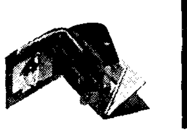
FOR A BUSY MAN what could be more welcome than a Prince Gardner Registrar? At a finger-flip, he shows his identification, selective service and membership cards, passes, license or favorite snapshots, neatly filed in Swing-O-Windows. The card case unsnaps, leaving a slim-thin billfold for evening wear. Shown: Saddle Leather in Military Brown. Also Natural, Cordovan, Black. $5
Others little as $3.50.

Always the Perfect Gift

PRINCE GARDNER
REGISTRAR
2-in-1 *"Invisible Stitch"* Billfold

For Her:

PRINCESS GARDNER REGISTRAR
4 windows carry cards, identification. Bellowed pocket holds coins, keys. 6 lively colors! Little as . . . $2.50



MATCHING KEY KITS
Patented release action saves time, spares fingernails! Windows for driver's license, ownership card. Little as $1

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Creators of the "*Invisible Stitch*" Billfold

All Hands Round For Victory!

THAT is the spirit of thousands of girls and women I know. They make extra dollars in their spare moments and War Bonds are their goal. Many of them have lads at sea or in distant lands. Membership in the Pin Money Club, gives them pleasant work to do.

They buy War Stamps and Bonds—besides they have extra dollars for things they need for themselves. Our booklet is free. Send a card or letter for your copy to

Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club
Department 182, Collier's Weekly
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

NO! VITAMINS ARE NOT EXPENSIVE
10¢ BUYS YOU A WEEK'S SUPPLY!
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Full Potency Assured
Laymon's definitely saves you money on Vitamins! Compare our formula on the package—you'll see that Laymon's Vitamin potencies meet or exceed Government's daily minimum standards—AT LOWER COST to you.
One Capsule Daily
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MEDICATED FOR
CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Got a cold? Get *two-way* relief with Luden's! A Luden's on your tongue helps soothe throat—*then*, as it melts, releases cool menthol vapor. Your breath carries this to clogged nasal passages, helps open your "clothespin nose!"

Medicated
LUDEN'S
MENTHOL
COUGH DROPS
5¢

NEW! LUDEN'S HONEY-LICORICE COUGH DROPS!
Here's a new flavor in cough relief by the makers of Luden's Menthol Cough Drops. Both are medicated. 5¢

What the Army Drinks

Continued from page 17

military hospitals ran at the rate of 1,332 admissions for every thousand men in the Army. The apparently impossible figure is explained by the fact that a man with a broken foot, a chest cold or a venereal disease must return to a hospital several times for treatment, and each visit is recorded as a new admission. But in August of 1942 (a representative month), the rate was only 761 admissions for every thousand enlisted men, little more than half what it was in the last war. The death rate for the same age group was 3.35 per 1,000 in 1917; in August 1942, it's 1.39.

In most other age groups, the drop in sickness and death rates has been just as dramatic. Only among men between 30 and 50 has illness increased, and only among those over 40 has the death rate gone up slightly, a minor phenomenon probably due to the heavier pressure of this swift war on older men. In 1917, we had a stagnant war of attrition. Now we have fast, fierce battles and superspeed movement, too strenuous for the elderly warrior—a powerhouse argument, incidentally, for getting younger men into the service as quickly as possible.

Rather than being an Army of dissipation, our soldiers are religious to an extent the civilian would rarely suspect. Our survey found 56 out of every hundred enlisted men attended church, and that a big majority of the well-adjusted soldiers were in the group. Twelve out of every hundred covered by the survey had consulted their chaplains for personal advice, a remarkable degree of reliance on religion for guidance.

Religion on a Large Scale

The Army began an unprecedented program of religious development, one of the soundest safeguards against bad living, long before Pearl Harbor. On May 4, 1941, it broke ground for a chapel at what was then the Arlington cantonment near Washington. It was the first of 900 such chapels which carry active religion to every man in service, the biggest single church-building program in the history of the world. At the same time, Protestant and Catholic clergymen and Jewish rabbis were recruited in such numbers that there is now one chaplain for every 1,200 enlisted men. Each is highly recommended by his church, and each endorsement must be renewed every year. If the renewal fails to come, the chaplain is released by the Army. So he doesn't relax. At the same time, steps were taken to "humanize" these chaplains. They were given training to enable them to match the physical condition of the enlisted men, proving they asked no special considerations. They were literally "men of God."

These chaplains have extremely close contact with the soldiers. They penetrate the lives of their wards much more deeply than the average clergyman can ever hope to reach his civilian congregation.

The Army's thoughtfulness went into such detail that the breast pocket of the regular Army blouse was designed to accommodate the special volumes of Jewish Holy Scriptures and New Testaments issued by chaplains.

These two good Books themselves are an indication of the religious attitudes of our soldiers. They are issued only when directly requested by a soldier—yet last July alone, more than 95,000 were given out.

Other figures for July, the latest on which compilation has been made, prove the usefulness and influence of the chaplains. More than 52,000 services were held with a total attendance of almost 2,700,000 soldiers.

Is that an Army of shame and degradation? Does it indicate that our "Fundamental strategy seems to be for us to drink our way to victory," to borrow the words of George Barton Cutten, president of Colgate University? Somebody's wrong.

Every responsible Army officer I have talked with says drinking among his men is an insignificant problem. And every available report shows it seldom becomes a major worry except in dry parts of the country. Senator Bilbo gave evidence of this sort when he let out a tremendous blast about deplorable conditions around camps in his home state, bone-dry Mississippi. I know such conditions don't exist in the states where liquor is legal.

GAME HUNTING AWARDS

A $25 War Bond has been dispatched to each of the following readers for submitting the games pictured on pages 94 and 95:

1. Miss Jean Schmid, Richland, Neb.; Miss M. Henderson, New York, N. Y.; Officer Candidate A. E. Holton, Miami Beach, Fla.; Miss Marian W. Spence, Seattle, Wash.; Miss Jean Norbury, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. E. McClellan, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Daisy Kemp Downing, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Mary D. Hunt, Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. J. H. Schooler, Santa Monica, Cal.; Mrs. Elsa G. Bernstein, Bronx, N. Y.
2. Mrs. Jeanette Willer, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Smedley Lee Gery, West Lawn, Pa.; Mrs. W. A. Legwen, Macon, Ga.; Mrs. Paul R. Bennett, New York, N. Y.; Miss Shirley Baetz, Riverside, Ont., Canada.
3. Mrs. R. W. Nichols, Burbank, Cal.; Mrs. F. L. Lichtenfels, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. J. D. Torrens, Moorhead, Minn.; Mrs. Harold H. Hallock, Riverhead, N. Y.; Mrs. Robert L. Smith, West Hempstead, N. Y.; Mr. J. L. Murphy, Jr., New York, N. Y.; Miss Hermina Van Aartsen, Hull, Ia.; Violet Grinols Loper, Honolulu, T. H.
4. Mrs. Jennie M. Stott Manchester, N. H.
5. Miss Erma Richmond, Springfield, Mass.; Mr. Frank Kubin, Hartford, Conn.
6. Mrs. R. S. Morgan. Vancouver, Canada; Mrs. James Griner, Forrest City, Ark.; Mr. Fred Marsh, McCook, Neb.; Miss Nona Lee White, Oklahoma City, Okla.

The local-option system, under which any area has the right to vote itself dry, is a menace to the Army, although no one questions the justice of the system. The dry areas now are simply small duplicates of the entire nation during prohibition. Soldiers are strictly human, and the 18th Amendment proved completely that humans will drink some, whether the law says they can or cannot. Where liquor is available openly, the military police have little difficulty keeping watch over the men, steering them away from intoxication and vice. In "dry" areas, liquor will be available somehow, and since the soldier usually can't get fancy liquor through prescription, he crawls into hidden speak-easies, out of reach of reasonable authority, rubbing up against every conceivable sort of wickedness; and he will drink more when it is forbidden. That's one big lesson we got from Volsteadism.

No place is dry simply because it votes

that way. The Texas legislature, for instance, a year ago this spring passed a law stipulating that doctors could write only 100 liquor prescriptions every 90 days. The law became effective July 31, 1941, and here's what happened that August, as compared with August 1940, according to the Texas Liquor Control Board (forty-three per cent of the state is now dry, based on population):

The number of drugstores licensed to fill liquor prescriptions suddenly dropped from 484 to 121; the number of physicians holding permits to prescribe liquor fell from 1,184 to 95; the number of liquor prescriptions filled was cut from 449,288 to 3,592; the number of gallons sold on prescription skidded from 43,147 to 445.

Coincidentally, the Control Board reported that in September, the second month of limited prescription sales, the fines assessed in liquor cases and the number of seizures of stills were the highest of any month in years.

Yet the local-option privilege spreads dry laws through individual states with the relentlessness and thoroughness of a flourishing cancer. The strategy is simple. Prohibitionists concentrate on one county—let's call it A—preferably in the center of a state. In a ferocious campaign they get it to vote itself dry.

How Prohibition Spreads

Business promptly starts deserting the dry county. Restaurants, hotels, legitimate night clubs and other enterprises just across the line, in adjoining County B, prosper with trade that has left the now-dry neighboring county. So County A joins with the prohibitionists of County B in another whooping campaign, and County B is hypnotized into going dry. Then the two dry counties open up on the counties surrounding the two of them. Pressure is put on state politicians for help, funds are solicited from unhappy businessmen who don't want prohibition but who do want all the business they can get, and the bootleggers fatten the ante.

A list of recent local-option votes in Kentucky intrigues me. In the far western end of the state, Carlisle County voted dry on April 12, 1942. The next September, Ballard County, bordering Carlisle on the north, likewise went dry, along with 25 precincts of McCracken County, another Carlisle neighbor.

Butler County, in the southwest center of the state, voted dry April 11th. Seven days later, Muhlenberg, Butler's western neighbor, followed suit, and the next September, Hopkins County, on Muhlenberg's western border, also fell in line. Other Kentucky votes on the issue show a similar pattern, with prohibition crawling slowly but surely from one county to the next and the next.

In some cases, we have found retail liquor dealers, usually most helpful in encouraging temperance and wisdom in the handling of alcohol, contributing to dry campaigns in near-by counties, deliberately trying to get their neighbors' business, which shows how much it can mean in dollar terms. Usually such fools find they have thrown a murderous boomerang.

No matter how far it spreads, this crawling disease never reaches a point satisfactory to the drys. I recall a statement made by the general superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League shortly after prohibition was adopted in 1918.

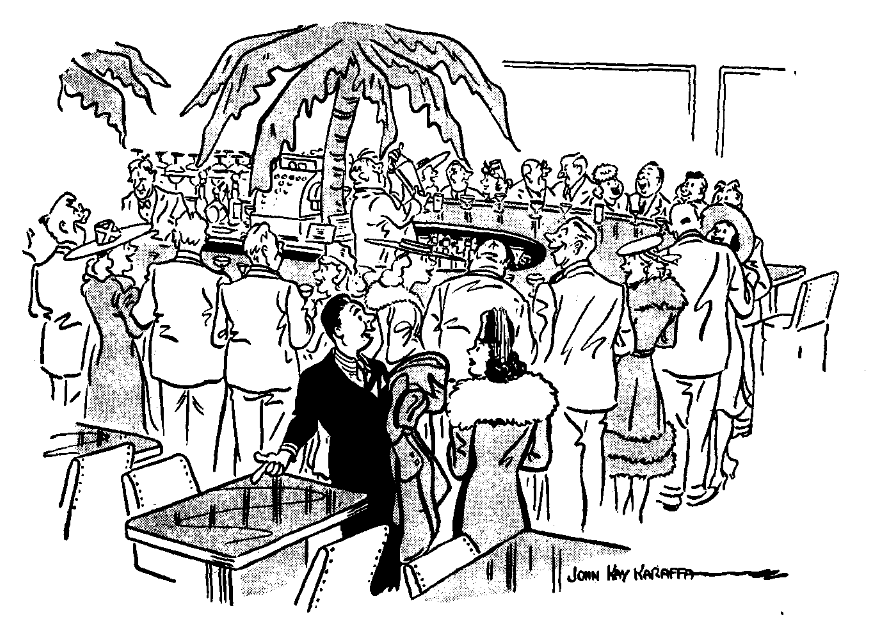
"When we had township option, we could do little with wet townships around us," he said sourly. "When we had municipal local option, we could do little with wet cities about us. When we had county option, we could do but little with wet states about us. And now what does it mean to have wet counties around us with the system of transportation now in the world?"

So whatever the drys say in their efforts to keep legal liquor from a town or state or soldier, they have only one objective—world-wide prohibition.

Prohibition is destructive in direct proportion to the size of the territory dried up. Every area containing a military establishment weakens that establishment when it sets itself up as dry. But the prohibitionists have never been particularly concerned about such destruction. Their whispering campaigns alone have hampered the Army in its sincere efforts to keep morale at a peak. Statements printed repeatedly in dry publications fed the grossly false whispers that large-scale drunkenness was responsible for our December 7th tragedy at Pearl Harbor, that liquor was being sold inside Army camps, and that acute alcoholism was widespread among troops.

Yet even a casual study of the truth demonstrates that the last thing we need worry about is the moral, mental and muscular fitness of our soldiers, so long as we leave them alone. The surest way to change that happy state is to forbid them the basic civilian privilege of buying a drink openly and unashamedly on the infrequent occasions they want one.

THE END



"Let's take a seat until we can get standing room"

COLLIER'S JOHN KAY KARAFFA

Lucky for us they had "Devil Pups"!

THE UNIFORMS illustrated were worn by the First Continental Marines recruited by Captain Samuel Nicholas in 1775, for duty in the Revolutionary War.

• The original "Devil Dog" (or United States Marine, if you're feeling formal) would hardly recognize his present-day descendant. But watching his modern counterparts in action, he'd soon learn (as have freedom's foes) that the fighting qualities of the U. S. Marine Corps haven't suffered with the passing of the years.

Neither would the business man of Revolutionary times feel at home in today's industrial America. He'd be flabbergasted by the complexity of present-day production problems . . . not least of which is the tremendous burden of figure work necessary to maintain rigid control.

But he'd soon discover that Management has devised means of handling essential figure work speedily, accurately and economically . . . and that Comptometer adding-calculating *machines*, and modern Comptometer *methods*, play a vital part in the handling.

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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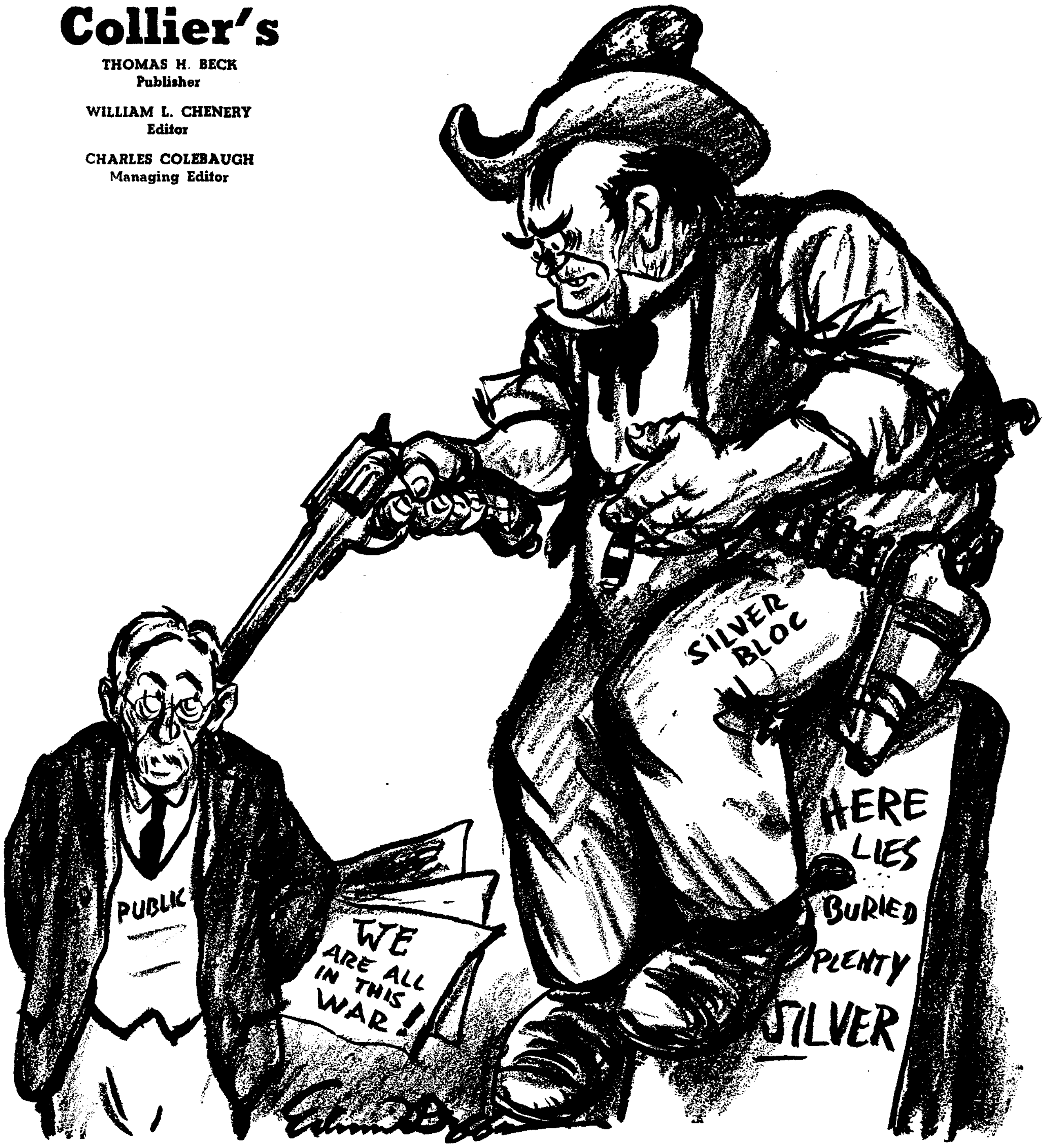
SILVER BLOC
HERE LIES BURIED PLENTY SILVER
PUBLIC
WE ARE ALL IN THIS WAR!

The Road Agents Were Sissies

IN THE old Far West, when foot-loose veterans of the Union and Confederate armies were trekking for the Rockies and the Pacific Coast after the Civil War, there flourished for a brief and bloody interval a class of persons known as road agents. The road agents, in plain English, were highway robbers. Their business was that of holding up stagecoaches known to be carrying gold or other valuable cargo.

The road agents were presently put down by organizations of decent citizens calling themselves vigilantes. Collier's recently printed a striking serial novel about the triumph of the vigilantes over the road agents in the old gold camp of Virginia City, Montana. The story was entitled Alder Gulch, was written by Ernest Haycox, and most likely remains vivid in your memory if you read it.

From this prologue, we proceed to tell about a clique of senators whose political behavior in one aspect is at this writing making the old-time road agents look like sissies.

These men are all fine fellows personally. All have done constructive, worth-while work in the public service. Quite possibly they do not realize fully the outrage they have been committing against the war effort of the United States, and hence against the people of the United States—and of the United Nations.

The reference is to the so-called Senate silver bloc—Senators Carl Hayden and Ernest W. McFarland of Arizona, Edwin C. Johnson and Eugene D. Millikin of Colorado, D. Worth Clark and John Thomas of Idaho, James E. Murray and Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, Berkeley L. Bunker and Pat McCarran of Nevada, and Abe Murdock and Elbert D. Thomas of Utah.

Here is the story:

These senators represent the chief silver-producing states of the Union. American silver production comes to between 60 and 70 million ounces a year—about 43 to 49 million dollars' worth. The silver-producing industry supports only one and one half per cent of the silver states' total population and only one twenty-fifth of one per cent of the total United States population. That works out to less than 60,000 persons all told. The silver bloc has done handsomely by this insignificant thimbleful of its constituents.

Early in the New Deal era, the senators from the six chief silver states made a deal with the farm bloc senators: You scratch our silver miners' backs, and we'll scratch your farmers' backs, and vice versa.

Between them, the two blocs got through Congress two key laws on silver: (1) a law requiring the U. S. Treasury to buy all the silver mined in the United States, paying considerably above world market prices for it; and (2) the Silver Purchase Act of June, 1934, under which the Treasury has to buy foreign silver until our silver reserve amounts to 25 per cent of our total gold and silver holdings; and under which the Treasury is forbidden to sell silver at less than $1.29 an ounce.

At this writing, the world price of silver is 45 cents an ounce, while the Treasury must pay 71.11 cents for domestic silver. We have been buying silver all these years in the effort to bring our silver reserve up to 25 per cent of our total gold-silver hoard. We have not succeeded, because we have also been buying gold at an inflated price. A dog seldom catches his own tail. Hence, as this is written, $1,430,000,000 worth of silver lies buried at West Point, New York.

All this was merely an unusually interesting illustration of the way our democracy sometimes misfires, until we got into the war. Then it grew into an issue which the Economists' National Committee on Monetary Policy says "has now fallen to depths of indecency probably never before equaled in all its (the silver issue's) disgraceful and scandalous history."

Here is why: Silver is a war material of great importance, being particularly useful in such rather desirable war implements as submarines, tanks, planes, torpedoes, bombs and antiaircraft guns. Silver can also substitute for tin in a variety of war uses; and the Japs have cut us off from most of our sources of tin.

Yet the silver bloc, up to this writing, has refused to consent to the relaxation of the silver laws so as to release any of this silver for silver-consuming war purposes. It has grudgingly permitted some of the metal to be lease-lent, so to speak, for uses which will not consume the silver itself, so that the metal can be reinterred at West Point after the war.

By a complicated maneuver between the Treasury and the OPA, and by paying exorbitant charges, industry is able to get newly mined domestic silver for the time being. But our entire annual silver production will be nowhere near enough to meet the needs of our war industries per year while the war lasts.

The silver-processing industries—makers of silverware, jewelers, photoengravers, makers of fountain pens or pen parts, etc.—face bankruptcy or near-bankruptcy because of lack of silver or because of OPA price ceilings on finished silver products.

Senator Theodore F. Green of Rhode Island has introduced a bill in the Senate, with the approval of Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau and WPB Chairman Donald Nelson, to authorize the Treasury to (1) lend 1,168,000,000 ounces of pledged silver for nonsilver-consuming purposes, and (2) release 1,350,000,000 ounces of unpledged silver for sale and consumption.

This would relieve the desperate wartime silver constriction to a considerable degree. But as this is written, the silver bloc has merely commented, via the vocal cords of Senator McCarran: "We are determined to keep that law on the books."

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